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NATIONAL MAGAZINE



EMILIO AGUINALDO

Now a Peaceful Farmer

His Views on Philippine Independence

By John Gibson Babcock

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Her Visit to Algiers

Skin Energy

The skin is an important contributor to the sum of human energy. So long as it is kept fresh, pure and healthy, it is an inspiriting and an invigorating influence; and the best known means of keeping it in that condition is to use

Pears' Soap

This completely pure soap, which has been the leading toilet soap for a hundred and twenty years, contains in perfect combination the precise emollient and detergent properties necessary to secure the natural actions of the various functions of the skin.

There is a permanent feeling of freshness, briskness and vitality about a skin that is regularly washed with Pears. The skin surface is always kept soft and fine and natural.

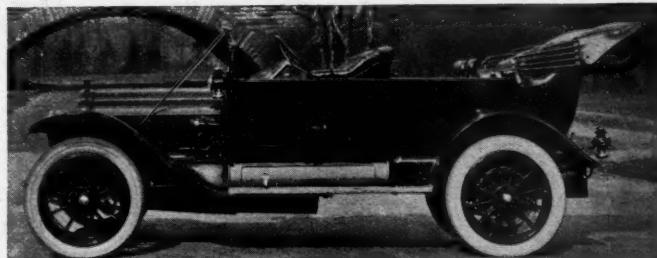
The skin is kept fresh and young looking by using Pears which lasts twice as long, so is twice as cheap as common toilet soaps.

THE GREAT
ENGLISH
COMPLEXION
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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



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Electrically Self Started and Lighted



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*Left Side Drive—Right Hand Control—Electrical Starting and Lighting
Long Stroke, Economical Motor—Monobloc Cylinders—
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White cars have possessed every one of these up-to-date, practical features for two years. In White Cars the protection of your investment is unquestioned for years to come. The superior value of White Cars is therefore evident.

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Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

THE WHITE COMPANY
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EMILIO AGUINALDO, LEADER OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

Who is now living quietly on his farm at Cavite. Even in his retirement, however, he remains the most prominent of the native-born Filipinos, and if the Islands are granted independence, he will undoubtedly become the head of the government. (An account of Mr. John Gibson Babcock's interview with General Aguinaldo appears on page 395)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1913

W H A T A f f a i r s a t W A S H I N G T O N

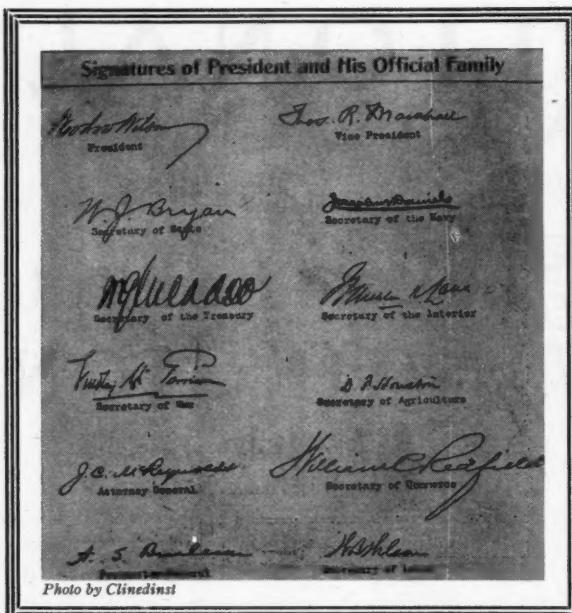
by Joe Mitchell Chapple

QUEENLY June approaches, and her riot of floral beauty and social events and pleasures compels the introspective Washington correspondent to omit the usual overture of reference to the tariff and the currency. Even the personal gossip about appointments and agitated hinting and prophesying about delicate foreign complications give way for the time to interest in the appearance and doings of the brigade of brides and grooms, who like the birds have mated in the springtime, and have made Washington a part of the scenic stage and background of the first act of their marriage-drama. High or low tariffs matter nothing to these dwellers in paradise; the currency of the country may be based on bonds or on commercial paper for all they care, so long as the marriage bond continues.

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IN the cabinet, hint the sapient and politically weather wise quidnuncs of the Capitol, the meetings have already witnessed some sharp discussions as to the policy of new appointments and the date at which the political guillotine shall claim its myriad victims.

The extra session of the Sixty-third Congress promises to grind on and on toward early autumn, and in the meantime the industries affected by the tariff are marking time, hoping that the suspense will soon end, so that adjustment "for better or worse" can be made. Another tariff summer in Washington is promised, but the merry mood of the month of June precludes the bitterness of debate that comes with the torrid oriflamme of July and the dog-days of August. Momentous issues may be decided under the dome, but the glory of the Capitol grounds in June time make the outdoor view more alluring to visitors. The horse chestnuts, with their white and crimson plumes of early blossoms, the Japanese trees, the bell-topped elms, the pliant willows, somber pines, flowering magnolias, and hosts of other trees surrounding the Capitol are at the best of their strength and beauty; suggestive of the varied humanity wrestling indoors over a focal point of agreement, or enjoying life amid the attractions of the capital city.



THE SIGNATURES OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE CABINET
Handwriting experts have made many interesting observations and deductions
from this group of names

The Secretary of War makes perhaps the daintiest letters, while Secretary of Labor Wilson or William C. Redfield might both take prizes in a contest of penmanship. The signature of Woodrow Wilson raking at an angle of forty-five degrees has the easy flow of the scholar, and its resemblance to the hand of former President Taft has been marked, even to the final line.

These twelve signatures to documents of the various departments represent the last word as far as official sanction is concerned. Who would think, when Josephus Daniels was scrawling his signature after editorials for the *Raleigh Observer*, that the same name would soon endorse documents in the Navy Department, bearing a world-wide recognition that could never be officially attained through his random writings on yellow copy paper? Nor did the many who received letters signed by Wm. G. McAdoo, as director of the Hudson Tunnel project, ever dream that soon his signature would represent the Treasury Department of the Republic. As a White House stenographer murmured, while he blotted a sheaf of executive letters, "It is surprising how in one short year a man's signature may come to mean so much."

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A CURIOUS request came to the editor in the early spring months. "The next time you go to Washington," wrote a subscriber, "won't you make some observations and tell us what the real styles are, as observed by a man? We have fashion books, of course, but what does the average man observe in woman's attire?"

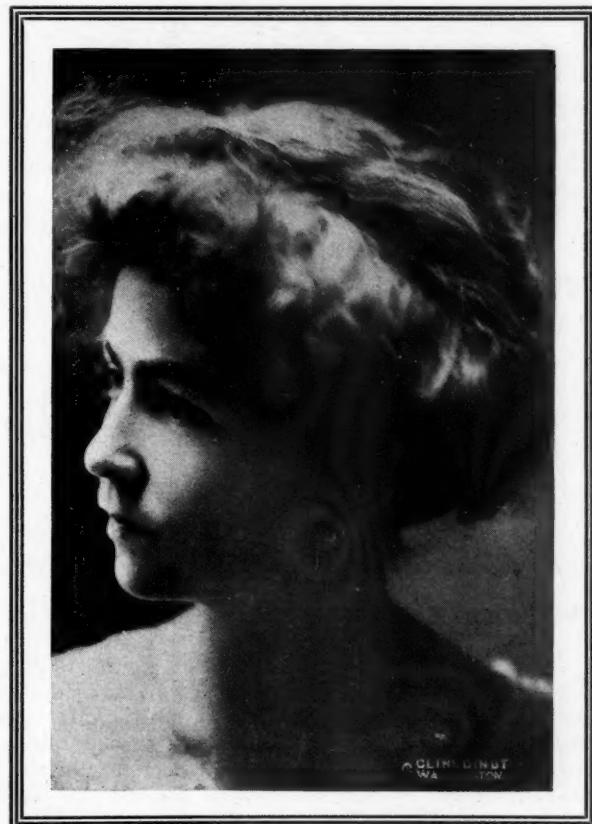
SIGNATURES of prominent people have always a certain interest, and those of President Wilson and his cabinet display especially sharp contrasts from the light, Spencerian lines of William Jennings Bryan to the heavy scrawl of Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo. Artistic signatures, literary signatures and business signatures are all represented. Secretary of Agriculture Houston takes up the smallest amount of space, while Josephus Daniels rounds out his name with a Thomas Edison swing.

The letter was dispatched to Washington with other memoranda, but lay neglected in its envelope until one afternoon I stumbled in on a deputation from a fashionable young ladies' school being received by the President in the East Room of the White House. They were a bright lot of girls, laughing and chatting as became young and pretty maidens. Every hat seemed to have a ribbon rudder veering out prominently astern. The masculine mind was wondering what kept that waterless rudder so steady in a breeze.

"Boat shaped" hats seemed the trend of that line of millinery. There were hats with a little, lone aigrette popping up like a lonesome try-sail located well aft. There were sweeping hats, suggesting saucy yachts, floating over dainty little shell-like ears. Other hats looked like colored pumpkins, one-quarter size, tilted to the right, and others had a sweeping plume like a side-wheel steamer. To the masculine observer there seemed a nautical turn to most of the millinery "creations."

Some of them might be worshipped without breaking any of the commandments, being utterly unlike anything either in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The absence of birds on those hats would have delighted the Audubon and Humane Society, for not a bird was in sight in that line of hat craft, although it looked as if several bird's-nest lace creations were stowed away in some of the crowns. So far as the editorial eye of the observer could see, the hat bodies were made of straw. This I believe characterizes summer-time headgear.

As the request was limited to styles, nothing may be added or conjectured



MISS GENEVIEVE WALSH

The daughter of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana; a Vassar girl who has won no little prominence as a short-story writer, and is already popular in Washington society

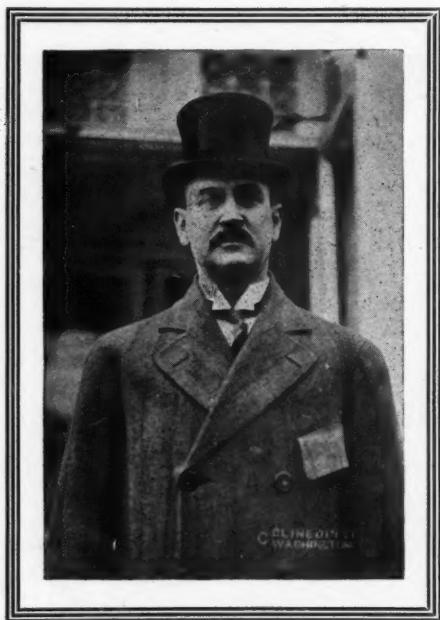
as to the "high cost" of the various creations. The dainty jackets, loosely worn, resembled in the upper story the lines of a fancy pajama, while the lower story was reefed to preserve the nautical trend of the fashions.

The one thing that really impressed the masculine mind was the simplicity in that stylish gathering. It may be that "votes for women" has had its influence on styles—at any rate I am informed that later in the season hats

will be tilted to the starboard, or rather "to the right," as the new ruling of the Naval Department has it, and carry more rim and sail, as the equinoctial storms approach and the bills come due for papa to consider.

There now—I've done my best, but Mr. Bok ought to keep his end up better, and not require an editor in tan shoes to comment on what seems to be another editor's special and peculiar province.

* * *



THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE
A snapshot of Hon. David F. Houston on his way to a
meeting of the Cabinet

the farmers, for although he sports a silk tie, Mr. Houston insists that the farmer is not averse to adapting himself to new things whether in attire or new ideas—or intensive farming. The Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, never fails to carry a cane and has the same keen expression as when looking about Tacoma and other Pacific Coast cities for a good news story. Postmaster-General Burleson has not lost any of that bearing that always made him so popular in Congress. The Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, walks toward the executive office as if going to call upon a neighbor, for he is the one cabinet member from the home state of New Jersey.

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THE attendance of Secretary Bryan at church has redeemed Sunday from being a dull day in Washington. William Jennings Bryan is, first and foremost, an orator and speaker who delights his hearers, and a man of Christian character whose influence in religious matters has been positive. Sunday observance in the State Department is a positive example, for Secre-

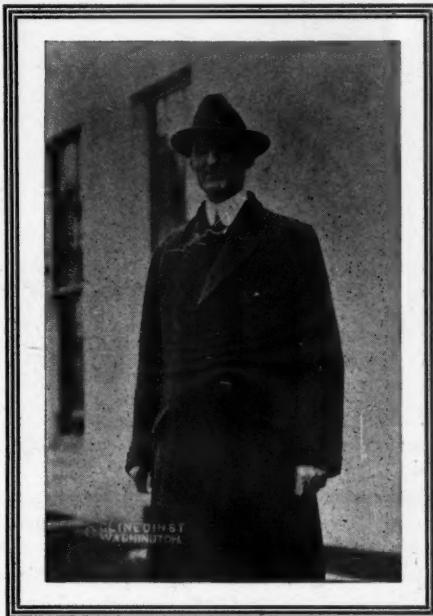
tary Bryan has declared that his one pre-eminent policy is the promotion of peace. He is trying to crystalize into official policy and action the ideals he has expressed for many years in his lectures, and despite the increasing demands upon him maintains the characteristic simple dignity and democracy. Wherever he goes Secretary Bryan is heartily greeted, and altogether he seems to be the most popular man of the administration as far as the public is concerned. What a difference there exists now that he is clothed with official authority, from his position in the days when he emerged still defiant and hopeful from the gloom of lost Presidential elections, alone and unattended by admiring followers.

Mr. Bryan listened intently when the proposition was made to admit members of the cabinet to the floor of the House and Senate, to participate in debates, after the custom of foreign governments. The idea has not met with favor, but things change quickly nowadays, and as an old doorkeeper remarked, "Bryan may be heard again in Congress."

Very few changes in the State Department were made in the early days of the administration, but this was not owing to a lack of applications, which are piled high in the Secretary's file. The large acquaintance of Secretary Bryan throughout the country in various tours for sixteen years, makes the State Department the popular rendezvous for visitors. One of the first and last questions asked is, "Have you seen Colonel Bryan?" and the record number of visitors at the State Department during the last few months indicates the popularity of the premier member of President Wilson's cabinet, his Secretary of State.

* * *

THE edict has gone forth from the Kaiser that no German diplomatist can wed a foreigner. This renews the old rule of Bismarck, which had become a dead letter. Of the ten embassies at Washington six are presided over by American wives. Seven Ministers of the twenty-nine legations have American wives who preside over their households and in addition to these, many of the attachés are married to American ladies. The list of American women married to foreign ambassadors and ministers includes many distinguished names. This revival of the rule made by the Iron Chancellor thirty years ago, was precipitated by certain complications in the family of a German diplomat whose wife was a



THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
Mr. McAdoo was only preparing to smile when the camera man snapped him

foreigner, and the bitter opposition of the gallant young diplomats of the German service has finally had to give way to the imperial edict. In the present German service, there are many prominent ministers who are married to foreign wives. Baron Speck von Sternburg, who married a Kentucky belle,

was one of the most popular Ambassadors at Washington. Count von Bernstorff was married to an American girl prior to his entry into the diplomatic corps, but, as it is pointed out in Germany, the Countess was the daughter of German parents who came to this country, and she was also educated abroad.

During the social season in Washington it is difficult to draw the racial line—official caste comes first. The imperial edict accounts for the coldness of American girls toward the young German diplomats, who, however, seem ready to give up their diplomatic ambition of increasing German trade through the channels of diplo-



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS FRANCES PROUTY

The daughter of Congressman Prouty of Iowa. She and her sister, Miss Eavanéline, are popular among the younger set in Congressional social circles

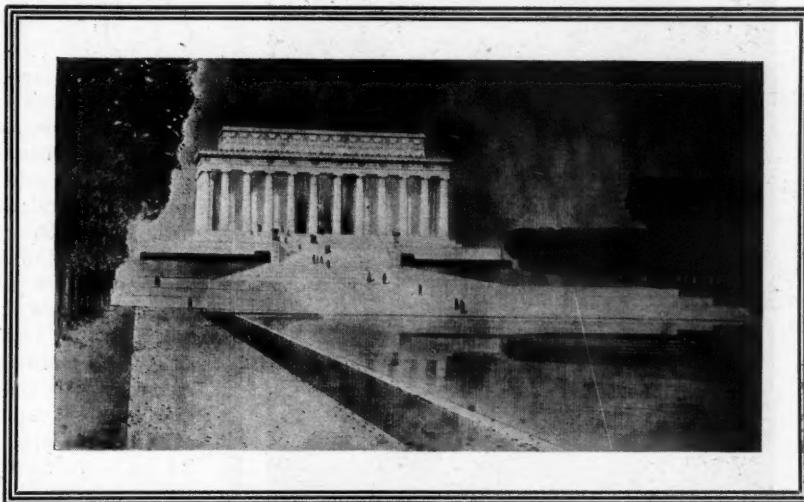
matic and consular forces, to win an American bride. American wives has evidently inspired deep concern in Germany, but love can laugh at emperors as well as at locksmiths, if history is read aright.

* * * * *

IN the good time-honored way dear to English and American freemen for ages, and declared an inalienable right of both peoples, a petition has been sent to Congress for a reorganization of the personnel of the navy. It is argued that deserving young officers are kept too long in subordinate positions and that fleet commanders are automatically retired whose experience and

vitality amply qualify them to continue to serve in the highest grades. Fleet commanders, whether they are forty-five or sixty-two, ought to be chosen according to merit and ability rather than by years and seniority. The popular prayer of the new petition is to secure a more just treatment of enlisted men, who are striving to secure a commission and to increase their chances for command and promotion. A consistent program of naval construction to be determined by a Council of National Defence is suggested in order to establish a standard at least equal to the strength of other nations.

Sixty-seven practical reasons for a strong navy are advanced in the petition, pointing out that sea power was indispensable in the War of the Revo-



THE PROPOSED LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Which is to be built in Potomac Park, Washington, at a cost of two million dollars

lution, in the war with the Pirates of the Barbary States, the War of 1812, the War of Secession, and especially in the Spanish-American War. The Spanish-American War never would have occurred, says this document, had Spain realized the effectiveness of our navy. England's navy, it is pointed out, has given Great Britain uninterrupted peace on the sea for nearly one hundred years.

The United States has twenty-one thousand miles of coast line to defend, to say nothing of Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Panama Canal. The Monroe Doctrine is an ever-recurrent monitor which reiterates the epigrammatic truth that battleships are cheaper than battles, and that money appropriated for American battleships is paid directly to American workingmen, American ship-builders and American tradesmen and craftsmen. The training school of the Navy and its value in commercial and business activities is something more than preparation for the activities of warfare. In the realm of diplomacy, national prestige, and peace promotion, the navy is the foremost factor. A single disturbing element may cause a war, and a modern navy cannot be improvised as a lunch is served, at short

notice, and navies will always be needed to uphold the decree of the court of arbitrations. General Horace Porter and Colonel Robert M. Thompson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Navy League, are doing splendid work in their enthusiastic support of this petition, now before Congress. "A navy fit for the time and place Uncle Sam has assumed in the world council of nations," is a motto not to be lightly forgotten.

* * *

AS long ago as 1847 the Sultan of Turkey figured conspicuously in American news. He had presented a magnificent gold snuff-box, studded with diamonds, to Mr. Samuel Colt, in appreciation of the effectiveness of the Colt patent repeating firearms. A member of the Colt family is now United States Senator from Rhode Island. The cost of the snuff-box was placed at \$2,500, and the newspaper accounts gave eloquent descriptions of the gift.

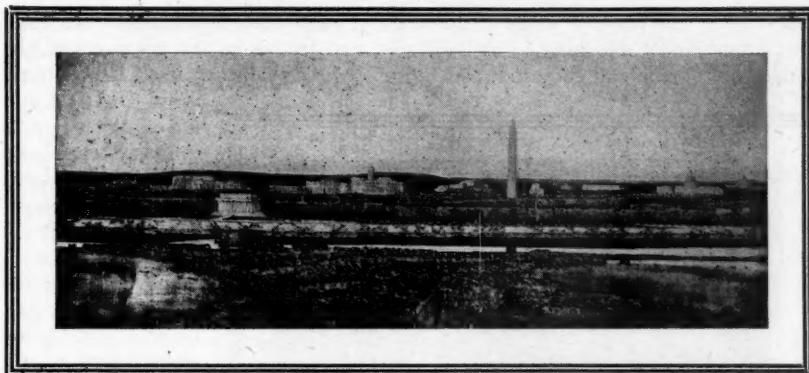
Side by side with this gossip, the old *Silver Standard* of November, 1847, gives a portrait of Benjamin Hays, "vulgarly known



HON. LE BARON P. COLT

The new Senator from Rhode Island, who for nearly thirty years has been prominent as United States Circuit Judge. He is related to the Colt family of firearms fame

in New York as 'Old Hays,'" who for over forty years was a constable in the city of New York. There is also a proposition to make bank notes of India rubber, which might meet the present demand of today for an "elastic currency" in the popular currency problem. The government had no washing machines in those days, and the India-rubber bill was advocated because it could be soaked and boiled in potash lye without perceptible effect.



POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON

Showing the site for the Lincoln Memorial which has been approved by the Lincoln Memorial Commission

In speaking of taxation, *The Standard* mentions a proposed bill for taxing mustaches, and the brilliant idea was advanced that a tax on wearing a mustache at so much per year would lay the burden on luxury, and on those who were ready to pay a good price for the gratification of their desires. Perhaps this bill was the forerunner of the fashion of today, when you scarcely find an American without a smooth face, which Europeans associate with our native buoyancy and optimism.

* * * * *

IT is interesting to hear visitors to the White House relate the purposes for which they desire to see the President. With many it is a matter of idle curiosity. Some want to see if he is taller than they thought he was, whether his eyes are blue, whether he has a dimple when he smiles, and a myriad of small details that would be thought ordinarily of little consequence, and yet it is these very details that go to make up the popular impression of a public servant.

At a recent reception one solemn-visaged man, evidently a professor, was standing in line shuffling his feet. He was an exceedingly well-read gentleman, and called attention to the fact that twenty-five of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States had parental ancestors in the British Isles—England having sixteen, Scotland two, Ireland three, and Wales one. Martin Van Buren and Theodore Roosevelt represented a Dutch ancestry, he said, and the curious fact is noted that although France has been so closely associated with the birth and history of the country, there has not been a President of French or Latin blood. "But with the influx of immigration from the south of Europe," said the Professor as he shifted to the other foot, "this condition is sure to change."

The physiognomy of the men today as compared with the portraits of men who had lived in former times presents a most interesting study. The President necessarily reflects the type of his times. The stately dignity of official position in years past, with tall collars, stuffy cravats, laces and ruffles, has passed away, and now instead of gaining personal distinction through rich attire or an appearance of official position, it is studiously avoided, in

response to the popular ideas of democracy. The only opportunity accorded the American of adorning himself in gold and lace is in the precincts of the lodge room or on the governor's staff, for even the military itself is becoming

most sedate and unobtrusive in military trappings.

As we waited our turn for an audience with the President, there was plenty of time for discussion on all these points, for there were some fifteen prospective postmasters in the advance guard, and progress was slow. As we advanced to the bend of the line my pedagogue friend put on his extra pair of glasses to get a good profile view for his ethnological study of Presidents.

* * *

IN Congress Hall Hotel, located near the Capitol building, eighty Congressmen are domiciled. They are of all parties and beliefs, but on Sunday evening the neighborly

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS EVANGELINE PROUTY

The younger daughter of Congressman Prouty, a wholesome, charming girl who inherits her father's wit and magnetism

spirit of all men of all climes is manifested. The program follows no order, and is limited to no special number of "artists." There is no lack of volunteers, however, and the piano is kept going with song and music. Congressman Falconer of Washington walks bravely to the piano and sings, followed by other colleagues, and down through the corridor ring the voices of the people's representatives in Sunday evening song. There is hearty and enthusiastic applause, and little groups gather all about the lobby, having a good old-fashioned time.

Later in the evening the singing naturally drifts to the old-time songs; there is a hush, the chairs cease rocking, and the conversation softens as the old heart songs are sung, awakening memories of the folks at home—for



there are Congressmen who get homesick in spite of an attractive salary and the honor of serving the government under the Capitol dome. The heartfulness of the home life of the American people as indicated in these gatherings of Congressmen is one of the most fascinating and charming aspects of American democracy.

* * *

NEAR the entrance on the second floor of the Senate office building is a large conference room. A desk and some benches are so arranged as to give it a sort of Roman or Grecian effect. The room is so large that it has not been used to any extent for party conferences or caucuses, but it has been pronounced by many visitors as one of the handsomest reception rooms in the country. It looks out on the court of green which is naturally enclosed by the irregular line of office buildings, and one almost feels that he is in a skyscraper when he tries to see the buildings from the windows of this room.

The Senate office building is decidedly up-to-date even in its numbering scheme. As in hotels, the rooms on the first floor are in the one hundreds, those on the next in the two hundreds and so on. Each Senator is now "at home" only in his office, an arrangement which has eliminated much of the old-time interference occasioned by calling members out to meet visitors during legislative sessions. This old method, however, had its compensation in bringing Senators and Congressmen closer to their visitors than today, for when a constituent calls on his Senator or Congressman at an office, there is not the same impression as when meeting him within the radius of the legislative arena. The Congressional offices, fine as they are, are like any other office today, and there are none of the picturesque meetings between Congressman and constituent under the dome of the Capitol, which added to the zest of old-time custom and courtesy.

* * * * *

THE alarm has gone forth among Washington motorists, and the question is, Where will the gasoline come from to keep the autos going? A scientist well informed on petroleum and its products has published an estimate based on the fact that the limit of gasoline production has practically been reached, while the development of automobiles, motor-boats and airships is only beginning. Based on present oil production, and a pretty



Photo by Clinedinst

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
Mr. Lane was caught in profile as he started for the White
House

well-established ratio of gasoline contents—allowing for the difference in crude oils in this regard—he estimates that in less than a decade the exacting needs of gasoline-driven motors will far exceed the production.

While this may be true, it is pointed out that there will be a vast increase in the amount of electric power transmitted from distant water privileges, while the use of kerosene as a motor has also made much more progress in Europe than on this side of the Atlantic. Immense Mexican oil fields have scarcely been half exploited, and the improvements in steam motors using oil for fuel and very light and effective generators have developed winning machines among the auto cars most in favor.

About every so often the utilitarian power of the world appears to shift. Coal oil arrived at the opportune time, after sperm oil. As in oil, so in government, said a cynical Congressman. The old Dutch windmills tell a picturesque story of the power of the elements, now only surpassed in a wholesale "breeze" in Congress, when with "a sail ahoy" the "windjammers" approach.



HON. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

The new Third Assistant Secretary of State. He is an original Wilson man, and had the honor of describing the nomination scene to Mr. Wilson, then at Sea Girt. Mr. Malone is the son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman of New York, and he and his wife are prominent in New York society.

would oftentimes close his eyes, as was his habit in listening. A discussion was once going on as to the details of sausage-making, and the tastes of the individual as to the proper blending of spices. The expert became eloquent as he proceeded with the enthusiasm of an epicurean who has discovered new methods of titillating the popular palate. He saw the Secretary with his eyes closed and stopped short, somewhat disappointed.

"Go on," spoke up the Secretary, "I follow you very closely as to the details of the sausage. You have problems in sausage-making just as a public official has in running for office, to make an article that just suits the public taste, and you are doing well—go on."

DURING a hearing at the Agriculture Department last year, Secretary James Wilson

* * *

The expert took heart and continued with the details of that toothsome product which we always associate with maple syrup and griddle cakes on a winter's morning. The foreigner with his slight breakfast of coffee and rolls is shocked when even contemplating the menu of the average farmer during the sausage season. William Dean Howells paid a tribute to the American farmer's breakfast that puzzles even the heavy eaters of Europe who take in their edible cargo later in the day.

Before Secretary Wilson left office he had decided upon two momentous questions, namely: "When is whiskey whiskey," and "When is sausage sausage?"

* * * * *

WHEN walking through the palatial Union Station in Washington I always feel that the gratitude of the American people is due to the man who conceived the beautiful gateway to the capital. The soft, reflected light from the ceiling, the immense areas of floor space and all its many beauties are impressive, but lately I noticed for the first time something new up under the ceiling lights, glowing upon them like the footlights in a theatre. It was the forty-six statues of Roman soldiers, designed to adorn the stone coping which runs around the wall of the main waiting-rooms. This completes the interior decoration of the building. The statues are in keeping with the Romanesque treatment embodied in the plans for the station. The figures are masterpieces by Saint Gaudens, who designed a large amount of the sculptural decorations. Over the doors under the portico are six stalwart statues, and there are four more in the ticket room, while thirty-six loom high up in the main waiting-room. These stalwart legionaries, erect and armored in Roman fashion, carrying shield and sword, inspire in the passing wayfarer those subtle impressions of artistic suggestion that would not be nearly as effective for popular education if placed in any museum. It is not to be supposed that a man would contemplate with artistic serenity the glories of ancient Rome, while hunting for a ticket with the train ready, but there are scores of travelers at all hours inspecting the beauties of the structure with the feeling that in the moments of waiting they are viewing the masterpieces left by the gifted and lamented Saint Gaudens.



THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
Hon. James C. McReynolds, taken on the way to a Cabinet meeting

IT is told by a ubiquitous Washington reporter that Gilbert K. Chesterton, the British author, drinks tea as interminably as did the renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that his greatest delight in life is attacking his popular contemporary, George Bernard Shaw. This recalls the stories of Ibsen and Björnson in the days when they were fellow-members of the famous Norwegian Society.

The one passion of Chesterton's life is his antipathy to Shaw. He insists that Shaw never takes his stand with his fellow-creatures, but talks, acts and feels as one apart and aloof from the crowds, and that he himself would prefer to be tried by a jury of ordinary men than by Shaw, the self-exploited exponent of democracy.

Some say that Chesterton looks like Senator Lorimer, others like President Taft, but at all events he is one of the popular writers who knows how to write stories that bubble with an irresistible and unquenchable fund of good humor. His remarks on many of the current fads and issues are what might be expected from a large, good-natured man well contented with life. Eugenics he finds but "another scheme of the British medical trust." He claims to be an irredeemable optimist, but enjoys discussing matters with his Socialist brother Cecil, whose ideas are quite different from his own. Gilbert K. Chesterton's belief is echoed in his own words, "Give the people good conditions, improve their environment, and all will tend toward the highest type."

* * * * *

THE new administration has been especially fortunate in its Alaskan appointments. Major Strong, the newly-appointed governor, will undoubtedly give our arctic territory an efficient and enterprising administration. The appointment of Rovert W. Jennings as Judge of the United States District Court of the first division, is also in keeping with the determination to give Alaska a territorial government equal to the needs of an enormous area, rich in minerals and other resources, and occupied by a resourceful and enterprising people.

The untimely death of Mr. A. J. Daly, late national committeeman from Alaska, shortly after completing his work at Baltimore, deprived the Democratic organization of Alaska of a leader who has been identified for the past twenty years not only with the politics but the business development of Alaska. It seemed fitting that the territorial and division committeemen should approve for the position of marshal of the second division the appointment of Mr. J. P. Daly, a brother of the late committeeman who had so long served his party in the far north.

The Alaskan situation has always been strenuous and picturesquely exciting from the first rush and perils of the earlier inundation of prospectors and speculators following the discovery of gold down to the present time. Incriminations and recriminations between officials and competing companies have abounded, and the northern territory as a result has presented a fertile field for the muckraker, until the general public is impressed with the idea that wire-pulling has vied with mining as one of Alaska's chief industries. As was remarked by a department official who visited Alaska during the summer, the Democratic party of Alaska will indeed put a feather in its cap if harmony can be established between the industrial and political leaders of that splendid territory.

Emilio Aguinaldo

Leader of Philippine Insurrection and President of Erstwhile Island Republic now a Peaceful Farmer

by
JOHN GIBSON BABCOCK

WHEN the troopship Thomas made her way at half speed into Manila harbor one scorching day in August, having as passengers the usual number of army and navy people, together with many teachers and other civil appointees going to their posts for duty in our great island possessions for the first time, it suddenly occurred to me that I knew but little about the country.

The insurrection had been put down several years ago; our sovereignty over the Philippines had been fully established; many thousands of the little brown people had a working knowledge of the English language; yet all that I was sure of was the brilliant victory of Admiral Dewey, the dramatic capture of Emilio Aguinaldo, the fact that the islands supplied the world with Manila hemp and that a public school system had been established.

Well, I had much to learn, and I discovered a great many things in the first few months ashore; but for a long time I was unable to find out what had become of Aguinaldo, the hero and idol of the Tagalog race. So eventually I made it my mission to look him up, with what result I am here writing.

My task was made much easier than I had anticipated by a happy coincidence that furnished the clue I was looking for, and which I immediately followed with avidity. This came about through my meeting one Señor Lorenzo Zialcita, an official of the bureau of labor of the civil government in Manila. Being in conversation with this gentleman one day, and the topic turning

to some incident in connection with events occurring during the Philippine insurrection, Zialcita casually mentioned the fact that he had been a major in the Filipino army and had acted as a personal aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, General Aguinaldo.

My new acquaintance then launched into a pardonable eulogy on the character and personal traits of his former chief, narrating many incidents of their campaigns together, and concluded by telling me of General Aguinaldo's present apparently happy life as a prosperous planter in the province of Cavite, the scene of many of his most brilliant military operations and short-lived political successes. The account was to me of absorbing interest, and I encouraged the major into giving me a note of introduction to his former chief, getting at the same time full and complete directions as to the best means of reaching the general's plantation, lying some thirty miles from Manila, around the bay toward Cavite.

"You will find him," said Zialcita, "a true Filipino gentleman, one who will be glad to meet you, grant you an interview and entertain you in his home." Happy in the possession of this information and confident that I was now in a position to carry out my long-desired object of knowing the foremost figure in contemporary Philippine history, I lost no time in making arrangements for a visit to Aguinaldo.

Upon inquiry at the bureau of public works I learned that the trip from Manila to the home of the insurrectionary leader

might be made in less than three hours by automobile. The journey, I was informed, had consumed all of two days good "hiking" by the American troops during the Philippine insurrection, but that with the advent of peace came an era of the building of metalized roads and as a result I might now cover the same ground and return in less than a fourth the time consumed by our soldiers in their weary chase after the wily *insurrectos*.

During the trip I began to recall many of the dramatic incidents in the career of this famous Malay chief with whom I was soon to converse, who, though only

expulsion of the Spaniards from the islands and to the securing of the blessings of liberty and religious freedom for his race; and to this end, how he had organized the strong military secret society known as the *Katipunan*, by the use of which on the battlefield he had forced Spain to her knees in 1896, compelling that country to grant many reforms in the government of the archipelago; and how he had led another insurrection when the Spaniards had failed to keep their promises of better government, repeatedly defeating them and at last cooping them up in Manila where Dewey found them, on the day of his victory over Montojo's fleet on a bright May morning in 1898.

While recalling these things I began, almost unconsciously, to have a deeper respect and a more sincere regard for the man, who, in taking the vow of allegiance to the government of the United States after his capture in 1901, had said: "The losses sustained by our forces in this unequal conflict and the present impoverished condition of our country present an unanswerable argument for a lasting peace in order that the future welfare of the Filipino race may be assured. Filipinos have never been dismayed at their military weakness, nor have they faltered in following the road which was pointed out by their desire to be free and independent."

While musing I had covered a considerable portion of my journey, and was surprised to learn from a native whom I accosted on the road that I was now within a few hundred yards of my destination. Being thus informed I began to take interest in the country bordering on the highway and found that as far as the eye could reach practically all the land was under cultivation. Here were almost boundless fields of waving rice, frequent plantations of rich sugarcane, an occasional group of tall cocoanut palms with branches waving lazily in the warm breezes from the bay, and all interspersed and dotted with numerous smaller fields of tobacco and Manila hemp, set in long straight rows. These fields, I learned from the native,



BIRTHPLACE OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION
In this building, at Bacoor, Cavite, the first meeting of Aguinaldo and his cabinet was held and the *República Filipina* (Philippine Republic) was organized

forty-three years of age at the present time, had lived to defeat the arms of Spain in two wars and to have waged an unsuccessful insurrection against the United States forces for two years, being captured finally, not in the open field in combat with the enemy, but in his own quarters by the treachery of his supposed friends. I recalled the early life of Aguinaldo; how as a sturdy boy he had labored in the rice fields, working with his parents to get a meager living from the soil; how by his indomitable energy and perseverance he had obtained a university education in the colleges at Manila when such a privilege was almost unheard of for the majority of the native Tagalogs; and how he finally determined to devote his life to the

belonged principally to General Aguinaldo, who, since the close of the insurrection, had devoted himself to the care of his estate and the management of his large plantations.

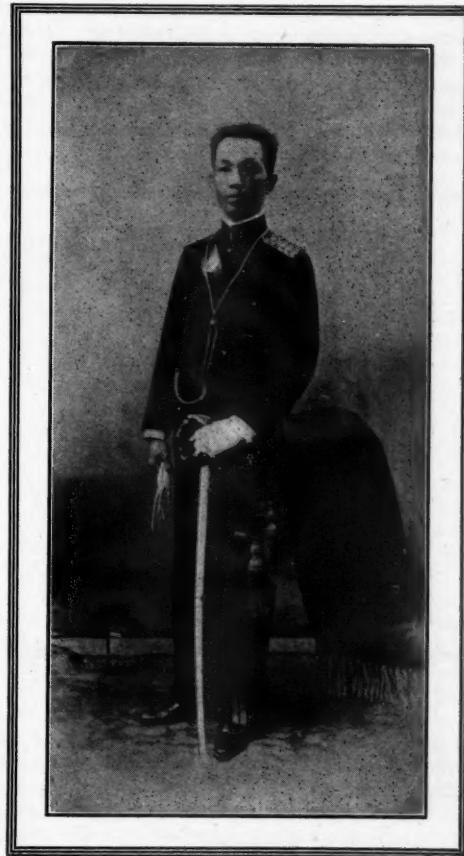
A few moments more brought me within sight of his residence, a two-story structure, built after the usual style of Spanish architecture, with the upper floor of wood projecting out several feet over the ground floor, which was constructed of stone. The house was surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation and a well-kept lawn stretched down to the roadway, being separated from it by a high fence of stone and iron, the severe lines of which were broken opposite the main entrance of the house by a massive gateway formed by two stone columns about twelve feet in height by two feet square. Leaving my car in the grateful shade of some tall feathery bamboo by the roadside, I made my way through this imposing entrance and along a broad gravel walk which soon brought me to the comparatively modest doorway of the general's home.

My summons was quickly answered by a Filipino attendant, who, in excellent Spanish, bade me enter and be seated. Taking my hat and gloves, he courteously inquired if I wished to speak with General Aguinaldo. In reply I said that such was my desire, were that gentleman at leisure for a few minutes. With my much-prized letter of introduction, the obsequious Tagalog withdrew into another part of the house, and being left free to note my surroundings, I saw that I was in the modest, yet elegantly furnished reception room of a prosperous Filipino country gentleman.

With floors of carefully polished mahogany, walls and ceiling covered with painted canvas portraying various native scenes, and with furniture of bamboo and ebony, the apartment presented a decidedly pleasing aspect after my three hours drive under the glare of a scorching tropical sun.

My observations were suddenly terminated, however, by the reappearance of

the courteous native doorkeeper, who informed me that he had the pleasure of presenting the compliments of Gen. Aguinaldo, "and if the American gentleman would be pleased to wait but a moment he would be joined by the master of the house."



EMILIO AGUINALDO
From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken in 1898

The moment had scarcely lengthened to five when the hangings at one side of the room were parted and I saw before me a man, typically a Filipino of the Tagalog race, short in stature, of dignified appearance and soldierly bearing, and immaculately dressed in the customary white linen clothing worn in the tropics. Quickly advancing toward me as I arose, he grasped

my hand and with a pressure denoting deepest sincerity, courteously made me welcome to his home. I replied in the best Castilian at my command, apologizing for my lack of fluency in that language. He accepted my apologies as being unnecessary, and then with graceful courtesy showed me to another apartment, evidently the drawing room of his residence.

Here I was made comfortable in a roomy bamboo rocker, while my host, seating himself nearby, summoned an attendant, whom he directed to bring refreshments. These were quickly at hand and consisted

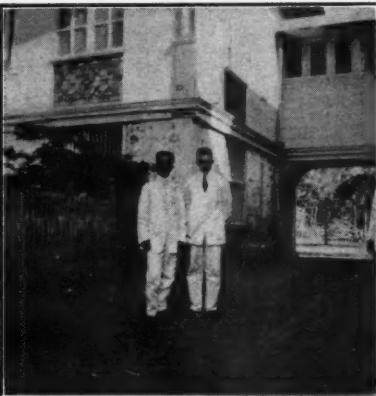
was apparently safely surrounded by his followers, and it did not seem possible that his retreat could be found. But General Funston surprised him, effecting his capture with the aid of disloyal Filipinos, and insisted upon taking him alive, which left him no alternative other than to believe that the American government intended to make him suffer full punishment for the trouble that he had caused in opposing their forces.

What this punishment would have been under Spanish rule he knew full well. Imagine, then, his surprise at finding himself installed in palatial quarters at Manila when he had expected a dungeon and torture! He was told that the American government desired only peace in the islands and that his co-operation in securing it would do much to obtain pardon and freedom for him. He had held out for a time, not being above suspicion, but ultimately he had seen the wisdom of this course, and so had yielded gracefully and honestly urged peace upon his followers.

He had thought at this time only of regaining his liberty, but when he had taken the oath of allegiance to uphold the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines, his estates and all his personal effects had been restored to him. Then had come the realization that he was dealing with no ordinary people; that here, at last, was a government big enough to keep faith with its enemies. He had determined to become worthy of the trust imposed in him, and so had returned to his farm, and endeavored to set an example to his countrymen by living the quiet industrious life of a *haciendero*. He had accomplished his determination and had also studiously refrained from entering into island politics and public life.

* * *

In speaking of the failure of the Philippine insurrection and of the hopes of his people that they would ultimately obtain their independence, Aguinaldo said: "My friend, you and your people love your country and your freedom, for which your ancestors fought in 1776. Can you blame us for fighting in a like cause? Howbeit,



GENERAL AGUINALDO AND J. G. BABCOCK
Taken outside the Aguinaldo home

of the best of native cigars and cigarettes, and some pleasant-tasting soft drinks served with ice.

After some casual remarks I proceeded to the real object of my interview, that of learning, if possible, the present state of mind of this noted Filipino and of his mode of living since the close of the memorable insurrection of the islanders against the American forces. General Aguinaldo seemed in a most affable humor at the time and answered all my questions freely and without apparent reserve.

He told me what his sensations had been when he was taken prisoner by the American troops some twelve years ago. His capture in itself was a daring deed, for he

our war for independence was unsuccessful and has therefore been called an insurrection by your people and the world in general. We, however, do not consider it simply as an insurrection. We may have failed for the time being, as our struggle was against overwhelming odds; but my people never will abandon hope of becoming a free and independent nation. We have a population of more than eight millions, all of whom, except some few hundred thousand, are what the world calls civilized. And in comparison with its present population, our island country has almost unbounded resources. Our rich alluvial plains in the lowlands cannot be excelled for agricultural pursuits, our mountain ranges abound in mineral deposits, while our rivers, bays and seas are overcrowded with fish, which, as you know, is one of our principal articles of daily food. Under such conditions, why should we not aspire to independence?"

"But do you think that the majority of your people would support the central government? Would you not have a great deal of internal political strife with its accompaniment of revolution and counter-revolution similar to the recent conditions in Mexico and at times in the Central and South American Republics?" I asked.

"We believe ourselves capable," replied the general, "of maintaining a stable government. All that we ask is that America give us a trial. We have not as yet had the opportunity of learning whether or not we can govern ourselves in a manner that would win recognition from the great powers of the world."

"In the event of your people becoming independent, would you again seek office, general?"

"I shall seek no office. Should my people call me, however, I shall serve them to the best of my ability in whatever position they may wish to place me," he replied.

General Aguinaldo then suggested that we take a walk about his plantation, and I was shown vast fields of growing crops which bore mute witness to the peaceful inclinations and commendable industry of my host. His estate, the general explained, consisted of about six hundred acres of

land, while he rented nearly as much again of the government property which had formerly been in the Friars' estates. A considerable number of natives are employed in the care and cultivation of the general's plantations, while the whole estate is well stocked with the docile *carabao*, or water buffalo, that animal which is so useful to the Filipino as a beast of burden.

Upon returning to the general's residence, I was presented to his family. His wife is a demure little woman of pleasing appearance and is probably about the same age as her husband. With a modest pride she introduced her four children, two boys and two girls. The eldest is a sturdy boy of fourteen years, who, if memory and faculties had been developed shortly after birth, could tell a vivid tale of real "baptism by fire," as he was but a baby in swaddling clothes when his mother accompanied General Aguinaldo in the field during many of the hard-fought campaigns of the insurrection. The other children are a boy of twelve years and two girls of ten and eight years. All are being educated in the public schools of Cavite and upon completion of their studies there, will be sent to attend a university in Manila.

* * *

And so it was that I found Emilio Aguinaldo, unquestionably the greatest figure in recent Philippine history, living contented and happy as a prosperous planter, in the loving companionship of an affectionate family and surrounded by loyal kinsmen and friends. The conduct of this man in the face of defeat cannot but hold that which is most dear to him, the love and affection of his compatriots, and will no doubt gain him in the end the respect and admiration of America and the world.

It is fitting that he should have our respect and confidence, for there is probably no Filipino who may be called upon to play a more important role in the future of his country than this man. For should the new administration in Washington really carry out the traditional policy of the Democratic party and withdraw from the Philippines, Aguinaldo, the country gentleman, might find himself again in the limelight, either for better or for worse.

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MRS. NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
A New York author who wrote a prize story at the tender age of eleven. Her first novel is "The Impossible Boy"



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The Nashville, Tennessee, author, whose delightful stories are laid in the Southland. Her latest work is "Andrew the Glad"



MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
A writer of baffling mystery stories. She describes herself as "a regular person, with a home and a husband and three children. Her new novel is "The Case of Jennie Brice".

Flashlight Glimpses of Congressmen

by The Editor

ACH successive Congress presents interesting studies of the personnel of the American people. The biographical pages of the Congressional Directory furnish interesting reading, because they outline the careers of those representing the sovereign people even if in epigraphical form. These scant official biographies are as varied as the temperament and dispositions of the Congressmen themselves. While largely a chronological record, yet between the lines one can trace personality in every phase.

One of the most notable features of the Sixty-third Congress is the large proportion of school-teachers. There are sixty-four members who have proudly recorded in the Congressional Directory that they "taught school." The fact that the President himself belongs to this army of pedagogues is significant and marks a distinctive feature of this administration. There is also a larger proportion of newspaper men than has been known in any previous Congress, while the lawyers manage to hold their own despite the inroad of professors and scribes. Doctors and business men, railroad men, traveling men, and some craftsmen have representatives here and there. For the first time the Directory appears with the complete representation in the Senate and House from forty-eight states. This year there has been a more radical change of names in the staid old Directory than has been known for more than twenty years past, and the pages have the fascination of a real "new edition"—if not "a best seller."

The biography of the executive officials, with the President leading, announces the residence of Woodrow Wilson as "Pennsylvania Avenue, between 15th and 16th streets, 'phone Main 6." Otherwise this is known as the White House. Beneath the President's modest life story is that of his secretary, Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty. The third conspicuous biog-

raphy on the list is that of William Jennings Bryan. The Republicans are recorded in italics this year, calling attention to the scarcity of names in the minority party. A simple star designates the members whose wives are with them, and the dagger designates those who are accompanied by unmarried daughters. Thus the Congressional Directory serves as a "Blue Book" and society calendar as well as a practical guide to federal careers.

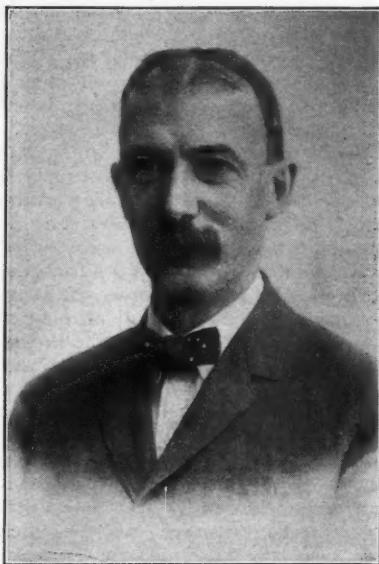
The extra session has afforded the new members of Congress an opportunity to become acquainted with one another while the wheels of tariff legislation are grinding away. Fortunate is the new Congressman who can strike up a friendship with an older member, for as one young Representative expressed it, an old-time Annapolis hazing is nothing to the "freeze" which the new Congressman suffers when trying to find his way around, or to become accustomed to the duties of his office.

It was suggested that flashlight sketches of new members of Congress would be of interest to readers who want to know the methods and characteristics of the officers and crew of the ship of state, and the editor has begun a tour of the capitol to get first-hand glimpses of the new Congressmen, which will appear from time to time in the NATIONAL until the acquaintance of all is made.

* * *

SOME years ago I went into a newspaper office of Poughkeepsie and found the place whence the *Eagle* soared. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* is the old established newspaper of that section. In charge of that paper, Mr. Edmund Platt was doing his part in keeping the people of Poughkeepsie thoroughly informed in world affairs. Last fall he was elected a member of Congress on the Republican ticket. He was born in Poughkeepsie in 1865 and studied at Riverview Academy;

later learned the printer's trade, took the Eastman business course and entered Harvard, graduating in the class of '88. Upon leaving Harvard he taught school, studied law two years, and then followed Greeley's advice and went West to become editorial writer on the Superior *Evening Telegram*. On the death of his father, Hon. John I. Platt, in 1907, he succeeded to the editorship of the *Eagle*, which has been in possession of the family since 1828.



HON. EDMUND PLATT

Representing the 26th District, New York. A typical newspaper man; a lover of outdoor sports; the scion of a prominent New York State family.

Always alert and active in civic matters, he has been a member of several city administrative boards and trustee of a number of public institutions, but never until elected to Congress has he held public office. He is the author of a History of Poughkeepsie and other historical papers and lectures.

Mr. Platt is one of the young men in Congress who goes to his work thoroughly equipped. He is known at home as an outdoor man, a champion of long tramps in the woods and mountains, of tennis, golf and rowing, a friend of the Boy Scouts and a believer in anything which will

bring people into the open air. Very rarely do you find him watching a game that others have been paid to play. He prefers to get right into the game himself.

He frankly admits that he owes his nomination and election largely to the prominence of his family in the city of Poughkeepsie and in the counties of Dutchess and Orange, and said at a recent banquet in New York City that "half the people in Dutchess county thought they were voting for my father and the other half thought they were voting for my uncle, who has the same name." His father was the leading opponent of the barge canal swindle in the state of New York up to the time of his death. His uncle, Edmund P. Platt, is a very prominent church and Y. M. C. A. worker, a director of the national organization of the Y. M. C. A.

As a great friend and disciple of Mr. John Burroughs, the "Sage of Slabsides," Congressman Platt had the honor of being the only guest when the great scientist entertained President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Slabsides and Riverby some years ago.

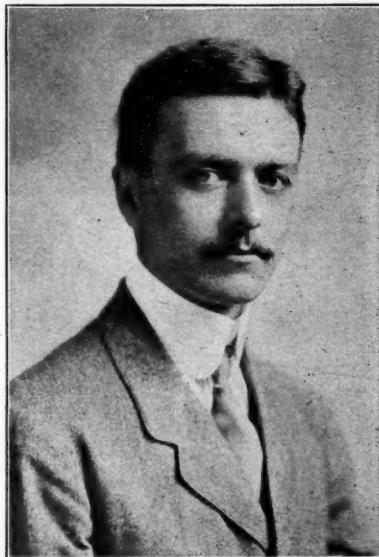
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After he had tried the new settees in the House of Representatives, Mr. Lathrop Brown, Democratic nominee of the First District of New York, was pointed out as the young man who had the distinction of defeating W. Bourke Cochran. Mr. Brown was born in Manhattan and his father is a member of the well-known firm of Douglas Robinson, Charles S. Brown Company. His preparatory education was received at Groton School, Massachusetts, from which he graduated in 1900. He entered Harvard University and graduated in 1903 at the age of twenty, with a degree of A. B. He made a thorough study of the realty situation in New York and rapidly advanced to a position of great responsibility until he became director of his father's firm and also director of the well-known firm of G. Schirmer & Company, music publishers, and of the Commonwealth Insurance Company.

A year prior to his election to Congress Mr. Brown married Miss Helen Hooper of Boston, daughter of Robert Chamblé

Hooper, who had some of the best steeple chasers in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are deeply interested in horses, and under the name of "Miss Chamblet" they have a number of racers in training. Of these, Rice Grain, Bill Andrews and Planter have been winners in the season of 1913.

Hardly had his name been engraved on the plate of the Maltby Building before Congressman Brown, always a Democrat, began work to secure the betterment of Long Island harbors and waterways and to strengthen party organization in Nassau and Suffolk Counties.



HON. LATHROP BROWN

Representing the First District of New York. Brought up from boyhood on Long Island, a successful business man, and the youngest member of Congress

EVENTS of the last campaign are recalled as one finds on the desks of the new Congressmen the campaign documents that recall the stirring days of November, 1912. Among the new members hailing from Florida is Emmett Wilson of Pensacola. Although born in Central America he came to Florida at an early age, attended a public school and studied law, in which he soon demonstrated his ability as a leader. He is a

grandson of Judge Emmett Maxwell, who was a member of Congress from Florida in 1852, and he entered upon his official life at the same age as his grandfather. Mr. Wilson is a typical Southerner, straight as an arrow, full of power and eloquence that are inherited from ancestors of antebellum days. He represents western



HON. EMMETT WILSON

Representing the Third District of Florida. A typical Southerner and a member of one of Florida's oldest and most noted families

Florida, and when he began his campaign for Congress definitely stated his position on fourteen or fifteen leading propositions which he announced as his political confession of faith. He is a resident of Pensacola, and his father and mother are both natives of Florida and educated in the State, so he is a "sure enough" native son. His friends point to him as one of the brand of modern statesmen who will speedily make a name for himself.

* * *

HAVING visited John N. Heiskell in his editorial den in Arkansas, it was interesting to observe him upon the floor of the Upper House as a real Senator. Mr. Heiskell was appointed successor to the late

Senator Jeff Davis by the Governor of Arkansas and had a three weeks' career in the Senate. Those three weeks were a notable period, for experiences came thick and fast, and his twenty-two days' service in the Senate will form the basis of reminiscences that would make some twenty-two years' service look tame in comparison. The



HON. JOHN N. HEISKELL

Senator from Arkansas for an eventful three weeks.
One of the brilliant young editors of the South

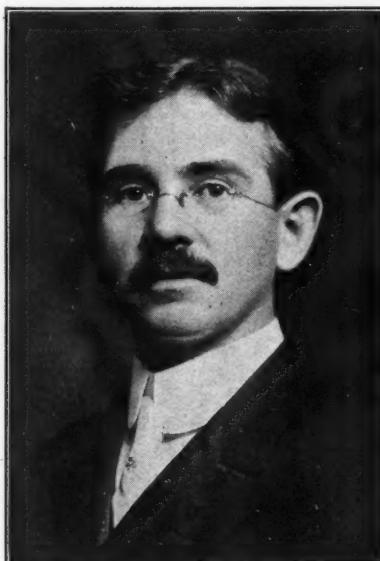
young Arkansas editor with the toga thrown jauntily over his shoulder thus addressed the Senate in Ciceronian tones, according to the official report in the *Congressional Record*.

"My successor is bearing down upon me, armed with a commission that will serve as a writ of dispossession for me. He will, in turn, serve but a short while, when another will come to take his place for the long term. There is senatorial glory enough to go around, if you keep it moving fast.

"When I came here a few days ago, I had some difficulty in finding my way into the Senate, but the Arkansas legislature had no difficulty in showing me the way out. I am leaving the Senate after this short

service because of circumstances over which I have no control. Lately I have been spending my time in learning what rights, privileges, prerogatives and immunities a man has who has been a member of the Senate. After this service of twenty-two days, I am going home to spend the rest of my life writing my reminiscences."

After this address, which was listened to with much rapt interest, the Senators gathered on both sides of the Senate as he said his farewell, and there was a reception that for a time disturbed the august routine of Senate business. Whether a Senator or not, the state of Arkansas



HON. ROBERT H. GITTINS

Congressman from the Fortieth District, New York. He started his career as a newsboy, made a success in business and became a lawyer; is also an expert stenographer

has reason to feel proud of the brilliant young editor who so daringly placed the fair name and fame of Arkansas before the nation in the Senate.

* * *

HAILING from a congressional district which furnished two Presidents of the United States—Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland—Robert H. Gittins of Ni-

agara Falls comes to Washington known as "Senator Bob," for he served in the upper house of the New York Legislature and is the first Democratic representative of his district for a generation. He was born in Oswego, New York, and started life as a newsboy. He graduated from the University of Michigan and studied law, as all good prospective Congressmen should, although before he hung out his shingle he fortified himself with thirteen years' business experience. He was elected in a district which usually gives a large Republican majority. This is how he happened to have his title of "Senator Bob." He



HON. JOHN JACOB ROGERS
Congressman from the Fifth District of Massachusetts.
A Harvard graduate, a lawyer, a leader in the promotion of education along industrial lines

secured a million dollar appropriation for improved roads, and representing Niagara Falls, which is most interested in the projects of parcel post, educational progress and good roads, this is an achievement. Congressman Gittins is one of the many Congressmen who are expert stenographers, and he can easily take down his opponent's speech on the edge of a stray cuff—provided the said opponent doesn't talk too long at a time.

THE Congressman from Lowell, Massachusetts, enjoys a name that suggests John Jacob Astor, although it is really John Jacob Rogers. He has taken an active part in bringing to Lowell a splendid industrial school and has been president of the Associated Charities, director of the Lowell Day Nursery, the



HON. LAWRENCE B. STRINGER
Congressman-at-large from Illinois. Affectionately called "Larry" by his friends; an old-time newspaper man, and an orator to his finger-tips

Young Men's Christian Association, and the Lowell Board of Trade, also a trustee of the Lowell Textile School and the Mechanics Savings Bank, which altogether indicates something of the activities of the Congressman from Lowell.

He is a graduate of Harvard College and later received the degree of Master of Arts, and has been engaged in the general practice of law. For several years he has been an active student of municipal affairs and has served as Second and later First Lieutenant in Company K of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts. With a special training in civic matters and a thorough business experience, Mr. Rogers brings to Washington a record that will do honor to the Fifth Massachusetts District.

AT home they affectionately call him "Larry" Stringer, but in the Congressional Record he is styled Hon. Lawrence B. Stringer, Congressman-at-large from the State of Illinois. He is, from all accounts, one of the most popular individual campaigners in Illinois, as indicated from the fact that he was elected



HON. MILTON W. SHREVE

Representative from the Twenty-fifth District, Pennsylvania. One of the noted attorneys in Congress; a former member of the Pennsylvania Legislature and speaker of the house; an active worker in civic affairs

on the same ticket with Woodrow Wilson and received a large majority lead over the head of the ticket. One cannot meet Mr. Stringer without being impressed first and foremost that he has ability and honesty, just old-fashioned honesty. He is an orator to his finger tips, kindly and sympathetic, and especially magnetic on the rostrum. Like many of the new congressmen he learned the printers' trade. He was the son of a poor clergyman and had to struggle hard for an education. His work was blended with his studies, and he laid aside the printers' "stick" on Commencement morning, and delivered a valedictory that is still talked of by the alumni of his school. He is a member

of the Chicago bar and received the degree of LL.B. from the Lake Forest University. He was only twenty-two when first nominated for legislative office, and has had the habit of being elected ever since, although a Democratic nominee in a strong Republican district. He was Democratic nominee for Governor of Illinois in 1904, and made a red-hot race for Senator in 1908, when he learned what it is to go through the Illinois legislative deadlocks. Those who know his record are expecting great things of the new Congressman-at-large, and the old State song of "Illinois" is lustily sung by his admirers when "Larry" appears in the political forum.



HON. HOWARD SUTHERLAND

Congressman-at-large from West Virginia. A self-made man, who started business in West Virginia on the Missouri idea

THE centennial anniversary of the celebration of Commodore Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, September 15, 1913, commemorates one of the early and important successes of the American Navy. The president of the association having this celebration in charge is Hon. Milton W. Shreve, Congressman from that district. Mr. Shreve is the son of Mr. Cyrus Shreve,

who lived in Union City for many years. The Congressman from Erie was educated at the Edinboro State Normal School and Allegheny College and graduated from the Bucknell University in 1884. He took up the practice of law and has been in close touch with important business and corporate matters, and large financial and industrial concerns. He has served as District Attorney for three years and was elected to the House of Representatives with little opposition—the Democrats did not even name a candidate against him. In 1907 he was a member of Judiciary General and Appropriation Committees, and was re-elected in 1908 and 1910; served as Chairman of the Judiciary General Committee and in 1911 succeeded to the speakership. He was sworn in as Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives by Judge Emory A. Walling of Erie County, the first time in the history of the Commonwealth that such an oath had been administered by a county judge. He was appointed a member of the Perry Victory Centennial Commission by Governor Edwin S. Stuart and re-appointed by Governor John K. Tener, and has always taken an active part in the civic affairs of Erie and the Sylvan State.

* * *

AT least one of the new Congressmen has reversed the advice of Horace Greeley. Hon. Howard Sutherland, Representative at large from West Virginia, was born in Kirkwood, Missouri. His father was Regent of the State University and a member of the State Senate. Young Sutherland had the Missouri idea—he had to be shown. He was educated in the

schools of Kirkwood, was graduated an A.B. at Westminster College, and began his career by editing a Republican daily and weekly paper at Fulton, Missouri, and becoming a newspaper correspondent. In March, 1890, he went to Washington as a clerk in the Census Office where he was rapidly promoted. He received the special commendation of Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, who said in one of the Congressional hearings, "That young man will never be a barnacle in the public service."

He studied law at Columbia University, and in 1893 left Washington for West Virginia, where he entered the employ of the Davis, Elkins & Kerens interests, and worked for ten years under the direction of Senator Henry G. Davis, formerly vice-presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket. He went into business on his own hook, helped to organize the State Board of Trade and served four years in the State Senate. He was nominated for Congressman-at-large in a statewide primary by a majority of nearly thirty-seven thousand and elected by the largest majority of any candidate on the Republican-Progressive ticket. Like President Wilson and a large percentage of new public officials, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, director of the Young Men's Christian Association and prominent in all civic organizations. With his eventful career and strong following Congressman Sutherland will make a notable representative for the busy little state of West Virginia, and also will reflect credit to the good old state of Missouri, where old friends and associates still watch his career with keen interest.



FOUR FAVORITE AMERICAN AUTHORS



SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A versatile novelist and magazine contributor, who writes with equal success on widely different subjects. In "The Mystery of Lonesome Cove" he turned his hand to a mystery story



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

A western author who has been called "the American Maeterlinck," because of the mystic note in his work. His latest and deepest work is "The Road of Living Men"



CHARLES TENNY JACKSON

A southern writer who makes his home among the lily pads of Louisiana bayous, as a house-boat dweller. His novel "The Midlanders" has lately been published



GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

The popular creator of "Get-rich-quick Wallingford." His new book, "Wallingford in his Prime," is a sequel to the Wallingford stories already published

The Failure of the Bil Poasters Company

by Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.

THE unfortunate ending of the boys' venture into journalism, while adding something to their somewhat unsavory reputation, left them in a fairly prosperous condition. They had money in their purses, or rather pockets, and being of a highly convivial and fairly generous disposition were very popular with their boy and girl friends as long as their money lasted.

This was not long, however, for riches are ever prone to take wings, and nothing that the boys did in those days had any tendency to clip or shorten the growth of these wings, and very shortly and after a meteoric career of extravagance the boys found themselves "broke." More than this, their financial affairs were approaching a more serious crisis than they had ever faced.

The ease with which they had made their money and the happy-go-lucky way they had spent it had made them so careless and improvident in their expenditures that they had incurred a listed indebtedness of several dollars before they were brought to their senses by a stern demand for cash payment.

Very much disturbed in their minds, they held a conference in the paint shop of Pewt's father, while that highly gifted artist was engaged in painting Fatty's barn a highly inflamed and hectic red.

"Gosh, fellers," said Plupy, trying a paint brush against a much-smearred door, "suthin's gotter be done. I owe old Polly Colket eighty-six cents for juju paste, 'n taffy on a stick, 'n old Si Smith mos' fifty cents for gooseberries and cocoanuts 'n striped candy, 'n Charles Folsom twenty-five for five pipes. I donno' what in time nation to do. If father finds it out, he'll larrup time outer me."

"I'm worse offen you," said Beany. "I hired a horse 'n buggy of Major Blake 'n it cost me two dollars. Then I owe old Si thirty cents, and Hen Simpson fifty

cents for his boat. The old man said he would shake my liver out if I ever ran up a bill anywhere. Hope the old man doesn't go into Major's hotel."

"Huh! you fellers ain't smart," said Pewt. "All I owe is just twenty-five cents. You hed oughter charged it to your big brother like I did."

"I ain't got any big brother," said Plupy.

"I have," said Beany, "but I didn't dass to do that. Jim would ha' put a tin ear on me if I done anything like that."

"Well, my brother licks me anyway, and I gotter square up with him some way," opined Pewt, "when a feller gives another feller a bat on the head whenever he feels like it, the other feller has got to do somethin' more about it than makin' him fall into the swill tub."

"Didjer make him do that?" asked Plupy in delight.

"You bet," said Pewt, "'n he went right in head first, and got 'bout a quart of swill up each sleeve of his coat."

"Did he lick yer?" demanded Beany.

"Naw. I wasn't there. Fatty Melcher was there and Skinny Bruce, and he licked Fatty and rubbed swill all over Skinny's face and down his neck. He thought they done it."

"Where were you?" asked Plupy with glistening eyes.

"I was behind Moulton's barn peeking through the lilac bushes. I tell you it was fine to hear Fatty holler and see Skinny spit. They both said they didn't put the tub there, but he wouldn't believe them."

"Well," said Plupy philosophically, "when a feller falls into a swill tub, or hits his head against a door, or sits on a table and somebody pulls up the end leaf, or sits on a tack, he has got to paist somebody right off in order to feel anywhere near right."

There was a pause for a moment while each boy grinned reminiscently, then

depression settled on the trio as the desperate condition of their affairs forced itself upon them.

"Well, fellers," said Plupy at last, "whatjer goin' to do about it?"

"Lessee," said Beany, "can't we get a job washin' wagons for Major Blake or Levi Towle?"

"Naw," said Pewt, "they don't pay nothin'. They jest make you wash a wagon 'n then they let you ride on a hack

steppin' fast, and then I saw his shadow ahead of him and I swung that fish round my head and let her ding jest as hard as i could, and whaddyou think? Old Jerry Bragdon come along jest in time to get that old fish bang right in the ear. It was Jerry that came along stider the stewdcat. It nearly knocked his old bald head off. I was so 'sprised that I stood there like a lunatic until he saw me. Gosh, you had ought to a heard him swear, and chase me, but I got away that time, and he went over to Comical Brown's mother and told her that Com did it, and she kept him in the yard a week. I used to get Com mad after that by singing, 'The feller that looks like me.' "Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him, Wherever he may be, Oh, wouldn't I give him particular fits, That feller that looks like me."

and Plupy roared and dou-
bled up like a gigantic daddy
longlegs.

"Aw, come on now, fellers, lessee if we can think up any way to earn some dosh. If we don't we fellers has got to go to work," said Pewt.

"The gardens is all made and it ain't time to dig po-
tatoes or pick apples," said Beany.

"We might saw some wood," suggested Pewt doubtfully.

"I guess not much," said Plupy with warmth. "I get enough of that at home, and enough 'splittin' too. I'd rather go to jail than saw wood anyway."

"We might try to sell papers," said Beany.

"Not if I know myself," shouted Pewt and Plupy in unison, "we got enough of the paper business when we published the *Lambaster*."

"Anyhow, it was a good paper," said Beany, "and it would ha' went all right if the people hadn't got mad, but now we have gotter try somethin' else, I guess."

"Say, fellers," chimed in Beany, "didjer hear 'bout old Lem Tasker?"



"Old Lem fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal"

to the station, or take a horse round to the Hotel. Th' ain't no money in that."

"S'past alewife time, too," sighed Plupy. "Whattifit is?" sneered Beany, "after you got soppin' wet and p'raps got a crack over the head from somebody 'at hit you 'stid 'er the fish, you can't get nobody to buy the fish even for hens."

"Well, anyway, it was fun to slush around and spatter the other fellers, and if we didn't get anything out of the fish we had fun pluggin' them at people. Do you remember the time that stewdcat (Academy student) came down with a stovepipe hat, I had the ole lounder of an alewife and I waited in the alley between Dan Ranlet's and Josh Getchell's store. I could hear him coming right along

"Aw! course I did, why doncher tell us somethin' new?" said Plupy with scorn.

"Well, 'f you know so much, you better tell it," said Beany.

"He got sent to jail fer stealin'," asserted Plupy.

"Ho! ho! stealin'," jeered Beany. "Plupy thought he knew it all, stealin', huh!"

"Well, I know, anyway," sneered Plupy. "I was only coddin' you."

"Well, if you know, tell us, just tell us, that's all. I stump yer!" shrieked Beany, snapping his fingers in Plupy's face.

"Aw, now, I can if I wanter," replied Plupy stubbornly.

"Stealin'! Ho! Ho!" said Beany. "Old Lem fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal."

"Haw. I guess I knew that 'fore you did," said Plupy. "Anyway, it wasn't his alimentary canal. Th' ain't no such thing."

"Tis, too," said Pewt. "That is a part of a feller, one of the bones of his leg."

"Huh, bone of his grandmother," sneered Plupy, "call a bone a canal, huh!"

"They call it a canal, because it is holler like a holler tree, that's why they call it a canal," said Beany. "Anyway ole Lem Tasker fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal, and I can back it up," said Beany belligerently.

"Who will they get to post bills now?" said Pewt thoughtfully.

"Gosh," they all exclaimed as one thought struck them, "less we do it."

It almost seemed as if a special Providence had interfered to ward off a certain bankruptcy, exposure, disgrace and worse yet—for disgrace sat lightly upon them—condign punishment.

In a moment they resolved themselves into a committee of the whole acting as a ways and means committee, and almost before a legislative body could have elected a chairman and have proceeded into executive session, the boys had laid many and farsighted plans that bade fair to revolutionize the science of bill posting. Pewt, who had inherited the paternal talent for sign painting, was to prepare the company sign forthwith; Beany, whose father had reduced the art of paper-hanging and the manufacture of flour paste

to a scientific practicality, was deputized to purloin or otherwise acquire from the paternal stock in trade a sufficient amount of paste to withstand any demand that the business might make; Plupy, whose father had once been a harness maker, and had added the gentle art of carriage trimming to his repertoire, was commanded to appropriate several tack hammers and a practically unlimited supply of tacks. Their headquarters was to be in Plupy's barn, the absence of his father in Boston during the daytime lending security both to the business venture and to the accumulation of the hardware.

These arrangements made, the boys bestirred themselves briskly, and by night the headquarters were in occupation, and this most lurid and descriptive sign held a commanding position on the side of the barn nearest the street:

PURINTON, SHUTE AND WATSON

Bil Poasters

Bils for Shows, Circuses, Oxians, Wedings, Funerals, Berths, Deths and all other

Festivitise poasted at loest prices.

No Gob two larg and none two smal.

It was evident that Pewt had concentrated his undeniable talent for composition and painting on this opus, and the result was doubly gratifying to the public and the partners, and particularly to the latter, as almost immediately old Mr. Elkins, the auctioneer, catching sight of the gaudy announcement, pulled up his old roan horse and came limping into the yard and in a very short time had made a contract with the boys for the "poasting" of fifty auction bills and the distribution of several hundred fliers at a fairly remunerative price. So the boys started out with great enthusiasm, and in a very short time had defiled the face of nature with hideous notices of a public vendue, and had scattered handbills over the entire community.

The next day business was dull, as it was on the day following, and the spirits of the boys became correspondingly low. On the third day the advance agent of Morris Bros. Minstrels came to town and promptly engaged the boys to assist in the distribution and publication of highly-colored prints. For this, however, they

received no money, but satisfactory credentials for admission to the hall, which delighted them beyond measure, for as Plupy said, "if the feller had paid them in money they would have had to pay the men they owed, but as long as he gave them tickets, nobody could blame them for going to the show."



Plupy had his ears soundly boxed by an irate lady whose baby he had awakened by hoarsely bawling the contents of the bills into her window

The day after this the Baptist Church issued notices for an oyster supper to which the public was invited upon a twenty-five cents per capita basis, and the services of the firm were solicited for the proper dissemination of the knowledge.

But when, after spending the greater part of a day in distributing bills, during which Pewt received a black eye in a fight with a Green Street boy on whose shed he had essayed to post a bill, Beany was bitten by a dog on South Street which dis-

puted his right to fire a tightly wadded bill into a window, and Plupy had his ears soundly boxed by an irate lady whose baby he had awaked by hoarsely bawling the contents of the bills into her window—after this the boys were very indignant on learning that the only compensation they were to receive was in the shape of a limited whack at the refreshments, and they did not like oysters.

A very acrimonious dispute with the committee in charge resulted in a cash compromise only when the boys declared they would go over their route again and tell everybody that the date had been changed.

And so for a few weeks, business was good. The firm worked faithfully in posting bills for sheriffs' sales, real estate transactions, oyster suppers, notices that somebody's wife had left his bed and board, and that somebody forbade the public from trusting her on his account, and that somebody would not pay any bills of her contracting, or that somebody else had given his son or daughter his, her or its time to act and trade for his, her or itself, and that somebody would no longer pay any bills on his, her or its account, and other important documents of a legal nature.

In this way they gradually accumulated money enough to pay one hundred cents on a dollar to their creditors, and their financial future looked very bright. While money did not flow into their coffers in a stream, there was, nevertheless, a very gratifying trickle in their direction and they began to plan for substantial bank accounts.

At about this time the opportunity for a financial stroke occurred, that crisis when fortune knocks at one's door, that happy tide in the affairs of men that taken at its flood leads on to victory; a circus was to come to town.

At the time of the arrival of the advance agent the reputation of the boys for prompt and satisfactory work was so well established that it came to his knowledge, and he promptly called upon them and engaged their services, and the next day they had the inexpressible delight of riding around the town on the gaily painted

advertising van and of assisting in the affixing of magnificent lithographs to barns, outbuildings, fences and billboards, for which they received tickets to both afternoon and evening performances and a promise to lead or drive a pony in the parade.

In addition to this a special agreement was made by which a number of especially fine lithographs were left with them to be posted the night before the great day, to appear to the dazzled eyes of the public on the morning of the parade. For these services the boys were to receive one dollar each, upon the condition that the pictures were to be posted in unusual and particularly appropriate places, where they would attract unusual attention from their unexpected positions. His idea, which he carefully explained to the boys, was that the art of advertising was in attracting the attention of the public. That is, a picture of a hippopotamus, as the Behemoth of Holy Writ, would be more likely to attract attention if posted on some house of worship than on some barn or outbuilding, and he added several other fitting illustrations. The boys were very quick to comprehend his ideas and expressed their confidence in their ability to earn their money.

And when the agent left town he made them sinfully proud by telling them they were about the gamest young sports he had ever met.

The week or ten days before the arrival of the circus the boys conferred weightily in regard to the appropriateness of certain places to serve as billboards, and outlined a plan of activity that should fairly electrify the citizens and win them fame and one dollar each.

In the meantime they did not neglect their business, but executed whatever "Gobs" were given them, whether "larg or smal." In this way they turned many an honest penny, but nothing in the nature of a bonanza.

The prospect of a circus attracted much less interest among the citizens than usual, for several matters of local interest had transpired. The wife of a very prominent citizen had given birth to triplets, the different factions in the Baptist Church, known derisively as the Hard Shells and

the Soft Shells, were in the midst of a most desperate church fight which was to culminate in a meeting on the very night of the circus. The Congregational Church had dismissed its pastor and engaged a new man, an extremely fat and rather prosaic, not to say stupid gentleman of enormous girth, immense weight and a prodigious voice. The chairman of the Board of Selectmen had inadvertently set fire to his whiskers by the explosion of an oil lamp and had not only damaged them seriously, but had scorched a curious and disfiguring twist into his countenance which made him the most ridiculous caricature ever imagined; serious trouble had arisen over the removal of several bodies from the old cemetery by the trustees, who had been threatened with criminal prosecution by some of the relatives of the deceased, and the ordinarily quiet town was in a whirl of excitement.

Naturally the acrid discussion of these matters had come to the notice of the firm, who kept tally on whatever occurred in the little town of Exeter, and quite naturally also sought to utilize it in whatever way might turn to their profit and convenience.

The night before the arrival of the circus was overcast, but in the season of full moon, so that, while light enough for the purpose of posting bills, it was dark enough to enable them to do it unperceived. Especially was this the case in that good little town, for the worthy citizens were addicted to early hours and retired betimes, and as the firm had arranged matters so as to spend the greater part of the night in the open by the simple expedient of Beany obtaining permission of his parents to spend the night with Plupy, Pewt ditto, with Beany and Plupy likewise with Pewt, they prepared for a long and hard evening's work, and at about eleven o'clock, when the world was quietly sleeping, they stole quietly forth, laden with lithographs, paste and brushes and did their deadly work.

What was the amusement, horror, delight, consternation, glee and anger of the citizens arising early to welcome the circus, to find front doors, bay windows and the immaculately painted walls of many of the houses thickly pasted with circus literature, and to see upon the walls

of the warlike church edifice the legend in scarlet letters two feet long:

CIRCUS TONIGHT! COME ONE! COME ALL!

To see upon the white painted cottage where dwelt the happy mother of the triplets a much more than life-size figure of a stork with the words:

THE SECRET OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY
ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT

Beneath which Pewt had neatly painted

THERE IS LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS

What was the anger of the new pastor of the First Congregational Church to find hermetically sealed to the front wall of the parsonage an immense parti-colored picture of an enormous slate-colored hippopotamus, with huge gaping cavernous jaws of vivid crimson and the words:

COME AND SEE THE GIGANTIC HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE BEHEMOTH OF HOLY WRIT, THE LARGEST, THE FATTEST, THE MOST COLOSSAL AND THE STUPIDIEST QUADRUPED IN THE FOUR QUARTERS OF EARTH'S GRAND PALLADIUM. COME AND HEAR HIM ROAR!

It would be dreadful to write down what the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen said when his horrified eyes fell on the immense picture of a freak, looking strangely like him and inscribed in lurid letters as:

JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED MAN! A CROSS
BETWEEN A KAFFIR WOMAN AND THE
HUGE BABOON OR MAN MONKEY OF CEN-
TRAL AFRICA. DISPLAYS AN ALMOST
HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. ON EXHIBITION
IN THE BIG TENT. TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The trustees of the cemetery, all reputable and conservative citizens, broke a lifetime of wise conservatism in speech and manner when they lapsed into horrid profanity, as their startled eyes gazed upon an immense hyena robbing a grave of its dead, and below these explanatory words:

THE HIDEOUS LAUGHING HYENA, THE
GRAVE-ROBBER, WHICH BY STEALTH DE-
SCENDS INTO THE GRAVE YARDS AT NIGHT
AND RIFLES THEIR CONTENTS FOR ITS
GRUESOME AND REVOLTING REPAST. ON
EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT.
TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The deep and hearty maledictions of Mr. Simeon Flanders, an extremely hirsute gentleman with an enormous flat nose, were almost excusable when his irate glances perceived upon his front door a picture of a shaggy animal with a broad flat beak heralded by letters of great size as

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATIPUS, THE MOST
MARVELLOUS CREATION IN THE FAUNA
OF AUSTRALIA ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG
TENT, THE ONLY SPECIMEN IN CAPTIVITY

At once these outraged citizens declared war against the proprietor of the circus, and before the parade was in readiness the entire outfit was attached for libel in more than a dozen suits, and the proprietor, a muscular gentleman with an immense black moustache, was diplomatically endeavoring to settle the actions with complimentary tickets to the families of the plaintiffs.

When the offending boys were brought into his presence it required the united efforts of the sheriff and the entire police force to keep him from doing violence to them.

Poor boys. It was a bitter morning for them, and when after the actions had been satisfactorily settled, and they from their confinement in their beds heard the blare of the band, the shrill trumpeting of the elephant and the various sounds of the parade, and realized that they were out of it all, they were very bitter and unresigned.

The afternoon performance was crowded to the ring, owing to the success of the boys as advertising agents, and when at about 7 o'clock the proprietor, driving a team of calico ponies, stopped and personally interviewed the parents of Plupy, Beany and Pewt, and successfully secured their release from captivity, and took them in his own team to the big tent where they occupied reserved seats, they decided that the world was a pleasant place, after all.

But their fathers, fearing unexpected developments in the future, laid an embargo upon the business of the firm, which later passed into the hands of old Lem Tasker, who had providentially and very miraculously recovered from the debility caused by the fracture of his alimentary canal.

The Silent Brave

by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorch," "Little Boy Blue," "The Poor Little Feller," etc.

THE village street was drowsing in the vernal sunshine. Even the arrival of the ten-fifty train, depositing four passengers, failed to rouse it to more than a momentary eye-opening. One of the four deposited disappeared within the glaring white, limestone bank, opposite the station. Two, apparently mother and daughter, entered a squalid hack, which, after traversing one block, turned off towards the sea beach and its cottages. The fourth, a rather tall, slender man, of perhaps forty or thereabout, neatly dressed in a dark gray sack suit and soft felt hat of the same hue, which somehow had the air of very occasional employment—his attire for high days and holidays—strode leisurely, with somewhat lagging indecision, past the mausoleum-like bank building toward the heart of the village.

There was a modest hotel at the next corner; and he paused for a moment before it in apparent question. But he did not enter. He came next to a row of small shops, each of which he regarded in the same hesitating attitude of debate. A drug store of contrasting pretension stood at the block's end, its double doors wide-spread in an invitation which, with somewhat less hesitancy than he had hitherto evinced, the stranger accepted.

Jenks, the druggist, was standing behind the cigar case, on which, outspread, was a New York morning paper. He looked up from the article he had been reading, and nodded a greeting, which was likewise a question. The stranger bought a cigar, bit off the end and lighted it from the alcohol lamp at the counter's end. Then, after blowing a cloud of smoke into the warm, still air, he introduced himself.

"My name is Colbert," he said with a pleasant smile. "I am in Cedarton, looking for a man named Rogers—Seth Rogers. Do you know him, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I know him," was the druggist's somewhat guarded answer.

"He has lived here a long while, I understand."

"Nigh on to thirty years."

"Has he been successful?"

Mr. Jenks smiled enigmatically.

"He has and he hasn't," was his answer. "He's never aspired very high. He makes a livin' and saves money."

"What does he do?"

"Odd jobs; anything he can turn his hand to."

"For instance?" Colbert pressed.

"He crabs, eels and clams. He cuts lawns; he hauls gravel; he carts ashes and garbage. The fact is he can turn his hand to most anything. He's industrious and he's reliable. Reliable, that is, in a way. Up to a certain point, you know."

The inquirer took his cigar between his lips, and his eyes asked a question. But the druggist volunteered nothing.

"You mean he—that he's intemperate?"

"No; he never drinks."

"Then—I don't understand. This point of unreliability? Would you mind explaining? You see he used to be a friend of my father. I was thinking of offering him a position. If he is not altogether trustworthy, I—"

Jenks, the druggist, shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"I have nothing to say."

"Has he ever held any position here in Cedarton?"

"Not that I ever heard tell of."

"And you would rather not say why?"

"I'd rather not."

Colbert tossed the ash from his cigar beyond the door sill. "Could you direct me to where he lives?"

"He lives in West Cedarton. Follow this street to where two roads branch. Take the left one. Seth lives in the third

house on the right. It's about two miles straight. You can't miss it."

As Colbert was going out Jenks called after him: "Better think a bit before you make your offer."

A little farther on was a grocery store.



Jenks, the druggist, shrugged his narrow shoulders. "I have nothing to say"

Colbert entered, and began the same line of questioning. Barker, the grocer, a little, stout, red-faced man, with small, pink-lidded eyes, was more loquacious than Jenks.

"Seth! Seth!" he exclaimed with a half chuckle. "Well, I guess I know Seth all right. Ain't many around here as don't. He's the meanest man in Cedarton. Never buys nothin'. Ain't bought nothin'

for thirty year. Lives on what he gits out o' the river an' out o' the air. Wearin' the same clo'es he come here in, I guess. Ever see his hut? Well, it's wo'th seein'. Used to be an old barn. Got too shacky to keep critters in, an' he took it. Patched it up, here and there, with a few old box sides, and gets it rent free for doin' chores for the Wilkinses, who own the land it's on. Seth's a miser. Everybody knows that. Why, 'bout twelve year back, some tramps got in his place while he was away, and carried off eight hundred and forty dollars he'd saved. Now, they say, he buries his money. What he's keepin' it for, denyin' himself the barest comforts, nobody knows. He ain't got no kin, s'far as anybody kin find out. But then he never talks. Nobody knows much about him, 'fore he come here, 'cept he come from Spragueville, up in York state."

"And he has always got his living in this independent fashion?" Colbert asked.

"Pretty nigh al'us. I did hear tell 'at when he fust came here, he had a job in th' old Eagle Hotel. But he didn't stay there long. Some-thin' happened, and they fired him quick."

"What happened?"

"Well, I couldn't say exactly. But I can come pretty nigh guessin'. Don't do for a fellow what's got miser instin'ts, like Seth has, to be where ther's an open till about. Anyway, he never got another

job a'ter that. Guess he knew ther' was no use his tryin'. And that's thirty years ago, come Chris'mas."

"You've never heard any tales of dishonesty since?"

"He ain't never had no more chanst," the grocer laughed.

"I was thinking of offering him a place in my employ," the visitor confessed.

"Respons'ble?"

"Yes; somewhat."

"Better not do it. He loves money like some of us loves children. 'Twouldn't be safe to put temptation in his way. Besides he's gettin' pretty old, and he's broke up with rheumatiz. It'll pay you to git a younger man."

Next door to the grocery was the post office. Colbert went in and, going up to the delivery window, asked for the postmaster. He was directed to the money-order and registry window. This official had lived in Cedartown all his life, was sixty odd years old, and possessed of a keen and retentive memory. He remembered Seth Rogers' arrival as though it had been yesterday.

"He was a right smart lookin' young fellow," he declared. "And yet there was a sad, longin' look in his eyes, which, taken with his silent way of never sayin' anything about where he came from or why he came, gave him an air of mystery that was at first attractive, but which in the end made folks sort o' shy of him. Yes; I recollect that Eagle Hotel business very well. I don't think he ever did anything dishonest. Anyway nobody ever dared say so, at the time. But it happened that one day a drummer came to the hotel and recognized him. He said he used to be in the Spragueville post office; but that a package of registered mail had been lost, containing thirty-five hundred dollars, and though they never could trace it to him, there was a grave suspicion. The postmaster was his friend, and he was never arrested; but he lost his job, and things were made so unpleasant for him that after a week or two he just disappeared. Well, after that, the hotel people let him go. The story got around, and he never from that day to this had a job anywhere. Once, I believe, Bill Reynolds, the express agent, offered him a place in the express office. I guess Bill didn't know. It was a good many years later. But Seth refused it. It seemed he was still afraid of trustin' himself."

"Did he say so?"

"Say so! Lord, no. He never said anything. He never mentioned the matter one way or the other. He just kept still; and I never heard of anybody havin' the courage, in all this time, to say a word to

him about it. You see, he's a clammer and eeler, a vocation that's not held very high, but there's somethin' about him that's almost dignified. He never's got real familiar with anybody, and nobody's ever got real familiar with him. Not familiar enough anyway to ask about those missing registered letters."

"Do you suppose I could find him at his home, now?"

"Likely as not you could. It's about his dinner time. You'll come on him, probably, fryin' a fish or makin' a chowder."

Colbert's two-mile walk lay along a pleasant way. The overhead sun, shining through the young and tender, semi-transparent maple leaves, gave the light a rosy tint, which was reflected warmly by the white columned porticos of the more imposing houses, and the snowy fence palings of some of the meaner ones. The grass in the front yards was freshly, vividly green, and the flower beds were a riot of color with their tulips and crocusses. As he walked, no longer leisurely, nor with lagging indecision, but briskly, with arms swinging, his half-smoked cigar discarded, he whistled softly, now a droning dirge, and now a more lively air. For in his mind were the echoes of what he had learned, mingled with things of his own knowledge, by which he interpreted, sometimes with pathetic sadness, and again almost gaiety.

He came at length to the branching roads. The houses here were more scattered, and much more modest. It was a region of small farms, and each dwelling had a barn behind it. Here and there, too, gray fish nets were spread out to dry in the sun, showing that the waters of the river, which could be seen glinting beyond a fringe of cedars, off to the right, were called upon to yield as well as the soil.

He had no difficulty in identifying the Rogers hut from the directions and description he had been given. What struck him, however, as he drew near, was that in spite of its rudeness, it was not squalid. Indeed there were everywhere evidences of meticulous neatness on the part of its dweller. The door was closed and neither sight nor sound gave indication that anyone was about. When, however, Colbert had approached along the narrow, care-

fully kept path and knocked, doubtfully, on the weather-worn slab that blocked ingress, a muffled voice from within bade him enter.

The half gloom of the interior, after the glaring midday without was almost impenetrable to sight; but as he stepped across the threshold, the voice reached him again, clearer now, from a far corner:

"That you, Mis' Wilkins? You're awful good to me."

Colbert closed the door and moved a step or two in the direction of the speaker, a low, narrow bed or bunk disclosing itself in the dimness as he did so.

"No," he said softly, "it isn't Mis' Wilkins, Seth Rogers. It's an old friend of yours, Luke Colbert." He saw a startled, shadowy movement in the corner. The bedclothes stirred; a figure half rose. "Little Luke," he added hurriedly.

For a moment there was no response. Then: "Why—why, I thought for a minute it was a spirit. I've been a little flighty, the last day or two. Broke a leg, and didn't get it set right. And so you're little Luke! And your father, he's—he's passed on, eh?"

"It's seven years, now."

"Yes; seven years last month. I got a newspaper, somebody sent me, with the notice marked."

"I sent it."

"I didn't know."

The visitor drew nearer. He could see quite plainly now. Rogers' face was seamed and rugged, and his hair and beard were a tawny gray. But his eyes, blue like sea water in the sun, were still young.

"I want to shake your hand, Seth," he said, holding out his. But the elder man made no movement to accept it.

"Hadn't you better wait," he began, with a grim, yet not unkindly smile. "I—I'm not just ready, yet. In a few years, maybe, God willin', I can look you in the face again—look all men in the face, Luke. But I've been kept back some. When I've made good—"

"You're not going to take my hand?" was the interrupted question. "Not after I've come just especially to shake yours? Make good! What have you got to make good for? That's what I want to know. You're as honest as the day. Father

always said so; and I always believed him. And now, it's—"

The man in the bunk reached for the still outstretched hand. "There, there," he said, gripping it hard with sinewy fingers. "I didn't steal. No. But there's those that think I did, and that nothing in the world could make think differently. But I must have been uncommon careless. You see, Luke, how it was. I was mighty in love, then. Twenty-five, and mad about the sweetest, prettiest little girl in the town. I guess, maybe, you heard something of it. Did you?"

Colbert nodded, smiling. "Lydia Emmons? Yes, I heard."

"I was thinking about her, when I ought to 'a' been thinking of Uncle Sam and the work he paid me to do. And, somehow, nobody'll ever know just how, I guess, though I've prayed God, every night for thirty years to make it clear in His own good time—somehow that envelope, with thirty-three hundred and forty-two dollars of the bank's money, went astray between the post office window at Spragueville and the post office window at Cleveland. And there was nothing but my carelessness to blame for it."

He made his visitor draw an empty packing box to the bedside and sit upon it. "I haven't talked of it for thirty years, except to my Maker," he went on. "But I've thought of nothing else. And I made up my mind I'd earn that money and pay Uncle Sam back, every penny. I've got near twenty-two hundred of it, now; saved by hard work, pinchin' and scrapin'. I'd 'a' had it all a year ago, if I hadn't been robbed, but it's been mighty hard. Everybody in town knows the story, and—well, I don't know as I can blame 'em. All I want is health and strength for a few more years, and then—then I'm goin' back."

"Back!" said Colbert, pretending not to understand. "Back where?"

"To Spragueville."

"And Lydia?" asked Colbert. He was almost smiling.

Rogers changed his position, by a movement of his elbow, and raised himself a little higher. His eyes closed for a second, and a wave of pain crossed his features. Possibly it was the broken leg.

"Lydia," he repeated. "I haven't dared think of Lydia."

"She's still unmarried," said Colbert. "She sent you a letter by me. I saw her last evening, just before I was leaving."

The blue eyes sparkled as the waves do when wind-swept. "Go 'long!" he exclaimed. "She hasn't written to me in

over in small, dainty characters flung at him, from its very first page, words that dazed him in the effort at comprehension. His hand shook so, the lines were all a jumble; and then the sheet slipped from his fingers and he turned to the man beside him, wordless, but all his countenance crying out in appeal for light.



"Go 'long!" he exclaimed. "She hasn't written to me in thirty years. I asked her not to, and she promised."

thirty years. I asked her not to, and she promised. 'Not till you're cleared,' she said. She's broken her promise."

From the inside pocket of his gray coat, Luke drew a square envelope, faintly blue. "You'll find you're mistaken, Seth," he said, as he passed it over. But in his sudden excitement the gray man did not hear it.) He tore the thing with clumsy fingers, until the enclosure, finely written

"Vindication, Seth," Luke threw him the one word. "They found the missing envelope, two days ago, in Chicago. Every bill intact. It had slipped inside the leather lining of an old mail bag, taken from the post-office there for repairs."

Seth's supporting elbow gave way, his shoulders sank, his tawny gray head dropped on the thin husk pillow. A long sigh echoed murmuringly from worm-

eaten wall to worm-eaten wall, and then from under his closed lids slow tears trickled silently down into the deep furrows no his cheeks.

Luke Colbert sat very still, with a lump in his throat. There were many things he wished to add; but, somehow, they wouldn't shape themselves into words, and his voice refused his will. He wanted to say that the old postmaster, his father, had died believing in Seth's innocence. He wanted to say that in the office, to which he had succeeded, there had recently come a vacancy, and that he would hold it open, against Seth's return. But he couldn't say them just now. And so it came about that it was Seth Rogers who eventually broke the silence. He sat up straight in his rude, bunk-like bed, tossing aside the rent and frayed sacking that

covered him, and drawing a rough fist across his wet eyes.

"Luke," he said, his own voice a little tremulous, "do you remember the moonlight night Lydia and I took you coasting on Dobb's Hill? You were little Luke then, for sure; not over ten, if you were that. Gee! I was happy that night. And the next day the loss was reported. Well, thirty years is a long time, and I've never been what you might call happy since. Never till now."

He put his legs over the bedside; the broken one in its bandages.

"You—you're not going to get up!" Luke protested, leaning toward him. "You're not able."

"Able!" the other exclaimed. "Not able! I'm going back to Spragueville with you today, if I have to crawl."

POSSESSION

GOD gave me thee, nor all the world's alarms
Shall take thee, sweet, one moment from my arms
He tuned our souls in unison divine.
Through Time, Eternity, did name thee mine.
Ne'er fear that anything on earth could make
Me lose the heart that my own heart did wake.

Thy heart is mine, and thy dear self I hold
Within my arms, that close about thee fold;
Nor let the tempests of the world come nigh,
To waft across thy warm red lips one sigh.
With all my worldly love I thee endow,
We are no longer twain, but one; and now

Give me thy lips, and all the world forget,
Give me thine eyes that like twin stars are set
Beneath the fragrant cloud of thy soft hair,
Thine eyes, Dear Heart, that all the world calls fair,
Not even knowing of the look that lies
Within their depths, for me alone, nor ever dies.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*



THE LITTLE HAT

by

MARY DOBBINS
PRIOR

THE Little Hat was clearly surprised at its surroundings, but even in a much greater measure these same surroundings were marveling at the Little Hat. The manager's roll-top desk (which by reason of the hat's resting on its brand-new blotter was the most intimately concerned) could not remember a time, in all its twenty years of commercial life, when such a highly ornamental, and (from the viewpoint of a desk) absolutely useless article had rested on its bosom. The desk was not altogether ignorant on the subject of hats, either. Living as it did in the corner of a publishing office, and having daily intercourse with several bright-looking, well-dressed young women, who took dictation at its elbow, the desk had come to know a lot about hats. Of course the young ladies didn't take notes about millinery, and they were always hatless too when at their appointed tasks—but these things soak in through the pores, somehow, and the desk had come to know that "they were wearing them smaller" this year.

Of a surety they must be "wearing them smaller," judging by the sample that rested on the blotter. It was circular in shape, with a circumference of about seven inches. Its basic principle was of braided straw, and its softly curling brim was decorated with a wreath of green leaves. A rather faded pink rose, whose glowing heart, turned out (surprisingly enough) to be a coral bead, marked the spot where the

leafy girdle ceased to pursue its giddy pathway. Coming down to meet these glories was a strip of filmy lace, that served to cover and at the same time to ornament the crown. This embellishment had suffered somewhat from the fact that the artist had made an error in her initial measurements, and the gap left by her injudicious scissors had been covered by a wedge-shaped patch of the same lace. However, one had to look closely to discover this defect, and, after all, these hyper-critical persons, who know how to paint the lily and advise ladies concerning little slips of the scissors, are fortunately in the minority.

Taking it all in all, it was a very fetching little mite of a hat, and the manager, coming in from the mail room, regarded it with more than a suspicion of boastful pride. Mr. Brown, also in from the mail room, regarded it with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, sir," said the manager, twirling the lacy trifle on his forefinger, "what do you think of it?"

There was a temporary lifting of the gloom that had swathed Mr. Brown during the last few weeks. "I always thought the stiff derbies our sex are condemned to wear hideously unbecoming—but isn't the change a trifle sweeping?" he asked doubtfully.

The manager ignored the banter. "My little girl trimmed that hat for her doll," he said smiling, "and she isn't six till June.

My wife says it's wonderful the instinct for style that child has. I brought it down to show the girls in the office. Some of them have seen her."

But the blanket of gloom had swathed Mr. Brown in its depths again. He stood, hands in pocket, head on breast, looking earnestly at nothing at all. "Great stuff that," he murmured dreamily, "only sixteen, you say—oh, yes, of course I mean six. That lacy, flowery kind of stuff makes one think"—his expression began to change—"of summer and vacations." There was an impressive pause. "Guess I'll get busy and pass on these proofs," he said awkwardly. "Great little hat, that."

The manager patted his daughter's handiwork approvingly as Mr. Brown drifted mournfully away. Then he placed the hat back on the desk, turning it a trifle so that the white thread that fastened the rosy bead to its alien moorings was not so much in evidence. When his wife had shown him the hat, he had, after the applause had rippled into silence, found it in his heart to wish that Hope had chosen a pink cable rather than a white one, but Hope's mother looked at him reproachfully and said, "Why, Tom, if it was as perfect as that no one would believe a child did it."

On the other side of the partition Mr. Brown was attending to the proofs that had to be "returned" at once. Usually when so engaged Mr. Brown's work was apt to be punctuated with remarks that had to do with the mental status of such individuals as were responsible for the proofs in question.

Today he was singularly quiet and the proofs lay untouched by his side. But Mr. Brown was not idle. He was writing with all the fervor of one whose fingers are the obedient slaves of his spirit, and, although it was during business hours, his manuscript contained no smallest allusion to the publishing business. For, Mr. Brown wrote:

Margaret Dearest:—Won't you forgive me? I see clearly what an unreasonable, jealous fool I was. Ever since the first few days after our quarrel I've known that I was all wrong, but I had it brought right home to me again this morning and what do you suppose the whip for my chastisement was? A doll's hat. No, I'm not losing my mind.

Mr. Whitney, our manager, brought it down to show some of the girls what a wonder his small daughter was in the millinery line.

Margaret, do you remember the shade hat you used to wear? All white and lacy and wreathed with green leaves. There was a single pink rose too. Wasn't there, dear? Well, this doll's hat was an exact duplicate of that. Of course it was made by a baby girl, and it was funny in spots (one of the flowers had a bead for a heart), but after I saw it I had a vision of you sitting under the birches at the side of Lawton's pond. Do you remember what we used to talk about? I wonder if you couldn't give me another chance?

I am afraid, Margaret, that this letter is misrepresenting me fearfully. It has a gay and airy levity about it that I am far from feeling. To tell you the truth I feel pretty gloomy and yet I can't help hoping that the Little Hat is going to prove my mascot. Please be kind and remember I have not stopped loving you for one minute since I met you.

JOHN.

Mr. Brown's search for a boy sufficiently trustworthy to carry his fateful missive took him past the desk where his mascot had lain all morning. He cast a meaning glance in its direction, but his innocent ally was gone. "Now I wonder if that's a bad sign?" he soliloquized, but brightened up almost immediately. The Little Hat lay on Miss Judson's desk, at the corner of which sat Miss Carrol.

Both young ladies had returned from luncheon. To be exact Miss Carrol had lunched, Miss Judson hadn't. "It is really all due to this Little Hat," the last-named lady was saying. "When I saw it this morning on Mr. Whitney's desk I thought I should have to put my head down on my desk and cry aloud. Dot, my sister Elinor's little girl, was always fussing with bits of silk and velvet and making them up into clothes for her doll. Why, it wasn't safe for me to put a bit of finery out of my hand. Mother would be sure to seize on it for Dot. Then came that foolish quarrel with Elinor, and when the holidays came mother didn't do any shopping for her or little Dot. I tell you we had a pretty blue Christmas."

"Well," said Miss Carrol, with characteristic honesty, "I can't say that I sympathize very heartily with either of you. If you'd sent even Dot a present, it would have put a stop to what you describe as a foolish and unnecessary estrangement."

Miss Judson patted the Little Hat—“Perhaps,” she said, “but you don’t know mother. She has the softest heart and the stiffest neck imaginable, but until today I couldn’t bring myself to admit it.”

“Oh, well, you have your good points—quick-tempered people often have, you know,” consoled Miss Carroll, laughing. “Here are some sandwiches. I sent out for them when I found that you had spent the hour telephoning to your sister.”

“You are a dear,” said Miss Judson, “I didn’t think I was hungry, but I find I am starving. Which makes me think that Elinor is coming to luncheon tomorrow and she is bringing little Dot with her.”

“Now that the sight of the Little Hat has reduced this particular mountain to its proper mole-hill proportions, you ought to tender Mr. Whitney a vote of thanks for having brought it within your ken, as the poets say,” laughed Miss Carroll.

“I’m going to tell him all about it some day,” said Miss Judson, seriously, as she crossed the room and restored the hat to its place on the manager’s desk.

* * *

It seemed a pity, after the Little Hat had behaved so well, and had done such clever missionary work, that its ungrateful custodian should forget all about it and leave it out on the top of his desk when he went home. Had Mr. Whitney dwelt within metropolitan limits this could never have happened, but he was a commuter first and a father afterwards, so when, after a glance at his watch he found that he had just fifteen minutes wherein to catch his train, he grabbed his hat and made a dash for the elevator. Not until he was handing the conductor his ticket did he miss the hat, and a guilty conscience

robbed his evening paper of its usual savor on his homeward trip.

Maybe the Little Hat was left to spend the long night in a big office building through a lapse of memory, or maybe its work was not finished. It is so hard to tell in a world of constantly increasing mira-



Apparently he stood gazing at the lacy trifle, but except for the coral centre in the faded rose he didn’t see it all

cles just what forces are working to bring about certain results. Whatever the reason, it still lay on the desk in all its coral-beaded splendor when Mr. Cartwright opened the doors and switched on the lights an hour after everyone had gone home.

Mr. Cartwright was the senior member of Mr. Whitney’s firm, and he was a very important person indeed, not only in the office but out of it. Anyone who read the daily papers could have told you this,

for only a few months before Mr. Cartwright had been a conspicuous figure in the public prints. It was when his daughter Ruth had run off and married his partner's secretary. Morally there was nothing the matter with his partner's secretary, nor physically either for that matter. Indeed there were those who thought him a very fine young man. But financially he was hopeless, at least from Mr. Cartwright's standpoint.

When a man is quoted as being a "near-millionaire" and his daughter elects to marry a man who has to work a whole year to gather a paltry three thousand, there is perhaps some excuse for the near-millionaire to wish his girl had gone further and fared better. In Ruth's case, the exasperating part was that she would not have had to go any further. She had, indeed, passed several heavily gilded youths on the way to her secretary bridegroom.

That night Mr. Cartwright had come to the office for some late mail, but after his eyes fell upon the Little Hat which perched on the manager's desk, he forgot the important letters. Apparently he stood gazing at the lacy trifle, but except for the coral centre in the faded rose he didn't see it at all. The vision he saw as he stood in his deserted office had to do with those earlier days when his income was considerably less than that of his newly acquired son-in-law.

To begin with he saw his wife, slim and pretty and young. In one hand she held a copy of a magazine, in the other a number of tiny boxes and she was speaking rapidly, while her eyes shone with excitement and pleasure. "It was Jim who put the idea into my head," she was saying. "I was telling Ruth a story to put her asleep and Jim was listening. Presently he said: 'Why don't you send some stuff to the children's magazines, Mary? They pay good prices.' So I thought I'd try it—and, Bob, they bought it, and so, and so (how the words tumbled over one another in her excitement), I bought you these cuff-buttons, and baby a string of corals, and after all that, I still have ten dollars left, and you can never guess in a thousand years what I'm going to do with that ten dollars?"

He remembered as though it were yesterday how he had ventured one impossible guess after another, and how she had laughed delightedly at his repeated failures. Finally she had told him, with great seriousness, that the wonderful ten dollars was the nucleus of a nest egg for baby. Perhaps they would use the nest-egg to send her through college, perhaps to help in buying her trousseau when she married.

Oh, well (Mr. Cartwright could not see even the little coral now, though the lights were all on and the bead blushed its reddest), Ruth had gone through college, and she had married too, but the pretty little mother had not been there to see. God! if she had only lived, what life could have meant to him! Other men had made money and their wives had lived to enjoy it. For the first time since his daughter's marriage he seemed to realize that she was Mary's baby—the baby for whom Mary had bought the corals, for whom she had planned and saved—that he had put out of his life.

Standing alone in the silent office, surrounded by memories of his early struggles, the fact that Ruth had followed in her mother's footsteps and married a comparatively poor man did not seem nearly so heinous a crime as it had an hour ago.

* * *

The next evening when Mr. Whitney reached his suburban station, he was met by his small daughter. Evidently he knew what was expected of him, for his hand sought his overcoat pocket and he drew forth the Little Hat.

"There," he said triumphantly to his daughter and to her attendant mother. The little girl snatched the property, placed it firmly on her doll's head, and "ran along with herself," as advised by her father.

"I was afraid you would forget it again," said her mother.

"Well, you needn't have been," was the answer, "not after today."

"Today?" repeated the lady expectantly. "What happened today?"

Mr. Whitney laughed indulgently. "I was waiting for you to say, 'Anything happened down-town today?' before I told

you. When a man becomes accustomed to a certain style of conversation he waits for his cue like any other actor."

"Well, what did happen?" asked his wife eagerly. Mr. Whitney at once assumed the air of one who carries concealed treasure.

"My dear," he said impressively, "things never stopped happening. One surprising bit of news followed so quickly on the heels of another, that I seriously contemplated relieving the tension by posting bulletins. Think of the time saved, if instead of news having to percolate through an office it was boldly struck off on the typewriter and pinned to a convenient post.

"The idea has much to commend it," said his wife severely. "Here is a pin and there is a post."

"Well, anyway we had a great day," resumed Mr. Whitney. "To begin with, Cartwright is reconciled to his daughter. Yes, the old man and his son-in-law were luching together today in Sherwood's. Brown saw them."

"That's good news, isn't it?" said little Mrs. Whitney kindly. "It makes for the happiness of all concerned."

"You bet 'it makes for the happiness of all concerned,'" mimicked her husband. "Why, Cartwright looked ten years younger this morning, and look here, Allie—I can't keep a secret to save my life unless it is connected with the business—Cartwright came in this morning and made straight for my desk. 'Where is the Little Hat?' he asked. I laughed and took it out of the drawer. He saw it there last night, he said, and thought it was great. The thing that tickled him to death was the way Hope had endowed the rose with a coralheart. I suppose it was a reflex of his present amiable frame of mind, but when he was going out he said, 'I'm going across next week with my daughter and her husband, and I wish you'd tell your little milliner that when I come home she's going to have the nicest set of corals that Naples can boast.' Then after that—

"Don't tell me unless it is something pleasant," implored his wife, "I'd love to eat my dinner in the glow of those impending corals."

"Oh, this is pleasant enough, though the

interest may not be so intensely personal. Brown is going to be married, almost immediately I believe, and it can't be too soon for all of us. It's been something fierce having him around this last month. The original Gloomy Gus is a spring of bubbling mirth compared to Brown when



But when he came in this morning even the cat knew he had made up with his girl

anything goes wrong with his personal rendition of 'Love's Young Dream.' Only as late as yesterday he was positively dank with melancholy, but when he came in this morning even the cat knew he had made up with his girl."

"I suppose his happiness didn't drive him to say he'd buy a few strings of pearls for your daughter while he was honeymooning," mocked Mrs. Whitney.

Her husband struck an attitude. "But that is the funny part of it. He did not

mention strings of pearls exactly, but he paid tribute all the same. The first thing he did after he had informed us singly and 'en suite' as to his approaching nuptials, was to draw me aside and say: 'Margaret and I went for a walk up Fifth Avenue late yesterday afternoon, and I was telling her about the doll's hat your little girl made, and Margaret was so interested that just to mark the day and sort of encourage Hope, we bought her a little gift.' Then he passed over this box. Say, she'll be tickled to death to own a gold thimble, won't she?"

"Why, yes, she will," said Mrs. Whitney, bewilderedly, "but can you fancy what sort of couple they must be? I simply can't understand such a shameful waste of opportunity. Here they are, engaged in patching up a lover's quarrel, and they can find nothing better to talk about than a doll hat."

"It was an unusual proceeding," agreed her husband. "I don't remember wasting any time on strange little girls myself. But listen, Allie," the manager lowered his voice, "the plot thickens. After Brown

went out Miss Judson came in with a doll's parasol. She said it was such a perfect match to the hat she couldn't resist buying it. In fact, she told me she bought two—one for Hope and one for her little niece." The manager looked reminiscent. "I wonder now if Miss Judson has been getting herself engaged, too. She looked blooming today."

They had reached their own gate and Mrs. Whitney paused. "Seriously, Tom," she said, "That hat was a wonderfully clever piece of work. I'm afraid we don't appreciate Hope enough. Why, even strangers—"

But her husband interrupted her maternal hymn with a laugh. "Oh, Allie, where is your vaunted sense of humor?" he asked.

Then he took a long step and a very short one. "Heavens!" he exclaimed tragically, and pointed to the lawn, where the Little Hat lay in the forlorn position it had assumed when lost by its gifted maker. "Heavens—Did you see that! I narrowly escaped stepping on our daughter's masterpiece! I've come within an ace of scrunching the Little Hat."

THE BLIND VIOLINIST IN THE STREET

AGE-BOWED, in tattered raiment, there he stands,
An outcast in the crowded city street,
Vending his music where the world demands,
Alike in summer rain and winter sleet.
Dead to his sight is every living thing;
He only *hears* the noisy, passing throng,
Unwitting while the pageantry of spring
Gives place to younger seasons, newly-born.

Who knows what visions fair those dimmed eyes see?
Or where he wanders, in what hidden ways
Through far-remembered lands across the sea,
Warmed by the morning sun of other days,
And so, transfigured for the moment seem
His wan, gray features, softened by his dream.

—R. R. Greenwood.

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By
George Ethelbert Walsh

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her identity, but gives her name as Una Ruthven. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion Miss Ruthven disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her. He meets her at the pier and is rowed out to a yacht in the river, and they sail away. Halliwell finds that the crew consists of the four men. His presence aboard is unknown to them, and he occupies half the cabin with Una Ruthven.

CHAPTER XIV

THE Margaret plowed her way steadily southward, reeling off her ten knots with the regularity of clock work. As they approached warmer waters the stuffy room off the cabin grew almost unbearable, and Halliwell spent more of his time in Patricia's more luxurious quarters.

The question of ventilation was also acute. They had to open the cabin windows to secure fresh air and relief from the stifling heat. This involved a certain amount of risk, for the members of the crew might pass at any moment and look through the opening.

It became increasingly more difficult to hide from Blacky's watchful eyes. The influence of the tropical climate also affected him, and once or twice Patricia was forced to use all the arts and wiles of her sex to escape an open rupture.

Halliwell grew irritable under his enforced idleness, and Patricia dared not tell him of the attempted intimacies of the bearded giant. He kept the pact of not invading her cabin, and for that she was thankful.

The question of food was settled by Mango. Under his mistress' directions, he brought a double portion of nearly

everything. He was too faithful a servitor to ask questions.

Mango was not having an easy time himself. He was out of sympathy with the crew, and during the long, tedious days they passed the time in tormenting him. For a time Mango submitted to it, but as their brutality increased he brought with him to the cabin marks of their violence.

Even then he was too loyal to whimper. He made various subtle excuses for a black eye or injured lips. But under the influence of drink the men grew more violent. One day Stumpy in a fit of drunken passion knocked the boy over with a knot of rope and pursued him to the cabin with murder in his eyes.

Mango stumbled against the cabin door, and with terror in his face shrieked aloud: "Let me in, missus! For the love of God let me in! He's killing me!"

The girl threw open the door and Mango tumbled in head first. Stumpy with a drunken leer on his face stood with the knotted rope in his hand.

"Hopes I didn't startle you, ma'm," he said wickedly, "but that rascal got away from me. Jest let me have him for a minute, an' I'll fix him."

Patricia with anger in her face pushed Mango inside, and then turned on his pursuer.

"Stumpy, I'll report you to the captain if you ever lay hands on Mango again. He is my servant, and you have no right to touch him."

"I didn't touch him," replied the man drunkenly. "I jest tapped him on the head with this, an' then he runs an' disturbs you."

"Where is the captain?" she asked, stepping outside and closing the door with a snap behind her.

"I hopes now you ain't goin' to report me," Stumpy whimpered. "I didn't mean nothin', ma'm. It was jest a little playful-like I got, an' the nigger gets impudent. Damn him! he can't be impudent to me. No, ma'm, he can't."

The man was so far under the influence of liquor that he was hardly responsible for his words. She suddenly changed from anger to coaxing.

"Come with me, Stumpy," she said quietly. "We will go on deck. It is a beautiful day. Perhaps you can tell me where the yacht is now, you're such a good sailor. You know these southern waters, don't you?"

"Know 'em?" leered Stumpy, forgetting the object of his wrath. "I know 'em, ma'm, as I knew my mother, God bless her! I sailed ten years in the southern seas, an' there ain't a wave I can't take my hat off to as an old friend. Yes, ma'm, I'll tell you all about 'em. Leastwise, I will if you'll let me rest here a bit. I'm that tired scrubbin' up these decks that I got a crick in every joint."

"Yes, rest a few moments, Stumpy, and then I will listen to your story."

She gratefully assisted him to a coiled rope, and when he slumped down on it he soon dozed and forgot her presence.

When he was asleep, she stole swiftly and silently back to the cabin. She let herself in quietly and closed the door after her.

Mango was standing in the middle of the room shivering so that his teeth chattered. The whites of his eyes were rolling upward in terror. Seeing his fright, Patricia said soothingly:

"It's all right, Mango. He's gone!"

Still the negro shivered and rolled his eyes. Then he pointed a hand at the inside room, and whispered:

"It ain't him, missus. It's another one. He's in there. I heard him. I didn't dare speak or move."

Patricia's face flushed. She considered the wisdom of denying it, but Mango could not be so easily convinced. She was sure that he had heard Halliwell, and their secret could not be kept longer from the servant.

"Mango," she said suddenly, "I'm going to trust you with a great secret—a secret that you will guard carefully from all the men outside."

"Yes, missus, I'll guard it."

"There is some one in that room, Mango, but he is a friend of mine and of yours. You need not be afraid of him. I brought him along to protect us."

Mango rolled his eyes in surprise, but edged away from the inner room. Patricia noticed his actions.

"I was afraid we might encounter danger on this trip, Mango. The crew is made up of rough men, and they drink—drink a lot, don't they?"

"Lordy, missus! they's drinkin' 'bout all the time they ain't a-cursin' an' abusin' me."

"Do they bother you much, 'Mango? Has Stumpy or the others touched you before?"

"Lordy! a thousand times. They jest play football with me, an' I'm scart out of my wits sometimes. I ain't said nothin' to you 'bout it, missus. I didn't want to make you feel bad, but they—they're—devils, missus! They ain't human beings, an' I knows as how they've kilt men an' strung 'em up an' chuck'd 'em overboard to the sharks. They jest as live throw me overboard, too, if they didn't need me to cook for 'em, an' wait on 'em. Yes, missus, they's a terrible bad lot."

Patricia's eyes had grown wider as Mango blurted out all the woes he had been subjected to.

"I ain't got no use for 'em, missus, an' I'se 'fraid of 'em. They's got me clean scart out of my wits."

"I'll see that they stop such work," she said, when Mango finished. "I'll speak to the captain about it now."

"Lordy! missus, he's worse'n any of 'em. Don't you speak to him for Mango. He'll jest turn on you an' hurt you. No, missus, don't say nothin'."

"I'll see him at once. You stay here."

"No, no, don't, missus!" the negro protested. "Mango can take care of himself."

"I will return directly. Meanwhile, you stay here."

Mango rolled his eyes around the cabin.

"You was sayin', missus, you had a friend in there," he stammered, pointing to the door.

"Oh, yes, I will let you see him."

She walked to the door of Halliwell's room and opened it, but their conversation had been heard inside, and Halliwell stepped forth without bidding.

"I heard all of Mango's words," he said, "and I think he's right. You'd better not make a complaint, Patricia. You will only make the men worse, and Mango will suffer all the more for it."

"That's it, missus, they'll think I told you, an' they'll be worse'n ever."

"Probably you're right," Patricia said, sighing. "But, Mango, I don't want you to keep anything from me. You must tell me at all times when they hurt you."

"Yes, missus, I shorely will tell you—every time."

"Then you can go. But, Mango, you must remember that you have two to feed here. Mr. Halliwell has taken half the food you have been sending in here every day."

The white ivories of the negro suddenly showed between two extremely red lips, and a deep chuckle started far down in his throat.

"Golly, missus, I thought you had a mighty big appetite! I'se waited on you for years, but I never saw you eat so

much before—double portion of everything. An' I'se been feedin' two!"

The chuckle ended in a rumbling laugh, which both of the other occupants of the cabin were forced to join in.



The girl threw open the door and Mango tumbled in head first. Slumpy with a drunken leer on his face stood with the knotted rope in his hand

"Well, now, Mango, you know where the food goes, so don't starve us," Patricia finally remarked.

"I'll make it three portions, missus, after this, don't you worry."

The negro started for the door. Suddenly Halliwell intercepted him.

"Mango, if I'm discovered here there will be war on this yacht," he said, "and your mistress' life will be in danger. If any trouble begins you must come to this cabin as quickly as you can. We must join forces to protect her."

"Yes, sir, I'll come—an' be mighty glad to get here, too."

"We hope to avoid trouble, but an accident may happen at any time. Can you shoot?"

"Yes, sir, I kin shoot."

"Here's our supply of weapons. If anything happens help yourself and join us. Maybe you'd better go armed anyway. You have no pistol?"

"No, sir, I ain't got nothing but a razor."

"Not much good against these pirates. It's all right on shore in a fight, Mango, but a mighty awkward weapon on shipboard. Here, take this."

Halliwell handed him a loaded pistol.

"Don't let the men on deck see you with it, but keep it always near you to be ready for an emergency."

"Yes, sir, I'll be ready with it."

"When you hear a pistol shot in the cabin that will be your signal to come here in double quick time. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I'll be here."

When the door closed behind him, Halliwell turned to Patricia.

"He may be a useful ally yet. If they should attack us here, he might lead a rear attack that would demoralize them."

"Faithful Mango! He'd lay down his life for me."

"He certainly would," admitted Halliwell, and added under his breath, "but he's not the only one."

A few minutes later they were startled by a commotion on deck. Halliwell grasped his pistol and started for the cabin door.

"It's Mango," Patricia said. "Let me go. I will have this matter settled at once."

"I'm afraid to let you go alone, Patricia. Something may happen to you. Stay here!"

"No, no, I must go. Mango would come to my assistance, and I shall go to his."

"Then I'll accompany you."

"No, that would be foolhardy. It would do no good, and it might spoil everything. You must stay here. I'm in no danger—no immediate danger."

"But—"

"Please obey me. Let me pass!"

Halliwell realized that it was the part of wisdom to let her go without him. Unwillingly he moved to one side and let her pass him. When the door closed he paced the small cabin with the anxiety of a caged leopard. With possible danger threatening her, he could not so much as lift a hand to help.

"If she doesn't return in ten minutes, I'll go upon deck," he muttered. "And I'll go armed."

He helped himself to two more rapid-firing guns, placing one in either side pocket, and holding the third in his hand ready for immediate use.

Flying up on deck, Patricia came upon Stumpy, Sandy and Red, forming a circle around Mango. They had the negro triced up by the thumbs and were tormenting him with knives.

Patricia broke in upon the circle of tormentors like a whirlwind. Before she reached the men she realized what they were doing. Whipping a pistol from her skirts she aimed it over their heads.

"Crack! crack!"

The weapon spit out its leaden missiles viciously. Even while the half-drunk men watched their victim, the small cords attached to Mango's thumbs and a swinging bar parted and released the negro. Patricia's shots had been unerring in finding their target.

"You cowards!" she hissed.

The three men swung around, startled by the shots and her voice. Then their eyes turned and looked at the severed cords. Even to their minds this was some shooting.

They quailed a trifle before the blazing eyes of the girl, and the weapon which she swung so swiftly and gracefully from one to the other.

"You deserve a bullet apiece," she added, "you cowardly ruffians! What do you mean by treating Mango in this cruel way?"

It was Sandy who finally found his voice. He made an attempt to doff his cap.

It was the little weapon we found on him, ma'm," he said. "He drawed it on us, an' we had to have discipline on the yacht. A nigger ain't allowed to carry concealed weapons, ma'm."

"He is if I tell him to. I gave him the pistol, and he can carry it to protect himself from your brutal attacks."

"But, ma'm, he ain't allowed to draw it on us," replied Sandy. "We was doin' nothin'-jest peacefully enjoyin' ourselves—an' the nigger comes up an' flourishes the weapon. You didn't tell him to do that, ma'm, I hopes?"

Patricia looked from the speaker to Mango.

"Did you do that, Mango?" she asked steadily.

"No, missus, I didn't do no sich thing. They jumped on me when I comes roun' the cabin, an' they says they was goin' to make an example of me. Then they stood me up on my head, an' the pistol falls out of my pocket, an'—"

"Ma'm," Sandy interrupted, "the nigger ain't worth listenin' to. He's jest plain prevaricatin'—lyin', so to speak."

"I was never tellin' the truth more'n I am now, missus. I never had a chance to draw it on 'em."

"Niggers ain't got no standin' in this court," Stumpy interfered. "So shut up, you black rascal, or I'll—"

Stumpy raised a knotted rope to strike Mango. Before it could descend on his unprotected head there was another crack of a pistol. Stumpy jumped back three feet and dropped the rope, rubbing his hand to see if it had been hit, but it was only the rope that had received the bullet.

"Mango, go down to my cabin!" Patricia commanded without so much as looking at the discomfited Stumpy.

The negro obeyed with alacrity. Then swinging around and leaving the men dumbfounded she followed. Her mind was in a tumult which made her anxious to reach the cabin.

She feared that the shots would bring Halliwell up on deck, and then hostilities might follow. In this she was not far wrong. A dozen feet from the cabin she saw Halliwell emerging from the door, a pistol in either hand.

"Back! back!" she called anxiously.

"Did they hurt you? Did they shoot at you?"

"No, no! Please go back—quick!"

She pushed and shoved him through the door just as one of the crew came around the corner. Then forcing Mango in the cabin she closed the door—and stumbled toward a chair in a condition of hysterical helplessness.

CHAPTER XV

Halliwell, while trying to soothe and quiet the excited girl, learned in disjointed sentences from Mango the cause of the commotion, and of the spectacular intervention of Patricia.

"Golly, mister, she shot holes in the rope!" he concluded. "She s'prised 'em so they didn't dare reply. She's got 'em scared some."

Halliwell glanced at the sobbing girl in wonder.

"Oh, Mango, please don't say any more," she was pleading. "It was all so hateful!"

"Where was Blacky?" Halliwell asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "He wasn't there." Then she added: "But why did you come out of the cabin? You might have spoilt all."

"I don't think you could have kept me here with a team of horses after I heard the shots. There's a limit to my patience, Patricia."

"Yes, but if you had been seen we should have been in trouble."

"I think we're in trouble now."

"No, it's settled, or it will be when I see Blacky. I'm going to find him now. I should have waited to speak to him, but I was afraid you'd do just what you did. That's why I hurried down here."

"I don't think you're in a condition to see any of them at present."

"I'm all right now. It was the excitement of thinking—of what you might do—that unnerved me. I'm not afraid of the men. They know it now—and they know I can shoot straight."

"But Patricia, I can't let you go up on deck again."

She smiled at him through her tears.

"It's necessary," she replied firmly. "I must report it to him before the men tell him. They will lie about it, and—"

"Then Mango must go with you."

"Yes, Mango can come with me. They won't dare touch him again. If they do—"

"Patricia, will you promise to come right here if any trouble develops again? Please do not invite any more danger. If I hear any more shooting I will break

With this promise Halliwell permitted her to go out again, with Mango as a body-guard. When they were gone he stationed himself at the door with ear applied to it to hear any unusual sound.

Of what followed he knew nothing. The seconds and minutes ticked off slowly.

With watch in hand he waited. Twice he fumbled undecided with the latch, then changed his mind. Outside all was serene. He heard a step pacing near the cabin. He rushed to the window to see Red Beard walking leisurely along the deck.

Halliwell breathed easier. If there was trouble brewing Red Beard would not be placidly pacing the deck. But this relief did not last long. Why did Patricia remain away so long?

"The deuce take it!" he muttered. "She's been gone only ten minutes!"

He took out a cigarette and lighted it. This would help to calm his nerves and pass the time away. But the tobacco tasted stale, and the smoke burnt his tongue and lips. When had tobacco performed such a trick with him before?

Resolving to be self-controlled and sane in facing the situation, he deliberately lighted another cigarette and stood by the window to watch the heaving ocean. All was quiet, serene and surpassingly beautiful on the water. The tropical heat of the atmosphere hung in lazy, wavering lines of haze above the sea. The sky was brilliantly blue and purple as it bent down to meet the horizon.

There was no ship visible on the wide expanse of ocean—no sign of life other than a few white-winged birds hovering on the crested surface. An occasional splash indicated the presence of life beneath the waves, but the sharp-finned creatures kept well within their cooling element.



"I'm too tired now," she murmured, "and my head aches. But it's all right!"

loose, no matter what the consequences."

"I promise you! I will not shoot again except to protect myself."

"Then I shall understand that is the signal for me to come."

"Yes," she replied, nodding, "you can come then."

Halliwell tried to speculate upon the location of the yacht. They had been steaming steadily southward for ten days—yes, it was the tenth. He had kept track of the days—almost of the hours. It was the tenth, and in that time they must have covered considerably more than two thousand miles.

He was weak in his geographical knowledge, and he could not guess within many hundreds of miles of their probable position on the map of the world. Somewhere off the South American coast, he figured it in his mind, and let it go at that.

He was aroused from his reflections by a noise at the door. They were returning! Halliwell did not retreat. Instead he stepped to the door and stood there anxiously expectant.

Patricia stepped in alone, and softly closed the door after her. The face was pale, and the eyes strangely lacked lustre.

"It's been an age, Patricia!" he exclaimed, grasping her hands. "I've suffered torments every minute you were gone."

Then, eagerly, seeing her strangely quiet, abstracted manner: "Did you see Blacky?"

She nodded, seating herself in a chair.

"Will he punish the men for treating Mango so brutally?"

Again the silent, listless nod.

"Where is Mango now?"

"In the galley. He's safe."

She did not raise her eyes.

"What is it, Patricia?" he asked suddenly. "Why are you so quiet? Has anything gone wrong? Did—did Blacky treat—"

She raised a hand for him to desist.

"I'm too tired now," she murmured, "and my head aches. But it is all right."

Halliwell sat down by her side.

"Dear Patricia—dear little girl," he began soothingly.

But again she raised a slim hand and smiling wanly at him murmured: "My head—it aches."

"Let me get you some tea—no, we haven't any. I will ring for Mango."

He jumped up to touch the bell.

"Please don't. I only need rest."

Halliwell sat beside her. Once or twice he essayed to touch her hand, but she

withdrew it. The pensive eyes contained an expression which tormented him.

"Patricia, won't you tell me what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened—nothing."

He regarded her in silence.

"I cannot believe it," he answered after a pause. "You are not yourself. Something has happened."

Then forgetting their common danger, forgetting the time and the circumstances, forgetting her troubles and agitation, he seized her hand and poured in her ears in incoherent sentences the love that was overmastering him.

"Dear Patricia—dear little girl—you must tell me—you must tell me all, everything—I love you madly, and you drive me crazy with your coolness. What has happened? Has Blacky insulted you? Has he—oh, Patricia, if you knew how I love you!—how I have loved you since that first night when we met—if you knew—"

His words galvanized her into action. Rising quickly and throwing off his clasp she moaned:

"Oh, not now! Please don't! I must not listen! Please—please—I must be alone—I must—I must!"

Halliwell was genuinely alarmed. He sprang to her side and held her firmly. His voice was no longer pleading. It was commanding.

"Patricia, you must tell me what's happened. I will not be put off. I love you, and I have a right to know. You must tell me. If you don't I will go upon deck and see Blacky face to face. He shall tell me—or—"

He felt the hand tremble and a shudder passed through her. For an instant she swayed toward him. Halliwell drew her to himself.

"Dear Patricia, my love, you must be mine, and—"

She permitted him to kiss her, to caress the golden head, and then with sudden energy she threw him off. The color left her cheeks, and her eyes flashed.

"You have no right to take advantage of me in that way," she said coldly. "You came here to protect me. It is cruel—brutal of you to act that way. I—I—"

She faced him, with eyes strangely bright and determined. She seemed to

waver an instant, then drawing herself up she added:

"I do not love you."

Halliwell taken aback by this continued to stare. She could not endure his eyes. Suddenly he smiled.

"Patricia, you do love me. You cannot deny it."

Once more a wave of weakness seemed to sweep over her. Then it disappeared, and the voice was as firm and unfaltering as ever.

"I do not. You have mistaken my friendship for something that is not true."

Halliwell recoiled. The eyes contained no message of love—nothing but cold disapproval.

"You—do—not—love—me?" he stammered, repeating her words interrogatively.

"No, I do not," she answered steadily.

"Then—then—why—"

He placed his hand to his forehead. The cabin seemed to reel, and everything in it was jumbled and confused. She suddenly drew near him and placed a hand on his arm.

"I do not want to hurt your feelings," she said gently. "I—I—did not dream of this. I—I—thought—"

Halliwell, as if catching at a straw, grasped the hand and exclaimed: "You—you do love me, Patricia. Say that you do. Tell me that this—is—"

"No, no," she replied, "I cannot."

Then looking him squarely and unflinchingly in the eyes she added: "There is another."

"Another?"

Halliwell recoiled as if she had struck him. For an instant he stood mute and silent. There was pity in her eyes and face, but he was not seeking pity. It took him some minutes to regain control of himself, and speak quietly and calmly.

"Of course, I didn't understand. It was unkind of me to insist when you—you—"

He turned from her to hide his emotion. When he looked at her again he was quite collected, and a smile was playing on his lips.

"I think, Patricia, we'd better ring for Mango. A cup of tea will help your head."

"Yes, please, ring for him," she said weakly. "I will take the tea now."

Mango, summoned to the cabin, brought

the tea and waited upon his mistress as calmly and assiduously as if nothing had happened. Halliwell withdrew to his room, leaving the two together. When the negro had disappeared Patricia called to him.

"Will you not have some tea with me?"

The question was asked with the reserve and dignity of a queen presiding at a social function in the most conventional of drawing rooms.

Halliwell smiled and accepted. Their new relationship demanded a polite observance of the forms of social life. For the present they would have to continue under the same roof; they would have to preserve their secret from Blacky and his crew; they would have to meet and talk with each other hourly and daily throughout the rest of the trip.

If there was to be no sentiment between them, he would not offend again by words or actions. She ignored the subject of her interview with Blacky, and Halliwell made no mention of it. It was a commonplace, aimless, desultory conversation they kept up.

If inadvertently he trespassed too near the matter uppermost in his mind he quickly steered the conversation into new channels. Once or twice he caught her eyes surveying him with a strange expression. They were maddeningly soft and appealing, but he checked the emotion that sprang to his lips.

When they had finished, and Mango had removed the tray, Halliwell rose. The inaction was torture to him.

"Lie down a little while, Patricia," he suggested. "The rest will help your head. I will go in my room and read. I won't disturb you."

"My head feels better," she murmured.

"If you should need me summon me," he added, retiring to his room and closing the door behind him.

For a long time he tried to force his mind to reading the book he picked up; but print never seemed so utterly depraved and uncertain. The letters danced before his eyes, and when he could focus his mind on the sentences he made nothing of their meaning.

He smoked incessantly and was suddenly surprised and startled by the density of the atmosphere.

"They'll think the cabin's afire," he exclaimed, dumping the pipe. "I'll quit."

"And she has a headache!" he murmured again remorsefully. "This smoke will sicken her."

In spite of the danger of betrayal, he threw open the small window to allow the smoke to escape. Then he moved toward the door to see if it was tightly closed. He was contemplating the advisability of stuffing paper in the keyhole to keep the smoke from entering when his ears caught a little quick sob. He stopped and listened. The sobbing continued, muffled, but as uncontrolled as that of a child crying its eyes out over some little tragedy.

Halliwell straightened and clenched his hands. Every gasping catch of the voice, every little smothered sob, cut him like a knife. Patricia's grief was his own, but he felt that he was no longer in a position to offer consolation. She would probably resent his interference, and refuse his offers of sympathy. There was clearly no other way for him than to stand aside and let her sob her grief out alone.

His restraint and inaction were now getting beyond him. He felt that he was approaching the limit of human endurance. He wanted to rush out and clash with the men, anything whereby he could work off the surplus energy and pent-up nervous force.

He might have rashly precipitated a climax had not interruption come from an unexpected quarter. There was a knock on the cabin door. Instantly the sobbing ceased. There was a moment of perfect silence. Again the knock sounded distinctly through the two rooms. Halliwell pushed his door open just enough to give him a glimpse of the other.

Patricia's voice, weak and wavering, spoke.

"Well! Who is it?"

There was a deep, muffled response from outside. Patricia replied in alarm:

"Oh, not now! I can't see anyone!"

Halliwell could not make out the words of the answer, but after another lengthy pause Patricia moved slowly toward the cabin door. She opened it slightly, and through the crevice Halliwell could see the evil face of Blacky.

"I want to see you, my dear, just for a moment," the man outside said.

"Oh, not in here, Blacky! Wait! I will come on deck."

"No, my dear, I want to speak with you alone—in here. My men will hear us up there."

Halliwell could see that a foot had been deftly placed over the threshold so the door could not be slammed in his face.

"No, no—" Patricia cried in confusion.

"Just this once, my dear. I will not stay long."

Firmly and slowly he forced the door open against her puny strength. Patricia with alarm on her face still protested.

"I cannot allow you in here—no, no!"

"You have been crying," Blacky retorted, stepping in the cabin. "Has any of the men—"

"No, no, but you must go out! Please, for my sake!"

"I don't see why you should be so particular, my dear, not after what has happened. I must come in. I have the right, haven't I?"

From his position Halliwell could see the startled, frightened face of Patricia. She was appealing to the man in a way that any but a brute would have sensed.

"If you do not go," she said desperately, "I will!"

She moved quickly toward the door, but Blacky was nearer to it and closed and locked it with one of his hands.

"The cage wouldn't be pretty without the bird in it," he said with a smile. "Now, my dear, be sensible and listen to me."

She stood in the middle of the room with hands clasped in front of her. Halliwell restrained himself with difficulty. Blacky surveyed her with evil delight and admiration.

"I like you when you look that way, Patricia," the hairy giant said slowly. "To think you're the little girl I raised—a mere suckling baby when I carried you away from the island! Now you're prettier than your mother ever was. I wonder what Jim Everard would say if he could see you now."

As the words fell from his lips, a subtle change came over Patricia. She was no longer the clinging, fearful child of fright, but a woman to command and be obeyed. Retreating to the door she said firmly:

"I'm going to unfasten this door, and either you or I shall leave this cabin. You have broken your promise, and I shall have no words with you."

"What promise, dear? I've broken no promise!"

"Your promise never to invade my cabin without my permission."

Blacky laughed lightly.

"But that was before our new understanding. Now things have changed. You're going to be mine, and—and I like these quarters. I think I'll move into them."

Patricia turned swiftly, her eyes ablaze.

"Then I will leave them!"

"Not so fast, my little cage bird. You're going to occupy them with me. You promised that—"

She raised a hand in interruption.

"Only on the condition that we returned safe and sound from this voyage and that you would protect Mango or any—any of my friends who happened to be on the yacht."

"I will see that Mango is protected, and your friends, too. I suppose you were thinking of your father and mother?"

"Yes, and may be of others. The promise included all on this voyage with us."

Blacky scowled, and the black eyes took on a sullen expression.

"Who else on board this yacht are you so interested in?" he demanded. "Is it Pete, Stumpy or Red?"

"I am not going to mention names," she retorted proudly. "If I ask your protection for any one of them against the crew you must grant it. That was the condition."

"Yes, but—"

A red flame darted from the eyes and the great veins swelled on his forehead. The passion and jealousy of his nature obtained possession of him, and his voice was deep and rumbling.

"If you think," he began thickly, "that I'm going to protect any—any lover of yours—"

Then he forgot himself and seized her roughly by the hand. His voice fairly whistled through his beard as he demanded. "Who do you mean? Which one of them is it? Tell me, or I—I'll—"

If he expected to intimidate her by this show of temper he was mistaken. She faced him with steady eyes.

"Let go of my hand! Do you want me to hate you?"

"I want to know which one it is," he demanded fiercely. "And by heavens! I will know! You dare—dare to think of one of them like that—you—you—"

"Please, Blacky, you forget yourself!" she cried, wincing under the pain of the grip.

"Tell me!" he shouted. "I'll cut his heart out before another bell. Speak!"

Patricia was really frightened by the maddened face pressed close to hers, but she was collected and calm. To show panic now would be fatal.

"Blacky," she said steadily, "you mis—understand me. It was neither Pete, nor Stumpy, nor Red, nor Sandy—not one of them."

"Then—then—who in the hell did you mean?"

The hand relaxed its grip, and the sullen face lost something of its evil look.

"You were only fooling me, Patricia?" he added after a moment of silence. "I'm not a safe one to play with, dear. By heavens I'd kill any man who dared to make love to you! I'd shoot him down like a dog. I'd cut the heart out of him! I'd—"

"This is the way you would keep your promise?" she interrupted suddenly. "This is all I can trust you? I would give you all, and receive nothing in return. I thought you would—would—"

"There, little girl, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Yes, I'll keep my word. I'll protect Mango from Pete and Stumpy and the rest, and if we find your parents I'll see that they get safely home. That was my promise, wasn't it?"

She shook her head slowly.

"It was more; it included any or all on this yacht whose safety I demanded."

Blacky looked queerly at her. He could not understand such a strange interpretation of his promise. She had assured him that it was none of the crew; then who else?

Suddenly he laughed; he seemed to understand. She was still putting him to the test. He nodded several times.

"Yes, I'll agree to that—anyone on this yacht."

"But how am I to know that you will keep the promise? You—you just said you would kill any one of the crew if he had been making love to me?"

"So I would, Patricia. I'd kill him instantly."

"Then—then—oh, I can't believe your word. I—I—must take back my promise. I—I—cannot do it."

"Can't do it? You must do it, little girl: I have your word, and I won't release you. You're going to be mine, and—and Patricia, I want you now. I can't wait until we return."

The man's voice grew thick and husky with passion. He stepped toward her, but the girl retreated.

"Now, Patricia," he repeated. "I want you now, and by heavens, I will have you!"

Patricia stepped back with a horrified look in her eyes as the man approached her. The pig-like eyes were flaming red, and the bearded face seemed like some monstrous animal eager to consume her.

"Blacky! Blacky!" she pleaded, panic-stricken.

"Now—now!" he blurted out, seizing her by the arms.

He struggled in his embrace, fought him off with all the strength she had; but what was her weak effort against his will? He crushed her arms to her side and held them pinioned there. His swarthy face was bent over hers, and the eyes gloated with animal passion.

Looking up into the evil, sickening countenance, distorted now into the semblance of a wild beast Patricia suddenly lost her nerve. Her very soul cried out in agony. She felt that life itself would snap, and she would cease to live and breath, if that face touched hers.

Yet she was helpless to interfere. Her very helplessness made her forget her surroundings. Like a cornered animal she cried out in pitiful accents of despair. She closed her eyes and shuddered, and all went dark around her. The hot breath on her face must soon be succeeded by the touch of the lips which would end life and all for her. Then she was conscious of a sudden falling through space. The arms

seemed to open to release her. She fell—fell—down—down—

She opened her eyes with a start when her head hit something hard. She was lying on the floor, untouched by the lips, and free to rise and go. But through the blur of the first consciousness, she saw swaying and staggering forms as though they were a part of some horrible dream. They were like some titanic wrestlers contending in the misty clouds for supremacy. They lurched and tossed, swayed and staggered, with never a word or cry. Only the heavy, labored breathing of the wrestlers told her that they were real, living human beings.

She caught sight of their faces—one heavy, thick-set and bearded, with a malevolent expression in the eyes; the other lean, clean-cut, but drawn in fearful lines of intensity, with eyes that flashed with the holy light of a terrible resolve.

Patricia sat up, but she could not speak. She watched the silent combat with breathless lips and beating heart. For the life of her she could not rise or speak; her lips refused to obey the will of the mind.

Back and forth in the narrow cabin they swung, crashing heavily and with sickening thuds against the walls and furniture. The hands were locked in fearful grips, and muscles and veins protruded in great corded lumps on the foreheads and lower jaws. Yet silently and fearfully they struggled, neither obtaining the advantage, and both oblivious of their surroundings.

Patricia wanted to shriek, to call out to stop the contest that seemed determined to go on forever; but she had to sit there and silently watch with fascinated eyes the man fight going on in her behalf. Stripped of all weapons save those with which nature first endowed them, these two were repeating the struggles that primitive men must have fought for the possession of their mates. And Patricia felt that she was suddenly thrown back a thousand centuries, and was an unlettered, untutored maiden waiting the outcome of the battle for her lord and master to claim her.

Now they had a grip on each other's throats. She could see one slender, white hand, knotted with muscles, wound around the bull-like neck of the other. The great hairy hand of the other was embedded in

the white flesh of his smaller opponent, and the face was growing red and purple.

Slowly, surely, the endurance of the two was being tested. When it seemed as if flesh could stand no more, there was a quick, sharp break in the hold. The figures swayed and teetered about the room, and then like two mighty forest trees in a hurricane they crashed downward to the floor. They fell with a sickening thud, flesh striking against wood and metal. For a moment they lay still—perfectly still. Patricia wondered if flesh had become exhausted, or if some miracle had silenced them. Finally the legs and arms of one moved, and slowly extricated themselves from those of the heavier man.

Halliwell sat up on the body of his unconscious enemy, whose head had struck the sharp edge of the mahogany panels of the built-in sideboard. He drew a hand across his sweating, blood-stained face. Slowly he reached out and picked up a pistol which had been lost in the fray. He examined it carefully and deliberately, and then raised it over his head to use the butt as a weapon.

It was a fair blow. The upturned face offered no protection. The purple visage was still distorted by a horrible, malevolent expression. In spite of its cored

muscles and great frontal bone, the butt of the weapon would go crashing through it to reach the seat of life.

When the rewards of his struggle were within his reach, a detaining hand grasped his wrist. Patricia had at last found her strength and voice.

"Don't! Please don't!" she said.

Halliwell turned inquiring, bloodshot eyes toward her. They met hers, appealing even in her fear for the life of another.

Slowly the hand descended, and the pistol was dropped to the floor. Rising from his position, Halliwell dragged the unconscious man across the floor, flung open the cabin door, and cast him outside.

Closing and locking the door, he dragged the heavy oaken table to it and effectually barricaded it. Then like a drunken man he staggered toward a seat and slumped into it so weak that he could barely raise a finger. The terrific combat with the giant had taxed his strength to its limit.

He sat there for a long time, his mind in a daze, before he realized that a soft hand was wiping the blood from his face and soothing his fevered forehead. Once something softer, and infinitely more gentle than a hand, brushed his temple, but he was too weak and exhausted to understand, or, if understanding, to appreciate it.

(To be continued)

REMEMBRANCE

By H. HOUSTON PECKHAM

WHO says remembrance is a little thing?
Who says associations have no part
In giving grief or joy? Ah, me! the spring,
The golden glory of the flicker's wing,
The sweet of lilacs, well-nigh break my heart.

And oh! the rainbow woodlands of the fall—
Because of one dear childhood happening—
The nightshade berries 'blaze, the titlark's call
Make my heart leap, hold all my spirit thrall,
Who says remembrance is a little thing?

A Picturesque Tribe of New England Indians

by Le Baron P. Cooke

FIVE miles above the historic frontier town of Eastport, Maine, on the bank of the picturesque St. Croix River, lies the Indian village of Pleasant Point, headquarters of the entire tribe of Passamaquoddy Indians. This old reservation is one of the most important, and without doubt the most interesting of any purely Indian settlement now existing in the East.

The Passamaquoddies are descendants of the Etchemin nation of red men, who preceded by nearly a century the early French expedition headed by the famous discoverers Champlain and DeMonts, who at the beginning of the Sixteenth century established the first white settlement in New England on the beautiful little Isle of St. Croix, situated at the mouth of the noble river which now forms a part of the boundary line between Maine and the neighboring province of New Brunswick.

That these Indians never lost their ancient warlike spirit was proven in the Revolutionary War, when over fifty members bore arms on the American side. The governing chief of the tribe at the outset of that great conflict was Francis Joseph Neptune. His efforts for the American cause during the

early siege when the nation's foundation was being laid was of high value. There are documents still in preservation, including a letter from General George Washington, showing the esteem in which he held these Indians for their valor and great assistance during the country's crisis.

All the ancient rites and customs that from time immemorial have been characteristic of the Indian's living are still kept in fond memory by the oldest inhabitants, and on gala occasions and dress days such as the feast of Corpus Christi, these old ceremonials are not only held as a tradition, but are maintained in graphic theatrical fashion to the amusement of the hundreds of pale faces, who yearly make the pilgrimage to the village on this most noted day of the Indian calendar.

It is an intensely interesting spectacle for a stranger to witness. The great day begins with the celebration of mass in the handsome chapel recently erected by the State, and presided over by the priest from Eastport and the Sisters of Charity, who have been most zealous and successful in their endeavors to teach their charges the language and ways of the white men. After the devotional services begin the pageantries and



A TYPE OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY INDIAN

aquatic sports of the day. The chief is decked in all the regalia befitting the dignity of his office. He dons the genuine eagle feather headdress, a priceless heirloom. His costume is gaudily embellished with bright-colored threads and wonderful beading that glistens in the sun. Over this paraphernalia is thrown the traditional blanket, the glory of his vanity, with its resplendent decorations.

The squaws wear tall black hats with broad silver bands. Burnished disks adorn their bosoms, and below their short skirts are worn gorgeous leggings. The entire populace wear deerskin moccasins.

These Indians are thrifty, eager to learn, and are masters of basketry. This is really a natural fine art with them. Here are baskets from the size of a thimble to that of a large hogshead. In the art of moccasin making these bronze

sons of the first true Americans are craftsmen of expertness. The squaws, too, are very skilful workers, their weaving possesses a finesse which even excels that of their helpmates. It is a delight to inspect their wares; such beaded novelties might well dazzle an Egyptian princess.

As the squaw weaves the bright-hued straws into some ornate piece of basketry she often croons an ancient lullaby to a papoose slumbering nearby in a birch-bark crib, another domestic product.

It is a charming sight to lounge on some high crag overlooking the panoramic beauties of Passamaquoddy Bay and watch the innumerable canoes paddle by freighted with their gay cargoes, bound for the island market at Eastport, where are sold hundreds of dollars worth of the Indian's art each week to the thousands of tourists enroute to the states and provinces.

THE ROVER

THE wide road, the long road,
 The road for the heart o' the rover.
 Follow it up, and follow it down,
 Under the world and over.
 Light o' the firefly, blink and dance,
 Whose tents have the need o' candle?
 All day o' the road, all night o' the grass,
 A flick o' the unloosed sandal.
 Blink o' the stars, dip o' the dew,
 Wind o'er the eerie passes.
 A journey o' sleep where the dream ways keep
 Tryst with the bounding grasses.
 Dawn o' the morning, flush o' the world,
 Breath o' the wayside clover,
 Shake o' the sleep from eyes that keep
 Thrall on the world wide rover.
 And all in the day are they comrades, they
 Who pass him by in his going,
 Man o' the mountain, man o' the plain,
 Man at the way field hoeing.
 For 'tis a wide road, a long road,
 The road for the heart o' the rover,
 He follows it up and it leads away,
 Under the world and over.

—Grace G. Crowell.



HAMMOCK CHAIRS IN FUNCHAL WHICH FURNISH A DELIGHTFUL MEANS OF CONVEYANCE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

To Algiers *via* Madeira

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ALGIERS; the word breathes a subtle aroma of romance. "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears" was one of the hundreds of quotations made familiar to me as a child by my mother's wonderful memory.

When it was proposed to make Algiers as our goal for a winter's cruising over sunny seas, in 1910, I felt as if I were to re-visit some once known land of long ago. And visions of a larger and more luxurious Tangier floated before my mind's eye; a land of primitive sights, and Oriental people, and artistic costumes; of wonderful bazaars, and narrow streets, and over all a warm radiant sun. So with this Oriental vision to lure us on, we sailed on the Arabic, January 20, 1910, and found ourselves comfortably settled in a commodious ship, with a good stateroom, good service and good table, and room to spare, despite the fact that four hundred and fifty tourists had taken passage on

this same ship to visit the Holy Land and Egypt. It was our first experience with tourists, and we did not anticipate our two weeks' voyage to Algiers with much pleasure. As frequently results (despite the metaphysical philosophy to the contrary) it was the unanticipated which happened.

The voyage was thoroughly delightful. Among the four hundred and fifty people were many interesting and agreeable men and women, who helped to make the voyage entertaining. There was a large percentage of educated and many cultured people, and only a few of the large number comprising the passenger list proved obnoxious or made one seek the opposite side of the deck for a promenade. There were a number of clergymen; several missionaries; and beautiful souls shining through strikingly handsome personalities in the Bishop of Ontario, and his charming wife; two lovely young Canadian sisters, who seemed like ever-blooming lilies, after all the other floral decorations of the ship

had become withered; and many other handsome men, and fair women, who enjoyed the social life of the voyage and helped to make evening hours merry with dance and song; and then there were bridge whist enthusiasts, who were ever ready to enjoy Mr. Wilcox's skill in that popular form of amusement.

Therefore, by the time our ship reached its first port, Funchal, on the island of Madeira, February 2, the passengers seemed to be one large family of pleasure-loving and amiable grown-up children, and Funchal had prepared to give these children a good time. From cold and icy winds, which had followed us all the way from New York, we suddenly came into an atmosphere of spring, almost summer. Sunshine, balmy breezes and radiant skies caused us all to seek our trunks in the baggage room, and to get out our linen gowns and straw hats, and even parasols were seen; and a pretty picture greeted the observant eye as the passengers filed off the lighter, upon the dock, at Funchal. But straightway one ceased to observe one's neighbors, however fresh and brave, in his summer array; for Funchal struck the vision like a stage set for a play.

* * *

Waiting at the dock to convey the passengers to the town were such curious looking vehicles. They resembled the old stone boats I had seen as a child on the farm in Wisconsin, with a sort of phaeton top, and harnessed to each stone boat carriage was a pair of robust oxen. Over the cobble stone streets the sledges glided easily, and where the road was level the oxen were urged into a mild gallop.

Beside the ox sledges there were hammock chairs, carried by strong Portuguese men, one at each end of the vehicle. These conveyances proved delightfully comfortable for a lady who wished to make a tour of the shops; and the price was most reasonable. The shops along the streets were gay with bright colors, and filled with bargains in linen embroidered by the native Portuguese women, baskets made on the island, odd chains, and small curios.

Our collection of chains and necklaces made in various countries received here an addition of two horse-hair chains; one

all black, one black and white; woven evidently from the long hairs of the amiable animal's tail.

Our phaeton carried us to the end of the line, where we took a scenic railway and ascended the remainder of the two thousand feet summit, which overlooked the town. Here we were conducted by guides to various points of historic and scenic beauty, and finally landed in large baskets, fashioned to hold two or three people, and with a Portuguese man at either side holding the basket back by a strong cord, we tobogganed down the hill to the town.

Sometimes our conductors rode on the basket behind us; but when the velocity became too rapid, they skipped off on the roadside and ran behind, reducing the speed by means of the cords. We had imagined the descent would be somewhat perilous, and one or two nervous people had declined to undergo the experience. It was, on the contrary, quite tame and safe, but an altogether pleasant and unique method of locomotion. The only cause for nervousness was in the sometimes sudden arrest of speed in a basket in front of us, and a possible rear end collision. Pretty faces watched our procession from the balconies and "jalouses" on either side of the narrow Spanish streets, and everywhere along the route we saw groups of admirably beautiful children. Never have I seen so many faces of really remarkable childish beauty in any one town or country, as during that day in Funchal. Later that evening at the ball, given in honor of the Arabic at the Casino, we were given a sight of some of the Portuguese belles and beaux. It indicated that beauty was not confined to childhood on the island of Madeira; and several of the young men of our ship seemed loath to leave when the sailing hour arrived. A fine ball room, a brilliant assemblage of attractively costumed men and women, excellent music, and an adjoining room where the gambling at Monte Carlo was enacted on a lesser scale, roulette and *rouge et noir* and other similar games, made the one night on land, after eight days at sea, an exciting occasion. Dearly as I enjoy the poetry of motion in that most delightful exercise, dancing, and



NATIVE MADEIRA BEAUTIES. THE PORTUGUESE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON THE ISLAND ARE RARE TYPES

much as I disapprove of gambling in all its phases, I proved once again, on that night, the weakness of human nature by boldly planting a dollar on the roulette wheel, just as it was about to spin; and in another thirty seconds I saw my dollar swept into the capacious bag of a handsome hard-featured woman who sat next the croupier. This woman made continual winnings for a half hour, as I watched the game, while the fascinating and delicate blonde young wife of one of the foreign

consuls at Funchal lost large sums as persistently.

Ashamed of my attempt to win by the turn of the wheel the money of other fools, I was glad that the greater humiliation of accepting the winnings was saved me. "Never again," I said, and went back to the ball room one dollar poorer and much wiser. Meanwhile on the next turn of the wheel one of our ship tourists had placed a dollar on number eighteen, the age of his son, and found thirty-six dollars

handed over to him as his share, a moment later. He, too, said "Never again." But it is more difficult to be wise in prosperity than in misfortune.

We made the transit from the tender to and from the Casiro in ox carts; and the picture the full dress parties presented in the odd conveyance should have been preserved by flashlight photographs. It is doubtful if a more wonderful scene can be found on earth than the view from the Casino Garden of Funchal when lighted by its thousand electric lanterns, with its environment of ships in the harbor, and cliffs, and rocks, and green foliage in perspective. It was at Funchal that Columbus found his wife, that pathetic figure which history has so neglected. Why do we not hear more of her?

* * *

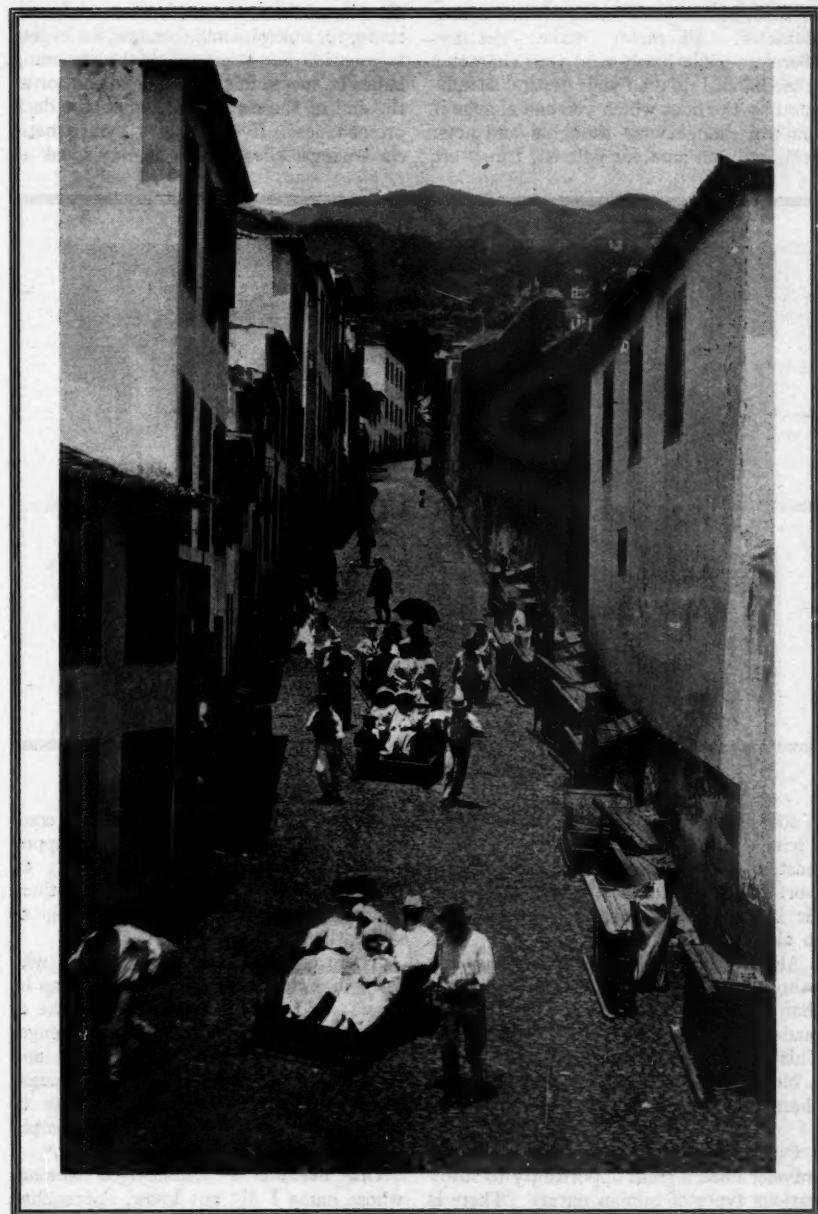
Madeira showed us her sunniest face while we remained. We have only the most pleasing memories of the island. Once a famous health resort for England, it is nevertheless a damp climate, and has given way now to the more bracing charms of Algiers. We felt that we should like to have remained a month at Funchal, and one who has no tendency to pulmonary weakness would find it a place in which to rest and dream and relax, such time as he might find enjoyment in studying the life on a Portuguese island.

As we sailed out of Funchal Bay a cool wind arose, and in the next half day we were all seeking our winter garments again. My dreams of a continual summer time, such as I had experienced in the West Indies and Honolulu, were rudely dissipated. Madeira lies in a sheltered basin, only in that covert did we find warm weather until we reached—but this is anticipating events.

The decks being windy and cold, we all found enjoyment in the commodious cabin, and every evening there was a lecture, or a concert, or a dance, and always bridge, and my knowledge of some of the laws of palmistry gave amusement and entertainment for an hour or two every day. However skeptical people may be about the so-called occult sciences, they are invariably curious to hear what these sciences portend for them. The majority of intelligent people begin by assuring me

that they have no belief in any "superstition" like palmistry, and they remark in a conciliatory way (intended to make me feel comfortable) that, of course, they know I do not believe in it, only as a mere amusement. Then when I state that I absolutely and honestly, and unreservedly believe in the science of palmistry, they regard me with a pitying expression, and with pity, surprise is mixed—the surprise of those who had expected better things of an intelligent woman. Among the Arabic passengers the large percentage of clergymen and missionaries and their families presented that class of orthodox mind which is prone to run in ruts, and while nearly all of these good people were ready to hear what I had to read about their lives, through their palms, they preferred that I should not take the subject seriously. Once in possession of a hand, however, I found it a part of the proceedings to explain as follows: The great Creator made our souls, when He made the universe. That indestructible *self* never dies. We are all a part of the whole great scheme. We have lived always, in many forms, in many bodies, on many planets. Look in your Bible and you will find references to the subject of reincarnation and palmistry, which indicate an understanding of those truths, and ought to awaken respect in the Christian mind for these topics.

All the old books of sacred lore, all the Bibles, speak of palmistry. Reincarnation as a fact, believing it to be a fact, it gives me renewed reverence for the Creator to see how He has placed a history of past incarnations in the left hand; and how He has indicated by the right, even in an infant, the probable tendency of young life in this plane of existence. But as we grow and develop we change the lines of this right hand. The left does not change. The left is, as might be said, the ledger of past lives, and the right is the ledger we are now keeping. It records with unerring certainty your mental, moral, physical growth or degeneration. You can train your eyes, your voice, your manner, your lips to hide and conceal facts. You cannot train your hand. It will tell the truth. Just as the little needle of the barometer is telling the changes of temperature



HILL COASTING IN MADEIRA, A FAVORITE SPORT AMONG NATIVES AND VISITING TOURISTS

second by second, so your *mind* is telling its thoughts in your hand. Mind makes character. Character makes destiny. Therefore while I only read your character in the hand, I do read your destiny as indicated by the lines which you can change if you will change your thoughts and acts. Being only an amateur palmist, I may err

is always the married man, who has left his wife at home for good reasons. Sometimes, for unexplainable reasons, he forgets to mention her existence to the charming ladies he meets in the dining saloon, or at the end of the card table, or on the deck promenades. If he finds a sympathetic ear amongst these ladies he may speak of



THE FLOWER SELLERS OF FUNCHAL

in some statements, but palmistry itself is a science which never errs. One who fully masters it, holds great power to help mortals, if he is earnest and eager to use his knowledge to warn, to counsel, and to aid.

Almost invariably one finds the left palm of people born to wealth, far better than the right; and the right palm of self-made men and women better than the left. This shows how seldom does wealth prove a blessing in the way of development of character.

* * *

On every ocean voyage an observant traveler finds a great opportunity to study various types of human nature. There is always the married woman who has left her husband at home while she goes abroad for recreation, health, or education. There

the fact that his wife has no tastes in common with his own, and if it should happen that some married woman has left an unsympathetic husband at home there results not infrequently an interchange of sympathies.

There is usually the ship gallant, who fashions a compliment for every woman he meets; and seldom makes the mistake of repeating himself. The Arabic passenger list contained at least one of these, and if a bevy of fair women were found laughing immoderately, it might be safe to suppose they were comparing the compliments paid them by the ship's gallant.

One evening a middle-aged woman, whose name I did not know, approached me in the library where I was reading Sudermann's "Song of Songs" and asked me to look at her palm. She said she had

just met with a loss, and hoped I could tell her where was her missing treasure.

Assuring the good woman that I was not a trance medium, or clairvoyant, and that I did not locate lost property, see visions, or talk through "controls," I nevertheless glanced at her palm, remarking that her lines indicated much material prosperity.

The lady then proceeded to tell me that she had lost a purse, containing something over forty dollars, and that she felt much annoyed by the event.

"The amount I lost would buy a good many souvenirs," she said. Travel was her chief pleasure, she declared, and for several years she had been making continual journeys about the world.

She had scarcely left the room, when Mr. Wilcox came in from the card room,

downstairs later, she met me with beaming eyes. "Just think," she said, "the purser interested my friends and I have had more than the amount I lost restored to me. Isn't it lovely?"

"But did your friends, or strangers, make up the purse," I asked, "and shall you accept it?"

"Well, what would you do?" she queried, looking slightly confused.

"I certainly would not accept money from strangers," I said, "unless I were in great need. You can, of course, find out for yourself about who made up the purse, and decide the matter accordingly." The lady did not make any investigations; and she kept the money.

Several of the men who had contributed from two to five dollars to the fund of "the poor widow," felt like asking her to



BULLOCK CARTS USED IN FUNCHAL TO CONVEY PASSENGERS FROM THE DOCK TO THE TOWN

telling me that he had been one of several men at the bridge tables to make up a purse for a poor widow who had lost all her money. The purser had been appealed to and the men in the smoking room had supplied more than the amount the poor widow had lost.

Investigation proved that my chatty acquaintance in the library, who had been accounting her travels to me, was no other than the "poor widow." On my way

present them with the souvenirs which she purchased at every port.

The purser who had been applied to by the "poor widow," afterward saw her cashing large checks with an air of affluence. Perhaps upon her many voyages she had acquired the habit of losing purses, and getting them refilled.

It takes all kinds of people to make a tourist company, as well as to make the world.



A Sergeant of the Boy Scouts

HE'S just a little freckled lad with tumbled, frowsled hair,
Full of fun and everlasting grit.
Nothing seems to daunt him,
No matter how you taunt him,
For he's learned the manly art of keeping fit,
You never hear him whining, for he's never on the outs,
This curly-pated Sergeant of the brave Boy Scouts.

They've taught him true politeness in that company of his,
Instructed him in every manly form,
And he's glad to do a favor,
Without a single quaver,
To one who's weatherbeaten in the storm.
He'll smile you back to living if you've lost your whereabouts,
This merry, blue-eyed Sergeant of the Brave Boy Scouts.

What tricks that little tighe has learned in his peculiar way,
Self-defence and first aid to the sick,
Why, he'll aid a wounded brother
Like a tender, loving mother.
He can help an ailing comrade mighty quick.
He'll have him up and smiling although you'd have your doubts,
This very clever Sergeant of the brave Boy Scouts.

Got a boy who's acting wild like, and one you can't control?
Enlist him in a regiment at once.
They've got a splendid plan
To teach a boy to be a man,
He'll soon prove wisdom loving, or a dunce,
But if he's got it in him he'll enjoy the lively sprouts,
And someday be a Sergeant in the brave Boy Scouts.

—Percy W. Reynolds.



"The Frozen Letter"

A STAGE SCENARIO

by Deshler Welch

[Editorial Note: This suggestion for a play was accepted by the late Augustin Daly, owner of the famous Daly theatres in New York and London. It was being put into shape for stage purposes at the time of his sudden and lamentable death. It is given here because of its curious theatrical interest, showing to the outsider how plays are frequently conceived and built up. In this instance the dramatist was to have the inestimable advantage of a co-worker, was already a famous playwright, and one of the most ingenious and brilliant stage managers who ever lived. The author was associated with Mr. Daly and was also editor of "The Theatre," of which Mr. Daly was part owner.]

[Author's Note: Mr. Daly had in mind the production of a big melodrama just before he began his notable series of musical comedies. It seems to me he thought seriously about Wilkie Collins' and Charles Dickens' play of "No Thoroughfare," at any rate, this furnished an idea for a drama in a glacial mountain, taking Switzerland as the scene on account of its general human interest and familiar grandeur—a melodrama to be accompanied by magnificent music and majestic scenery. The plan was postponed because of the unexpected success of his musical pieces. Just before he sailed for Europe, where he died, I submitted the following story-scenario, which I wrote out very hastily, actually while he waited, and the possibilities in it appealed to him. I give it here without any alteration—obscure and ambiguous as much of it will appear, but it was the beginning of what Mr. Daly would have turned into a great spectacle.]

STORY FOR SCENARIO

Acts—Four.

Scene 1. At the foot of the Matterhorn, showing the little village of Zermath from the hotel.

Scene 2. The tragedy showing the mountain walls.

Scene 3. Banking House of Jean Dufour & Co., Paris.

Scene 4. The glacier gives up its dead after forty years.

CHARACTERS: The Woman, The Man, The Husband, The Detective, The Hotelkeeper, The Daughter, The Clerk, The Banker.

Intermezzo music in Act 2 from the grand opera of, say "La Traviata," and introduced again on the discovery scene in Act 4. Or would especially suggest it be prepared by Edgar S. Kelley, author of the Macbeth music.

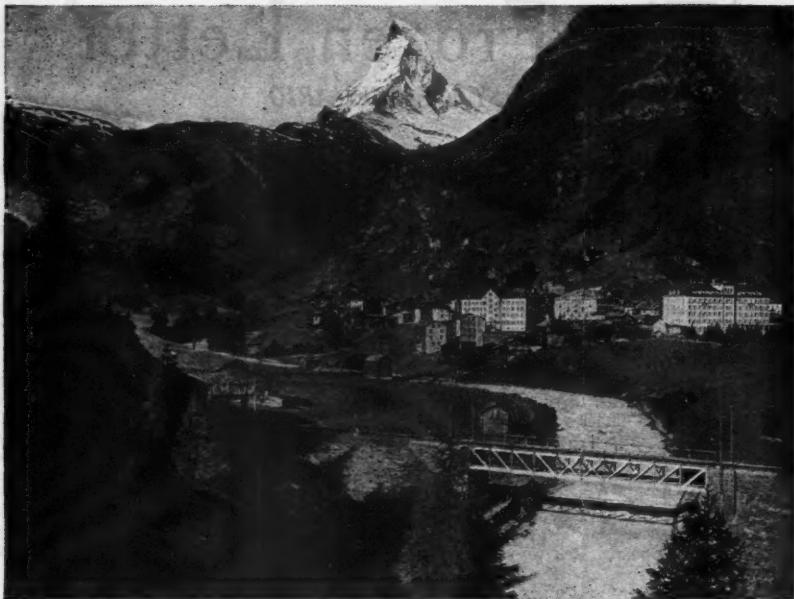
STORY FOR THE DRAMA

PROLOGUE: On the twenty-first day of July, 1865, two Englishmen accompanied by a woman, registered as the wife of one of them, arrived at a hotel in Zermatt at the foot of the great Matterhorn. They

informed Herr Seiler, the proprietor of the hotel, that it was their intention to attempt the ascension of the Matterhorn on the following day, and for this purpose engaged Michael Croz, an old guide. The Paris police were at this moment instituting enquiries regarding one Marie Mercier, and a detective from the department also arrived in Zermatt, who on the same day had made a most favorable acquaintance with the party and asked to be permitted to join in the ascent, a proposi-



THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY
Who put stars in the theatrical firmament



THE GREAT MATTERHORN AND THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT

tion which seemed to give the woman extreme annoyance. Neither she nor her husband were mountain climbers, but the friend of her husband had notable experience. The husband was chiefly concerned in having the company of the detective, and so determined was he that in spite of the persistent objections of his wife, he became one of the party.

The ascent reached near the summit. The woman exhibited great fortitude. On starting to return the party was in a joyous mood—after a hearty lunch and a great deal of wine. The husband rejoiced in the fact that he had accomplished so much in being able to point out a path for followers. The four people were, of course, fastened to each other

by a rope. A stop was made at a very difficult place of descent. Croz had advanced with an axe and was giving the husband greater security by placing his feet for him in good position and also making it easy for the woman to follow, when suddenly the husband unaccountably slipped, knocking Croz over and both began sliding downward on their backs to the unspeakable horror of the detective, who saw that the rope had parted where it joined to the woman's body. In their excitement, the tragedy would have been worse had it not been for the Spartan stand of the husband's friend, who anchored himself for the others. The final vision of the detective was sight of the victims frantically



LORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS

Whose body is still in the great glacier of the Matterhorn yet to appear in perfect youth after nearly half of a century

stretching out their hands to grasp at something, but they went on and on, falling from precipice to precipice and thus down onto the glacier nearly 4,000 feet below.

NOTE 1. The detective may be from either Paris or New York or London. Paris would afford more picturesque study and opportunity. The men could be Ameri-

ably picturesque (theatrically, so I might say) of the whole Alpine range. It is clear cut in its towering majesty—it remains a thing apart in the minds of all beholders of the great Swiss peaks. It reaches to a height of nearly fifteen thousand feet.

NOTE 4. The hotels of Zermatt have been in the Seiler family for nearly a century. The



JAMES LEWIS
One of the greatest and
most popular comedians



ADA REHAN
Being at once a charming linguist and a famous
Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew"



GEORGE CLARKE
Once the fashionable theatre
idol of New York

can. If English, the husband should be a Lord—but the companion, the wife's conspirator, could be an American-German. A good name for him in that case would be Crasmuller.

NOTE 2. The detective believes the woman cut the rope, although the end preserved appeared to be frayed; that she is in love with the husband's friend. Of the two he exhibits the greatest agitation. She seems to be in a dream. In closing the prologue it must be shown that on the husband's body was an incriminating letter. "Thank God, it has gone with him!" the woman is overheard to say to the friend, "but suppose the body is found?" "In forty years, madam," breaks in the detective, "the glacier will yield up its dead! He will be perfectly preserved—his face will appear to you then, if you are alive, just as it did yesterday, and in his pocket someone will find the letter."

NOTE 3. The Matterhorn is the most remark-

story of this prologue is founded on the tragedy of young Lord Francis Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbury, who fell in a glacier nearly forty years ago, and Mr. Seiler predicts that the ice will give up his body, perfectly preserved.

THE FINAL PART OF THE STORY

The banking house of Jean Dufour Company, represented by the husband's friend in the prologue, now a finely preserved man of sixty-five—tall, gray-haired, with mustache. The director's midnight meeting. (James Lewis for comedy in this scene.) The banker is charged with aiding and abetting in a financial scandal declared by the executors of his dead friend's will, a part of which had been held in a trust fund and a large sum for other purposes, after a certain sum had been set aside for the deceased's widow. One of the directors is an implacable and malicious man—whose diabolical



THE CAT—WISER THAN THE
COMPANY KNEW

directness has never been understood by the banker in the twenty years of directorship, brings matters to a climax by declaring that the banker is a fraud and a criminal. "For nearly forty years," exclaimed this director, "I have watched you. Your whole life has been a sham that has palpitated with weakness, cowardice and duplicity, and now what I am about to say, gentlemen, I say with no opportunity of hedging and in no hot-headedness. I say it with the deliberation of the common hangman—for I have believed him a murderer and so do I believe him to be one now!"

The banker partly rises at head of table, where he had been trembling like an animal ready to spring on his victim, who was daring in its turn to spring on him. Suddenly he rises to his full height; his chair falls backward on the floor—

"By God—how dare you!"

"I dare with all the right of one who is in the pay of the department of justice—by the right of one who was an eye witness of one of the most horrible of tragedies. For twenty years you have had me as your jailer—you were too stupid to even recognize in me your fellow-voyager of twenty years before!"

[NOTE: The excitement at the table must now be intense.]

The banker rushes forward.

"Who are you then?"

"Eugene Charcot—detective! The man who saw your friend's body slip from off the rope to which he was tied, and fall into the glacier of the Matterhorn!"

* * *

It is shown that the man is married to his late friend's wife. They have a daughter of twenty years. In the bank is a young clerk with whom she is in love. Marie Mercier, now the mother of the girl, and once under police espionage, has become a fashionable woman of the ultra sort and is remarkably preserved and attractive, in spite of her sixty years.

The grand finale involves the finding of the body and confronting the banker and his wife with the startling lifelike corpse still in the vigor of youth. Grief of the wife on beholding how her first love still presented his youthful form.

"He is still young—and I am an old woman!"

The rope is attached to his body and his end of it shows it had been cut off short by a knife. Revelation of the frozen letter!

AFTER THE PLAY

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE gilded doors beneath the mellow light
 Swing softly wide, and slowly outward streams
 The tide of faces, some aglow with dreams
 And visions seen upon the fairy height
 Of fancy, others grave with thought's new sight
 That reaches unknown truths and unguessed themes;
 Awhile they found the real in that which seems,
 The wingless in the joys that time gives flight.
 Soon fades the charm: the wonder dies away:
 Home calls or glowing haunts of feast and song;
 And on they go, with little thought that they
 Are actors on life's human stage where throng
 The hearts of earth, where each can choose to play
 What part he will, of love or hate, of truth or wrong.

California's Literary Giants

Herman Whitaker

by George Wharton James

IN a recent lecture I made the assertion that California had contributed four young giants to English fictional literature. These four were named as Frank Norris—whose unfortunate and far-too-early demise is lamented wherever the English tongue is spoken—Jack London, still pouring forth a golden torrent of powerful stories—John Fleming Wilson, whose circle of interested readers is constantly growing, and Herman Whitaker.

Though Whitaker has but four books to his credit, he is already a recognized power in the world of letters. He has even reached the ranks of the "best sellers," but this is good for his purse rather than proof of his literary power. It is but six years ago since the Harpers published "The Probationer." The book is made up of thirteen stories—lucky number—the initial one giving the title to the volume. They all deal with the Canadian Northwest, in which region Whitaker lived before he came to California. As stories they are well told, with the pulsating blood of frontier life running through them, and of the human nature we find everywhere, but with those peculiar developments that the great rough wild regions seem to encourage. The types presented are vividly and powerfully drawn, and the reader soon knows the characters as well as he knows his neighbors, and perhaps better, unless he is as keen and discriminating an observer as is the author. The country itself is also wonderfully pictured, and one feels it in its vastness, its mystery, its undeveloped power. In the winter it is a snow-covered, blizzard-swept horror, a battling place for the winds and storms.

On the very first page the desolateness of the land is sketched with a bold hand. "A twenty-mile wind plus sixty degrees

of frost is not productive of warmth, and the bitter prospect added a chill to their rigors. All about them clumps of ragged poplar blottedched the whiteness. Far off a range of hills thrust scrub-crowned peaks against a livid sky; the snowy wastes were lifeless. In the east a sad spruce forest blackly loomed. Over all brooded the silence. The vastness of it all, the solitude, the blanched, far-reaching desolation, awed and oppressed the young man. It was so different from the smug, road-ruled eastern townships. Hard, cruel, brutal, its utter savagery repelled the eye and sickened the soul."

This power of description keeps up and increases all through Whitaker's work. He begins well, and grows in strength as his wings gain more exercise. His second book, "The Settler," published in 1907, is a great advance on "The Probationer." His third book, "The Planter," 1909, is a book of admitted power, both in conception of plot, vividly drawn characters and intensity of description, while "The Mystery of the Barranca," had it been published as soon as it was written, would have been regarded as a marvellous prophecy of the recent political cataclysm that has struck Mexico.

Who, then, is this man, Herman Whitaker, who in so short a time has scaled the walls of popular favor and taken his seat among the literary powers of the land? Born in England, at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, January 14, 1867, a nephew of Sidney Grundy, one of the most famous of the last generation of British playwrights, his boyhood and schooldays at French's Academy and Crossley's Boarding School of Halifax were chiefly marked by truancies and numerous "scraps." His stepfather, a Scotch naval surgeon, determined that the "holy terror of a kid"

he had taken into his family should follow his own profession. But to young Herman the outlook must have been as cheering as it was to the negro who, when the darky preacher emphatically announced from the pulpit, "Breddren, dar am but two roads, de road to hell, and de road to perdition," sprang to his feet and cried out: "Den I takes to de woods." For, when sixteen years old, Herman "bolted" and enlisted in the British army. There he quickly won promotion. At seventeen he was a corporal in charge of a room of sixty men, ninety per cent of whom could be depended upon to come in roaring drunk on pay night. It was then the corporal's duty to stop forty kilkenny fights and shoo the fighters off to bed, and though he assures me he often shook in his youthful shoes, he usually managed to do it. In fact, after he had made a record as a "martinet" by his summary treatment of certain old soldiers who presumed on his greenness and tried to bulldoze him, he got along fairly well. Trust a youth whose own headlong career no one could stop to be a rigid disciplinarian when in control of men of his own stripe.

At eighteen he took the instructor's course in gymnastics and fencing at the Curragh camp in Ireland, and for the following year after obtaining his certificate, served as fencing master to his regiment. But this kind of work did not appeal to the high-spirited youngster who had enlisted for active service against the Russians in Afghanistan. So when, to his great disgust, Mr. Gladstone's government backed down on the border troubles of 1895, he promptly purchased his discharge.

The spirit of adventure, however, was in his blood and had to be let out or worked out. Consequently he emigrated to Ontario, Canada, and worked there for a year, in summer on the farms and in winter in the lumber woods. This life proving too tame, was deserted, and the following spring found him "busting bronchos" along the Montana-Dakota-Manitoba frontier. He worked for a man who used to buy bands of wild bronchos at \$3 a head, then run them down the frontier line until he hit the grain districts. Coralling them at some rural settlement, his boss

would send out word that horses were to be obtained in trade for cattle, sheep, grain, or cash. From all around the farmers came, eager to seize the opportunity to exchange their bull-teams for horses.

Whitaker's descriptions of the method followed by his boss in meeting the wishes of the farmers, while revealing his Yankee shrewdness, shows him to have been somewhat unprincipled. A farmer would ask for a driving team and pick out two animals that suited him. These horses were then roped and thrown. While upon the ground the harness was put upon them and a wagon-pole run in between the two and the harness duly attached to the wagon. Then they were allowed to get up and head for the open prairie. After a twenty mile run they generally came back as tame as dogs, and Mr. Farmer, not having seen the first steps in the taming process, would give them a drive around and then lead them away, mightily pleased with his bargain. His disillusion came the next morning when he tried to harness them up. The result was that quite often he brought them back, and the boss with ostentatious generosity would buy them back for half the price the farmer paid him the day before. Whitaker openly confesses there was one little mare they sold eleven times one summer as a saddle animal. It was incorrigible and was evidently a demoralized and unprincipled circus performer, for she always went away tamely submitting to the saddle and bridle and played quiet for a few days, and then began to cut up so the new owner was ready to dispose of her at any price. By her repurchase and resale they made more money with that animal than any other six horses in the band. And Whitaker assures me that there is no mistake about her being returned eleven times, for after the eleventh return, she turned a flip-flop upon him and crushed in his chest with the horn of the saddle.

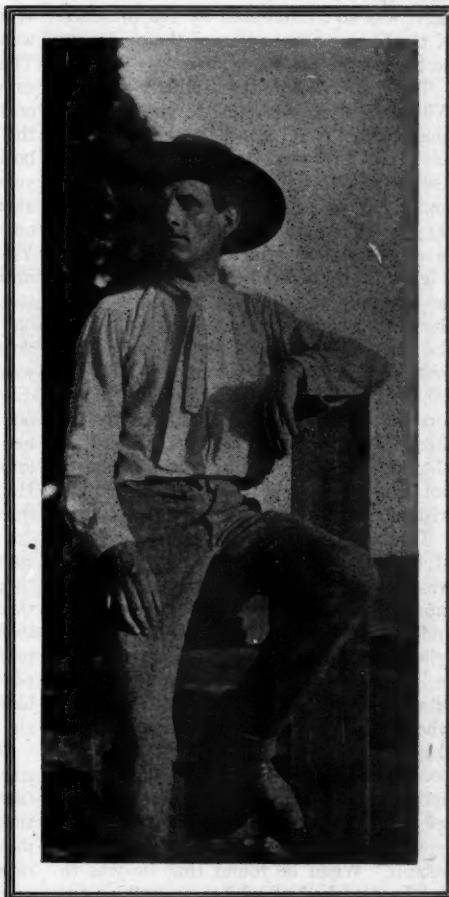
The accident compelled him to relinquish this arduous life, and the lurid accounts of wealth to be made by taking up land in the wilds of northwestern Manitoba induced him to become a pioneer about two hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg. Though he had very little

experience with tools, he managed to take out his house from the forest, cutting and hauling the logs, hacking and hewing them on two sides, burning lime for the plaster, whip-sawing the lumber for the floors out of the logs; in fact, doing everything with only a saw, an ax, augur and shovel. It was a good strong house, indeed it is standing yet. As a farmer, though, he was not much of a success. He had taken unto himself a wife and had a rapidly growing family on his hands, and was experiencing the life he so graphically and vigorously depicts in his first two books. One feels as he reads that here is no studio or literary trained writer trying to compose a story, to make "a fine literary effort," but a man who knows, who has felt, who has "been through the mill," who has struggled, loved, starved—with now and again, perhaps, a feast—and worked as few have had to do. Out of his life, with pen dipped in his heart's blood, he has written, and that is the secret of his literary success.

One by one his children came rapidly, and the insistent clamor of the young brood for daily food—three times a day food—kept the quondam soldier hard put to it. The Indians bothered him and his neighbors, and not merely the bother that city neighbors sometimes feel—chickens scratching up a few flowers, fences a little too high—but the bother that means war to the knife and the knife to the hilt.

He nourished, at that time, certain romantic notions that, alas, are no longer fashionable with some people in regard to his duties to the state, and when the local magistrate came to him with complaints that no one could be found to serve a warrant on a Cree Indian and a half-breed who had committed a very serious breach of the peace, he volunteered for the service. Taking a knife and gun, he went to the tepee before daybreak, made the arrest, and got his men away before the Indian camp took alarm. In order to get the case disposed of at once, the Justice

determined to try the prisoners in the settlement schoolhouse that very morning. But they had scarcely got things started before in walked about fifty Crees fully armed. The evidence was clear



EVERY DAY MR. WHITAKER TAKES A LONG WALK ALONE FOR THE PURPOSE OF THINKING OVER HIS STORIES, ETC.

and positive, and the prisoners should have been convicted, and Whitaker says, in speaking of the episode, "Although there were only five settlers present, besides the magistrate, in my blind obedience to my notions of the correct thing to do, I should have proceeded to carry out the sentence

at no matter what hazard to myself. I can distinctly remember thinking 'If they try to take them from me, they will only get them dead.'

But the magistrate, who had begged and implored Whitaker to serve the warrant, was so intimidated by the presence of the Crees that, in face of the evidence, he turned the prisoners loose.

The attitude of the Indians toward Whitaker after this episode can well be imagined. That summer they waited until his hay was stacked—the settlers used to put up the wild hay of the prairies sometimes miles away from home—then they fired his stacks. Of ten stacks he saved only one which had been fired a few minutes before he arrived and which he put out by throwing himself against the stack and rolling himself down across the flames. That winter, an unusually long one—seven white months—most of his stock died, and to increase his discomfort, he was fired upon, doubtless by Indians, several times. Always he had to blanket the windows at night and he dared not leave his house to go to his stable without first putting out the light.

That year thousands of pioneer farmers of this region went broke and Whitaker was one of them. But as his case was made immeasurably worse by the enmity of the Indians, he saw no reasonable hope of relief for himself. He was already heavily in debt. His creditors were crowding him, though they knew he had not the wherewithal to meet their demands, and they knew also, full well, that it was because he had taken the common fight upon his own shoulders that he was being selected by Fate—or the Indians, as its representative—to bear the brunt of assault. When he found that he was to be the attacked of whites as well as Indians, he resolved to flee to a fairer clime, among fairer conditions, in the hope of meeting fairer men. But how? Every man knew every other man's movements in this sparsely settled country, and if he tried to leave he would be arrested for debts unpaid. Strategy was imperative! A sympathetic confidant was found in an old neighbor, who fully understood. He purchased tickets for himself, Mrs. Whitaker and the family to the nearest larger

town, one hundred or more miles away. In the dead of the night Whitaker himself, three days before the family started, left for this place, riding the whole distance. After he had gone the constable appeared. Summons to court for debts unpaid! Mrs. Whitaker had to explain that her husband was "not at home." Where was he? That was not for her to say, and she evaded as well as she could. But the "sleuths of the law" thought they were "on to" the game. When she and the neighbor boarded the train, they boarded it also, yet when the neighbor got off and Whitaker should have appeared, there was no one around that even suggested him. Yet as they were resolute in their determination to capture the fugitive, they stayed on the train until it arrived within one station of Broadview, where he had preceded three days ahead. During the journey to this point, Mrs. Whitaker's distress was too evident and deep to be put on, so the officers knew that she expected her husband and was sadly at a loss to know what had prevented his arrival. Had he been injured on his long night rides? Had some other minion of the law got his clutches upon him? Had the Indians followed and "got" him? A thousand and one fears chased each other through her heart. But her husband had told her to stay on the train and proceed to California, no matter whether he appeared at the appointed time or not, and like a wise and obedient wife she did as she was told.

On their arrival at this station a gray-haired, tottering old man, with wrinkled face, came aboard and the officers questioned him as to whether he had seen a man of Whitaker's appearance. They received no satisfaction, but the old man's conversation was so garrulous, shrewd and witty that they were loathe to leave at the next station, which was practically the end of Canadian territory.

Again Mrs. Whitaker was a prey to numberless fears and alarms, but it was nightfall and the putting of her young brood to sleep occupied her attention for some time. Then, tired out, she sat down to the company of her distressful thoughts. She was glad the constables had gone, and the weariness and feeling of relief

made her sleepy. She began to dream, and in her dream she felt the arm of the man she loved steal around her, and it gave her such joy and comfort that she awoke—awoke to find the old man seated by her side and his arm around her in the old familiar fashion. But there was no feebleness in the clutch and no quavering in the voice that now quieted her, and with a sobbing glad cry of "Herman," she fell into the arms of her disguised husband and soon went to sleep.

In speaking with Whitaker about his Manitoba farming experiences, he assures me that in the eight years he was there he sunk \$3,000 besides eating and working worse than any abused old horse, and I also learned how he secured the means with which to make his escape. He cut logs in the bush fourteen miles from home, drew them to his place, four at a time, hacked and hewed them, drew them on seven miles further south and sold two hundred of them for fifty cents apiece, and did it all on a diet of bread and tea. He hacked one side of a log, then went into the house to take his slice of bread and cup of sugarless tea. Then he hacked the other side, and went in again, and so on to the end of the chapter. It took all the winter to do it, and by the time he had earned his hundred dollars, the lining of his stomach was either burned away or ruined, so that it took years of California's liberal diet to bring it back to a reasonably normal condition.

It is also interesting to note that his six children were all under age, so the party of eight traveled on two tickets to the great astonishment of every new conductor that came aboard at each new division.

When he arrived in San Francisco he was without a trade or profession, did not know a single soul on the Pacific Coast, and had five dollars left with which to feed and house himself, his wife and six children. Moreover it was in the spring of 1895, and in the heart of the bad times that followed the great railroad strike. He took a small cottage, poorly furnished, and then laid out \$4.50 in the necessities of life. And now the real man asserted

itself. There was no sitting around and whining about hard times and hard conditions and wanting "suitable" work if he could find it. No sponging on friends or acquaintances, no letting his wife "wash" while he "hunted for work." He wanted work and he went after it. Went after it as a wolf goes for food—determined to get it—to get something, anyhow—and, of course, he got what he went after, as *men* generally do. He washed windows, beat carpets, mowed lawns, mopped floors, carried parcels, wheeled bricks, and did everything he was asked to do that brought in a dollar—or even less.



HERMAN WHITAKER AT WORK ON HIS PIEDMONT HOUSE AND MRS. WHITAKER "BOSSING THE JOB."

Once, in the beginning, they lived on \$8 for two months. Finally he got a job for a retail and wholesale grocery store, soliciting, at a salary that began at \$30 a month and had reached its maximum at \$80.

During these strenuous years he set himself to remedy the defects in his education, which had been nipped in the bud by his precocious jump into the army. Think of working twelve hours a day and reading five hours at night on such solid philosophy as that provided by Kant, Hegel, Compte, Darwin, Weissman, Karl Marx, Spencer, etc.! The major part of his reading he did aloud to a blind man whose friendship he had gained and who, though possessing but little knowledge, was a man of great mental ability. His

Sundays were also spent in the same way —two whole years of this special day being devoted to the reading and discussion of Herbert Spencer's complete system of philosophy. The task of reading aloud was great, but it proved beneficial both to his physical health and his mind, for his friend's keen criticism and comment stimulated his intellect to the highest degree. This friend was one of the leaders

ing the custom of the Socialists, these speakers all answered whatever questions were asked at the close of their addresses, and there is no doubt but that they all had a most lively and interesting time.

Whitaker affirms that the studies he was so ardently pursuing at this time were undertaken with a view of trying to find out which mode of government was best in accord with the laws of life. Fi-



HERMAN WHITAKER IN ONE CORNER OF HIS DEN, PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

of the Socialist movement on the Pacific Coast, and at the present time is editor of the *Socialist World*.

It can well be seen, therefore, why Whitaker's studies had a Socialistic trend. He joined a little band of Oakland Socialists, organized the Ruskin Club and they procured a number of the most prominent men of the state to lecture to them. President David Starr Jordan, Professor Edward A. Ross, Edwin Markham, the poet, and many leaders in church, journalism and the state were invited in turn. Follow-

nally, being satisfied that Socialism was the only sound biological theory, he sat down and made his first literary effort. It was an essay entitled "Natural Selection, Competition and Socialism." It appeared in the *Arena*, and was selected by the *Review of Reviews* as the leading article for the month. Dr. Shaw said it was "the fairest and most reasonable argument for Socialism for a long time put forth."

Strange to say, though, while writing this essay, or rather preparing to write

it, Whitaker had undermined his own faith in Socialism. Though the essay converted many an unbeliever, its preparation had turned him from the faith. I find, however, that he has as much sympathy as ever with the ideals of Socialism, but questions the wisdom of the present methods.

His success in the writing of his essay seems, at this time, to have given a new bent to his mind. With an audacity and self-reliance that are startling, he resolved to earn his living by writing fiction. Just about this time he dropped in to see his friend, Jack London, who was then fully started on his successful literary career, and asked his advice. Jack looked dubious, and when Whitaker asked, "Would you advise me to give up business and have a try at fiction?" he replied by asking what preparation Whitaker had made, and after learning that he had neither experience, preparation or money to fall back upon, answered promptly, "I would not."

"Well, I am going to, anyway," Whitaker answered, to which London quite illogically replied, "So would I."

Whitaker freely expresses his thanks and appreciation to London for his kind assistance, and yet always laughs in a grim sort of way when he tells how London looked when he took to him his first story.

It was eighteen pages of description surrounding a very meager incident. Whitaker handed London the manuscript sealed in an envelope and then stepped out of the room. Returning, he saw the envelope on the table and that it had been opened. London said nothing about it. Neither did Whitaker, but as he went out of the room, he picked it up, slipped it into his pocket and then without again looking at it, cast it into the fire.

His next story had some promise. After a little rewriting, he sold it for \$10 to the *Overland Monthly*. During the next six months he made only about \$20, but he stuck to it. When a story came back, he would rewrite and retype it. One story he wrote twenty-one times, a bulk of writing sufficient for a long novel. He

confesses it was not a good story even after the twenty-first writing, but it sold, and while rewriting it, he learned a great deal. In the following six months he broke into *Munsey's*, *Everybody's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Century* and *Harper's*, and his name was favorably known to all the leading editors. Indeed, it was some of these stories that the Harpers afterward brought out in book form, and the first story he ever wrote, namely, the one sold to the *Overland Monthly*, gave its title to the volume, "The Probationer and Other Stories."

In 1904 he went to Old Mexico and after wandering over the face, of that beautiful



PURFITURE MADE BY HERMAN WHITAKER FOR HIS NEW HOUSE, PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

country, finally landed down in the tropics five hundred miles south of Mexico City, where he stumbled upon what he declares was one of the worst slave systems that the world ever saw in full operation on an American plantation.

On his return to the city of Mexico some months later, he exposed its infamy in the *Mexican Herald*, and tried to obtain publicity for its exposure in magazines of the United States. The editors not having at that time, however, picked up the "muck-rake," he was unsuccessful. In his novel, "The Planter," he succeeded in gaining the attention the editors had denied him to both the slave system and the fraudulent sides of the Mexican plantation business.

Immediately after the publication of

this book, he received an invitation from Mr. Phillips of the *American Magazine* to contribute an article in a series he intended to run on "Barbarous Mexico," and here again he got a chance to strike a body blow at the infamous conditions that actually existed.

In a letter to me, written in answer to certain questions about this book, he says: "The life set forth in 'The Planter' I actually lived for a period of six months on the Colorado River in the state of Vera Cruz—only it was much worse than I ever dared to put down in the book. While there I performed an operation on a poor devil of an *enganchado* who had been thrust through the throat with a machete by the overseer. He was thrown down on the floor of the store, and the order had already been given to dig his grave when I interfered. Glancing on the collar bone, the broad blade had made a wound four inches in length, then slit the windpipe before it emerged, just missing the jugular below the left ear. The poor devil's tattered white clothing was dyed completely red, yet when I knelt beside him, he looked up and faintly whispered, "Curame, senyor. Cure me!" He did not want to die—and he didn't. With a common sewing needle and linen thread, I sewed up both exterior wounds and left the windpipe to take care of itself. Next morning he sat up and took off his own shirt for me to dress the wound. In three days it began to suppurate, and the only instrument I could obtain to cleanse it was an old-fashioned syringe with a bulb as large as a toy balloon. Nevertheless, I filled this with a light solution of permanganate of potash, placed the nozzle in the upper wound and shot clean down and out through the lower. It was perfect drainage. In a week the suppuration ceased. In three I had him back at work in the field. Yet but for my accidental presence, he would have been left there to die of blood loss.

"Several of the characters in 'The Planter' were partially formed on persons I actually knew. Hertzler, the villain, was made out of three with something over and above anything they possessed. Strange to say, all have been killed, nay, were killed within three years from the

time that I left—just retribution in all cases but one. Today not a single one of the men that were with me on that river is alive to tell the tale. One of them, the exception, was almost killed while I lived with him in a little palm hut. A lad of twenty-two, he yet had charge of the Yaveo plantation that worked about fifty *enganchados* in clearing the rubber of jungle growth. Of all the planters on that river, he was the only one with a conscience. While I stayed with him he tried several reforms in the interest of his workers, and did his best to restrain the cruelty of his Mexican overseer. One occasion in particular I shall always remember. The overseer had beaten a man almost to death with his machete, and while the boy was calling him down, the three of us stood in line, the boy with his back toward me, the overseer facing us both. In the course of the argument the latter grew more and more angry, and all of a sudden he reached for his gun. The boy, Pollard, was unarmed, having just come out from his hut, and but for the fact that I had my 44 Colt's Automatic, we should probably both have been killed, there and then. But as he reached I reached, and seeing it, the man dropped his hand. When we went back in I said to the boy: 'That's a dangerous man.'

"'Yes, I know he is,' he answered, 'but he's the best overseer on this river, and I cannot afford to let him go.'

"'Well,' I commented, 'the next time you have to call him down, shoot him first and do your talking after.'

"He laughed, did not take the advice and—was shot through the heart by the same man in a similar quarrel one year later.

"I could go on for hours telling of the cruelty and strange scenes I witnessed in the beautiful settings of the Mexican tropics, but, as I say, it is all in 'The Planter,' for those who care to read."

Just as "The Planter" illustrates his life in Mexico, so "The Settler" depicts his eight years of pioneering in the Northwest. The *charivari* in the book was taken from the actual and uncomfortable experiences of his brother-in-law, in which Whitaker himself took part. Because of certain rather bigoted religious beliefs of

"unco guid" variety, this brother-in-law had succeeded in drawing upon himself the hostility of the Scotch-Canadian settlers, and upon the news of his approaching marriage the whisper spread around that he was to be made the victim of a "spite *charivari*." Hearing of it, the bridegroom went and took counsel with Whitaker, who suggested that he either go away to be married and remain away for a month or stay and fight it out. "Will you help me?" he asked, and on receiving Whitaker's assurance that he would, the foolish man went out and issued several loud boasts that he would fill up with buckshot any man that dared to bang a tin or ring a cowbell on his place. That, of course, settled it. For two weeks after his marriage nothing happened, and they both had begun to think that the Scotch-Canadian friends had abandoned their plan, when late one night Whitaker caught an unexpected tinkle of a cow bell. At first he thought it had come from some cattle straying on the prairies. Then he remembered that it was nearly forty degrees below zero outside with five feet of snow. His brother-in-law's place was only about a quarter of a mile away, and looking out of the window he saw his cattle and horses running back and forth and around his stables. Opening the door, he heard, every now and then, a ring of shot, above the horrible din of beaten pans, horns, cow-bells, screeches, whoops and yells. Taking a knife and gun, he started out, and as he neared the place, the noise sounded like that of bedlam. Till he had almost reached the place it continued, then gave place to absolute silence. As he climbed up a rise to the stables there was not a man to be seen, and until he arrived at the top he thought the party had gone. Then, all of a sudden, along the ridge of great, frozen manure piles that ran the length of the stables, appeared a bristling line of men. In a second the air was filled with flying clods of the frozen manure big as a man's head and hard as stone. It is hard to tell how

he escaped being knocked senseless, for they fell all around him, but without waiting an instant, he ran diagonally across the pile to the end, then rushed up it and jammed his pistol in the end man's face. Naturally he fell back, and in doing so tripped and upset his neighbor. Scrambling up, they turned and ran, and immediately a panic took the others. Only one man waited to throw a last clod, and it was only that—fortunately for him—Whitaker's ammunition was ancient and missed fire that he is alive today. That the whole affair was serious was proven when, arriving at the house, he found a big hole where a charge of shot had gone



MR. AND MRS. WHITAKER IN GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE'S EPISODE AT A PAGEANT. CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

through the door and just missed his brother-in-law's wife. It ended with a touch of humor when the hired man, a young Englishman, who had hitherto cowered in a far corner, ran out with his shotgun and let fly at the party now a full half mile away. Everybody laughed when, turning around he exclaimed, "I am sure I hit one."

In speaking with Mr. Whitaker about his book, "The Planter," and his exposures of the slavery and fraud he found to exist in the Mexican tropics, he made it very clear to me that he was never in sympathy with the political interpretation given by the editors of the *American* and many others to that series of articles. He always desired that it should be understood that the atrocities he witnessed were com-

mitted altogether on American plantations under American management and that they should never have been charged against the Diaz government.

It was also the opinion of the better class of planters themselves that President Diaz was not fully aware of the conditions under which the peons were worked in the tropics, and that if he had been, he would have stopped it. So, both in his book and articles, he gave Diaz the benefit of the doubt and asked that he should be given an opportunity to remedy the evils now that they had been called to his attention.

In the article, "Diaz, the Master of Mexico," he went even further and showed how that very great man had given Mexico the only peace she had known throughout her history. Also in a second article, "Mexico and Her Common Man," which was written at the very beginning of the first revolution, when even the rebels themselves did not believe they had the slightest chance, he predicted all that has followed in the following words: "If it should happen that the revolution is successful, it will simply mean that Mexico will be plunged once more into the wars of the 'little big men' that endured for a hundred years before Diaz."

In his last book, "The Mystery of the Barranca," he has clearly portrayed the viewpoint and feeling of the Mexicans, high and low class, toward the American people. He also presented the feeling of the large land-owners of Mexico toward the commercial policy of Diaz—the feeling that was largely instrumental in bringing about his overthrow. In this book he also drew a faithful picture of the milder form of peonage as it obtains in the equable climates of the plateau regions of Mexico, going so far as to show that it compares favorably when placed side by side with the strain and worry of average American life. In this and nearly all his work, the careful reader may clearly see where his old Socialistic training still sticks to him, for he seems unable to write a story without subordinating the personal to the social motive.

Two years ago Mr. Whitaker represented *Harper's Weekly* during the Mexican *centenario*. While in Mexico City

he was not only a guest of the Mexican government, but was also presented to President Diaz. Speaking, on the morning of his presentation, to Mr. Frederick Guernsey, the veteran editor of *The Mexican Herald*, he remarked how surprised the president would be if he were aware of the fact that he was one of the contributors of "Barbarous Mexico." "Well," he answered, "if you imagine he does not know that, your opinions of his sagacity require revising. He knows it all right, and if he were to make any comment upon it, he would probably say, 'I see that you are coming my way.'" In fact, during his stay of a month on the West Coast, before he presented his credentials through the American ambassador, a spy was kept on his trail all the time. In keeping with his literary aspirations and character the first spy—for they changed him quite often—was a poet and a really very nice fellow. It was quite a while before Whitaker discovered the fact that the conversations which he would initiate on letters and art were intended to draw his fire concerning Mexico and Diaz. Not until they invariably ended that way were his suspicions aroused.

On his last trip to Mexico about a year ago, it embraced in the short space of three weeks the startling experiences of a cyclone, a real battle and an earthquake. At Hermosilla, on the West Coast, he ran into the tail end of the great storm that killed hundreds of people, swamped all of the vessels in the harbor of Guaymas, put the Southern Pacific of Mexico out of commission for over a month and otherwise wrought widespread damage. On the way to Cuernavaca, two weeks later, the train ran into a battle between Zapata, the rebel bandit, and the federal troops, in which over two hundred men were killed. Dropping off the train, he put the account of it on the wires for the *Mexican Herald*. And while leaning against a massive adobe building in Tehuantepec, still a week later, the thick wall suddenly receded, then came forward and hit him a familiar slap on the back.

On the way down to Tehuantepec he happened to fall in with the man who carried the first copy of "The Planter" down not only to the Mexican tropics, but to the

very plantation on which he had gained his particular material and the manager of which had furnished a large part of the character of Hertzler, the villain of the story. "I gave it to him to read, and he went through it without a comment to the end. Then, clenching his big fists, he growled through his set teeth, 'Oh, if I could only get my hands on him now!'" said Whitaker's informant. If he had, there is little doubt but that Whitaker's shrift would have been short.

Though he was undoubtedly cruel, Whitaker expressed genuine sorrow when he heard of his death at the hands of some bandits, for with all his faults he was generous and hospitable to his own people. In his death, too, he fulfilled both a prediction of Whitaker and his own answer. Whitaker said to him one day: "These fellows will surely get you." And he replied, "Yes, but it won't be until there is a hell of a fight." Whitaker says that during the entire six months that he lived with him he never saw him go out, even to his outside kitchen, without buckling on his guns, and that he repeatedly called him to order for leaving off his own. Yet, on the morning of his death, as though, almost, it had been ordained, he went fifty yards down his garden path before he missed them. As he turned to go back nine men opened fire at once upon him from the jungle close to his house. The first shot broke his arm. They were coming like leaping hounds and he could not go back to the house, and, as he turned to run for cover in the jungle, his foot caught on a stone. When he rose from the stumble, the stone was in his hand, and with one arm broken and nine men firing at close range into his body, he put three down before he fell to the ground. And such was his vitality that, with about forty bullet holes in his body, he lived for sixteen hours while he was being taken in a canoe down to the railroad. The worst of it was that his assistant, a Swedish-American, was lying in Whitaker's old room at the time with four Winchesters and half a dozen loaded pistols within

reach of his hand. While the man was being shot to death fifty yards away, and with his wife frantically thrusting a pistol into his hand, the coward made no move. Still worse, he handed over all of the money, arms, and goods in the store to the robbers after their work was done.

One can almost wish that Whitaker had been in that old room instead of this despicable coward, for then events might have transpired differently, for Whitaker's



ONE VIEW OF HERMAN WHITAKER'S HOUSE, COMPLETE. HE SLEEPS IN THE OPEN PORCH THAT OVERLOOKS SAN FRANCISCO BAY FROM AN ELEVATION OF SIX HUNDRED FEET. PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

experiences time and again have proven that there is not a drop of cowardly blood in his veins.

While Whitaker has clearly demonstrated his power to write a sustained and long novel, he has preferred largely to write short stories. For the past few years a regular stream of these has flowed from his pen, and they are all characterized with luxurious beauty of description, effective characterization and unusual dramatic plot and action. His only fault is an over-leaning toward the sensuous and an over-working of the sex motive.

If one might judge of his literary aims and philosophical ideas from his work, it might be summed up somewhat as follows: He seeks to set forth, with all the

strength and conception of beauty that is within him, life as it appears to him. Though personally inclined to pessimism, his reason tells him that optimism is really ingrained in nature, for pessimism makes for melancholy and death, and were it the prevailing rule, life would long ago have perished from the face of the earth. It must not be supposed from this that he always spreads his life pictures in rose-tinted colors, but that out of the combinations and conditions the dark should always be subservient to the light. In other words, that balancing the sum total of happiness and misery, the former materially preponderates over the latter.

While the body of this article has been devoted to Whitaker's work with his brain, it is well that in conclusion I should call attention to the actual work of his own hands. Early in the year I had a letter from him in which he wrote: "This summer I builded me a ten-room house with mine own hands, doing everything without help, from the drawing of the plan to the installation of the sewer. Water, gas, and part of the electric lighting installation all entered into the bill. The house is built on top of the hill not far from the Martinez place. It commands a view of the hills and the bay, in both directions, a noble panorama."

Several times I have stood with Whit-

aker on or near the site of his new house. It is in the Piedmont Hills with a glorious outlook over the bay of San Francisco, the peninsula upon which the city of the Golden Gate stands, the Golden Gate itself, the hills and the fertile valleys of the mainland beyond. It is an ideal spot for a home. The inside of the house is very large and roomy and is composed of big beams and solid studs, all of which are exposed. In fact, it is almost a barn frame, with broad boards nailed perpendicularly on the outside, battened over the cracks and brought to one tone with a light stain. The windows and fireplace, designed by Mrs. Whitaker, are in harmony with the rustic plan.

Though they are but thirty-five minutes by car and train from San Francisco, quail run wild over the garden and at night coyotes howl in the canyon below. Between them and Mount Diablo, thirty miles away, are only two or three lonely ranch houses. Thus they have that ideal and desirable combination—complete isolation associated with metropolitan city life half an hour away. In such a spot it is not unreasonable to suppose that, as Mr. Whitaker has not yet reached the height of his powers, his genius will mature and develop more and more, and that he will add considerably, before his work is ended, to the glory of American letters.

IN JUNE

By JUNE PAGET DAVIES

CAN this be true, this golden summer time,
With dewy roses making sweet the dreamy June,
And soft winds playing thro' the tender leaves

While drift the glowing stars and ghostly moon?
The sleeping flowers are pale to silver gray,
Can this be summer time: And you away?

The shadows in the pines play hide and seek,
The warm air with their fragrance slowly fills,
The nesting birds are still, with folded wings;
The somber mists of night shut out the hills.
Can all this dreamy time pass swift away?
Will June not wait your coming, dear, one day?

The Fatal "Stream from Heaven"

by Franklin Dent

"**O** SOLON, Solon! You Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is an Hellene."

Solon, hearing this, said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean to say," he replied, "that in mind you are all young. There is no old opinion handed down among you by any tradition or any science, which is hoary with age. And I will tell you the reason of this: there have been and there will be many destructions of mankind arising out of several causes.

"The first is, whenever the extremity of winter's frost and summer's heat does not prevent, the human race is always increasing at times and at other times diminishing in number, and whatever happened in your country or ours, or in any other region of which we have been informed, if any action which is noble or great, or in any other way remarkable has taken place, all that has been (here in Egypt) written down of old and is preserved in our temples; whereas you and other nations are just being provided with letters and the other things which nations require; and then at the usual period the Stream from Heaven descends like a pestilence and leaves only those of you who are destitute of letters and education; and thus you have to begin all over again as children, and know nothing of what happened in ancient times either among us or among ourselves."—*Ancient Priest of Sois to Solon, the Lawgiver of Athens, B.C.*

The "stream from heaven," which alone can promote fertility and health, yearly deposits on every acre of surface from six hundred to three thousand tons of water in most sections of the republic, to be in part absorbed by the soil, and chiefly carried by those capillaries, veins and arteries of the world, which we call rivulets, brooks and rivers, into the ocean, from whence the sun's heat is ever raising its waters, to be carried in the shape of clouds, mists

and fogs over the land to be in due season a part of the "stream from heaven."

Geological history, whether written in rock and detritus or human records, tells us of immense floods more or less continuous, or sudden and devastating, which have left titanic evidences of their constructive and destructive power. In most new countries the forests and wooded swamps, thickets and grass-covered prairies absorb a much larger quantity of rain and snow precipitation and give off their excess slowly, and with little disturbance or danger to man and beast.

But when large valley areas are denuded of forest, occupied largely by towns and cities, paved streets, macadamized roadways and lands and domains so drained, cultivated and arranged as to rid themselves as soon as possible of any excess of water, this immense downpour, when largely concentrated by continuous rains, pours into inadequate water-courses an ocean whose weight and volume is scarcely ever even approximately estimated and realized.

From such an immense rainfall in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio began to apprehend danger about the middle of March, when almost continuous rains were the harbingers of an unusually early spring, but also of unusual trouble and loss in the river valleys. By the 21st these fears began to be realized, as the head waters of the Ohio and its branches began to send down wave after wave of flood water and their burden of forest debris and more or less wreckage from farms and villages. By the 22d the river had become swirling torrents, turbid, angry and loaded with floating wreckage, which, accumulating against dams, bridges and levees, added their shifting impact and attrition to the unseen, undermining, battering power of current, eddy and whirlpool, and choked the arches and broke down the piers of bridges, and here and there carried

away a dam, whose gathered waters rushed down the valleys below, cresting the rivers' angry flood with a veritable tidal wave, that in a moment leaped on breached levees, and turned broad business streets into impassable and angry torrents laden with the wrecks of buildings and alas,

flooded, battered and wrecked to the amount of many millions of dollars, while the loss of human life by drowning in the houses, business buildings and public streets was reckoned by thousands.

Myriads more, old and young, sick and well, were huddled on the roofs and in the



RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS

At the depot of the American Red Cross Society, Washington. Articles of all kinds were sent to Red Cross headquarters to be sent to the devastated region

bodies of men and beasts, surprised and whelmed in an instant by the fatal "stream from heaven."

In western Pennsylvania and New York great damage was done and thousands left homeless, but lower down the Ohio tragedy took the place of property loss and domestic and business inconvenience.

In Indiana Peru, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and other municipalities reported a loss of human life aggregating some seven hundred men, women and children, and in Ohio Dayton, Piqua, Columbus, Hamilton, Zanesville, Delaware, Middletown, Sandusky, Miamisburg and Sidney were

upper stories of great buildings, chilled, foodless, and rapidly yielding to disease and utter misery. Added to these horrors in many instances fire broke out and threatened to shrivel with its merciless breath the isolated refuges of thousands who had escaped the flood, only to apprehend a more terrible death by fire, or at best a desperate leap into the raging, merciless river.

A day or two of this terrible destruction and suffering swept away life and property and exposed myriads of people to terrible suffering, and then aid began to pour in over the broken railways, and motor-boats

faced the swirling streets and carried the imprisoned sufferers to comparative comfort and safety.

The federal government, the states and great cities and thousands of private individuals raised millions of dollars and forwarded vast quantities of food, tents, and other necessities, and slowly and sullenly the flood wave receded as, gathering the volume and wreckage of each successive river, it swept westward and southward, to inevitably repeat a greater or less work of destruction along the lower Ohio and Mississippi.

Two hundred millions worth of property, and at least fifty thousand lives lost

and efficiency with which they deepen harbor channels to accommodate foreign steamship lines, and build ironclads to guard us from problematical wars and apocryphal enemies.

The "stream from heaven" has fallen, is falling, and is still to fall on the thousands of river miles between the headwaters of the Ohio and its branches to the delta of the Mississippi, and the very improvements of our civilization intensify the sudden gathering of the waters and the strain and burden thrown on the river channels that carry them off.

Deeper channels where the rivers have been narrowed by city development;



Photo by Clineinst

SHIPPING RELIEF SUPPLIES TO SUFFERERS
From the Red Cross station, Washington, to be shipped by special train to the flood sufferers

in the flood, or later by disease, from exposure, loss and despair, but feebly sums up the story of loss and death due to conditions which must threaten the river cities every year from generation to generation.

It would seem that the federal and state governments should meet this recognized danger with something of the liberality

restraining dams where lakes can be safely formed to impound the spring freshets, and later furnish power and light; more stringent regulation of bridge, dam and levee construction, and a continuous expenditure of sufficient sums to minimize and lessen this danger should be promoted by federal, state and municipal legislation and co-operation, that the "stream from

heaven" may not "fall like a pestilence" again in this generation.

So rapidly and almost completely was Dayton cut off from connection with Columbus that the first intimation that the Governor of Ohio received of the calamity there came from the Red Cross at Washington. Immediately the first flood relief measures were set in motion by the State, rescue work and police protection, largely by the National Guard. Sanitary matters under State and Federal officials with the aid of the Army physicians next were in order. About one hundred Red Cross Trained Nurses were immediately sent to the flooded country and assisted not only in caring for the sick but in co-operating with the Sanitary Inspectors in house to house visiting. Major Charles Lynch, U. S. A., of the Red Cross First Aid Department, gave assistance in this sanitary work to Surgeon General Hall of the National Guard of Ohio. Where necessary, small emergency hospitals were established.

Food, clothing, blankets and cots with medical supplies were rushed to the devastated districts by the War and Navy Departments under experienced and competent officers and were also forwarded by nearby cities and towns. Later, on notice from the Red Cross, other supplies came from more remote localities. Kitchens were put into action to provide meals and cooked food, and later relief stations in schools or other suitable places where food and clothing were distributed to those in need. These were constantly replenished from the carloads coming in from all parts. Coal was also given out. I saw one or two carloads dumped at the side of a street in the flooded district of Columbus for anyone's use, but as yet little or no railroad had been made upon it.

The Red Cross immediately upon information of the disaster sent telegrams to both the Governors of Ohio and Indiana offering assistance and began to move into the field its personnel of trained agents as well as the nurses. These agents are men connected with various philanthropic associations and they have had special experience and training in disaster relief work for the Red Cross. The National Director, Ernest P. Bicknell, on his way

to Omaha for the cyclone relief, was recalled, as the Red Cross agents sent from Chicago and St. Louis reported the work there well in hand.

Governor Cox, acting as President of the State Red Cross Board, appointed a special relief committee of such members of the Board as were in the State and others as substitutes for two who were absent. These are all well-known and representative citizens. A meeting of the State Red Cross Committee, the Governor acting as Chairman, was held April 2, at which all the members were present, together with Mr. Bicknell, the Red Cross National Director, and myself as Chairman of the National Relief Board.

In Ohio, where the flood has subsided, the first needs have been met and the matter of sanitation is being given careful consideration. Now follows the vital question of rehabilitation. Mr. Bicknell explained to the Committee that first relief after a disaster must be given to a community as a whole, but the time has now come to work for the rehabilitation of the individual and the re-establishment of normal conditions which will mean the revival of the life of the entire community. In many of the flooded districts the merchants have lost all their stock and have no insurance, as in case of fire. Unless an effort is made to aid them to make a start again, unless the people are assisted in such a way as to enable them to resume the normal condition of buying, the business of the community will remain in a hopeless condition. To accomplish this the individual must be considered, and his or her rehabilitation will mean that of the whole city, town or village. While factories are closed for repairs men can be given work for which they will be paid for the clearing away of the immense amount of debris, such cleansing being necessary for sanitary and other reasons. Thus a purchasing power will be given them again. They may be aided in the repair of their houses, and thus employment provided for others. The re-establishment of his market will enable the merchant to re-employ his staff, and thus again others can return to a normal existence. Where men or women have been paying for their homes by monthly install-

ments they can be assisted in such payments for a time so as to prevent the loss of their homes, and possibly the failure of mutual building associations, which would be disastrous to many of the working people. All this great work the Red Cross, with the generous contributions of the American people, is undertaking. This work of individual rehabilitation will

lead to the rehabilitation of the entire community, and the setting again in motion of the wheels of normal life will be of the greatest help that can possibly be given to the unfortunate victims of the flood. So many thousands have suffered, so many cities, towns and villages have been affected that there will be need of all the generous contributions received.

GUENN

To Blanche Willis Howard

From James Church Alvord

AT Concarneau the sloops come home,
Red flames inblown from a cobalt sea,
Where hoary bluffs, rock-breasted, rise
To bid the mad tides backward flee,
While through the pines which crown their crests
The winds chaunt wailing litany—
At Concarneau.

The gaunt brown fishers on the wharves
Bear haunting sea-mists in their eyes
And wear the solemn mien of men
Who die upon far enterprise;
While the tragic girls along the Square
Are widowed when they scarce are wives—
At Concarneau.

Yet evermore these sombre men,
These woeful women worn with fears,
But set the stage o'er which there flits
A girl who wrought the world to tears
Not long ago, an elfin sprite
Whose laughter bubbles down the years—
At Concarneau.

More real than these rude fishing smacks,
Deep-laden, rocking on the tide,
Or sobbing pines, or granite coasts,
Still lies she by yon headland's side,
Spray-drenched, wave-beaten, deathless, dead
Who never lived and never died—
At Concarneau.

National and State Flowers

by Charles Winslow Hall

WHAT is the national flower? The question has been asked over and over again by flower lovers and the answer must be the same—it has not been officially selected. At present "the Union, one and indivisible," is without a national flower.

Much has been said and more or less printed advocating the choice of the maize (Indian corn) as a national emblem. The main objection to it is an artistic one, that it does not readily lend itself to decoration or design, either for coinage, blazonry, or personal and table decoration. Of its other and important qualifications, its universal cultivation and immense value to man and beast, and its claims as a strictly native production, there can be no question; and it may be that the more esthetic objections will in time yield to these great arguments in its favor.

Unquestionably the flower which has the preference is hardly a flower at all, but more of a weed—the goldenrod. It has been selected in some cases by the popular vote of school children and in other cases by the state legislature as the state flower of six different commonwealths. The simple violet has been named by three states, and other favorite flowers have been duplicated in the list. Some have taken no decided action at all, and others by common consent have chosen floral symbols.

Maine, by tacit consent, and true to her record as "the Pine Tree State," wears a pine cone and tassel; New Hampshire and Massachusetts are still unprovided, but Vermont has chosen the crimson-red, honey-sweet red clover dear to her herds and honey-bees. Connecticut wears the mountain laurel, that fills her woods with a sea of clustered blossoms, and "Little Rhody," like distant Wisconsin, Illinois and the Bonapartists of France, seeks clusters of the humble violet.

New York, by popular vote, chose the goldenrod, as also did Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska, which dominant autumn weed was legally authorized by the Alabama legislature and tacitly accepted by Kentucky.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey are still "doubtful states" on the floral emblem question, but Delaware's pride and affection goes out to her beautiful peach orchards, where in masses of pink and tender green they glorify the early coming of spring.

Maryland's "Baltimore belles" choose clusters of the old-fashioned "black-eyed Susans" as a foil to their Southern beauty and languorous but radiant dark eyes. Virginia still needs consideration, although the laurel or time-defying immortelles might well symbolize her wealth of illustrious dead; but West Virginia, like her distant sister Washington, chooses the splendid rhododendrons that glorify their wooded mountain slopes and valleys. The Carolinas and Georgia find it hard to choose between so many gorgeous and semi-tropical flowers, but Florida amid her orange groves affects bridal orange blossoms the year round.

Louisiana and Mississippi affect the magnolia blossoms, for that gigantic rhododendron abounds in both states. Tennessee makes no choice; Indiana still hesitates; but Ohio, forgetful of her gorgeous "buck eye" blooms, wears scarlet carnations in mingled pride and grief over the loved and lost McKinley.

Michigan chooses the spring glories of her apple orchards, and Arkansas reflects her choice of the dainty odorous masses of white and pink and white blooms.

Minnesota has, I think, by act of the legislature, chosen the lush, pink swamp-loving Indian moccasin flower; Kansas has legally adopted the sunflower, ever turning toward the light, whatever the

trials of the present. Utah is still flowerless, but Colorado flaunts the saucy columbine, brave, bright-hued and once charged on an ancient war-shield emblazoned with the motto, "*Turpiter Desparatur*" (it is shameful to despair).

Oklahoma, cleft from the Indian Territory, takes a heritage from the Celtic Druids, the sacred mistletoe, once cut by them with golden sickles from their consecrated oaken groves. Texas garlands her Lone Star with a local flower, "the blue bonnet." Arizona is beyond the pale, but New Mexico, an independent state at last, points to the bright-blossomed but thorny cactus of her desert vegetation.

North Dakota holds up to outland "tender feet" sprays of hardy, many-hued prairie roses, and South Dakota from her sunnier slopes gathers her first spring flower, the *anemone patens*, whose lily-like pale violet calyx emerges from its furry cap of almost frost-proof foliage.

Montana girls gather for a breast-knot the sprays of the healing bitter root; but Idaho pioneers and women, remembering the earlier gardens in which they played years ago, have loved best the myriad-blossomed and fragrant syringa.

Wyoming chooses the beautiful blue gentian, lover of fertile lands and shrouding grasses; Oregon the sweet sprays of the Oregon grape; California flaunts proudly her clumps of golden poppy, and the hearts of myriads of Alaska's pioneers think of distant homes and faithful lovers, and gather the sky-blue, gold-tinted forget-me-not.

It seems a pity that so many states have duplicated the choice of others or failed to act at all, and that some of the southern states have not chosen the delicate, snowy, odorous jasmine, the hundred-calyxed spikes of the Spanish bayonet; the varied and exquisite hues of the passion flower; the lovely sweet jessamine; or, if a sterner and more virile blazonry be desired, the red-berried, glossy-leaved holly, the green plum of the long-leaved pine, or the war-like scarlet of the trumpet flower have each their suggestion and merit.

* * *

In the history of nations, tribes and families, "the gentle race of flowers" has furnished more than one embattled wall,

defiant banner, glittering shield and valiant battleline with the blazon which defense or onset was to redden in the life-blood of brave men. Among them we easily recall the delicate heather-spray, the *planta genista* of moor and wold, which the proud Plantagenet dynasty wore in war and peace, holding it in honor because it told of the lowly origin from which valor and wisdom had called them to the sovereignty of England. Further north the pine tree of Clan Alpine mustered for foray and battle one of the bravest and most noted of all the Highland clans, and in the lowlands and at last throughout all Scotland the savage thistle has told for centuries of that fated night when a throng of Norse swordsmen plunged into the weedy moat of an embattled town, and their sudden cries of wrath and pain rallied the sleeping defenders and saved the garrison. It was a good choice for the blazon of a proud, fierce, implacable race, and the motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (no one wounds me without scathe) has never lacked justification in all the centuries since its adoption.

So, too, with some sense of humorous admiration, we think of the Welsh leek worn by Cymrian bowmen "in their Monmouth caps on St. Davy's day" as Shakespeare's Fluellen relates, in honor of a desperate fray and gallant victory.

The red rose of England was once unhappily the badge of civil war and dastardly intrigue and assassination, when the white rose was arrayed against her blushing sister in the contests of York and Lancaster for the English crown. Ireland and her children at home and abroad still honor and love the shamrock which, say the legends, St. Patrick used to demonstrate to the fierce heathen Celtic chiefs the mystery of the triple individuality of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the complete unity of the Trinity.

Besides these emblems, legalized and universal, English admirers of Lord Beaconsfield still wear early primroses on his birthday (December 21, 1804) just as British Jacobites, until a few years ago, carried a white rose on June 10th in futile loyalty to the Stuart dynasty; while the enthusiastic Hibernian, with a little sigh of regret, wears a spray of ivy on the 6th

of October, the anniversary of the death of Parnell.

The lilies of France, or rather the fleur de lis, have for centuries decked royal canopy, kingly garb, the warrior monarch's shield and caparisons, and the banners of the empire, but the foes of the republic today wear other blossoms; the Orleanists a white daisy and the Bonapartist the humble violet.

Conquered Palestine was symbolized in part by a palm tree; Mexico, torn and scarred by innumerable petty wars, but

evidently ready to unite to oppose any invader, fitly chooses an especially thorny cactus; the French of Canada sport the maple leaf banner much more frequently than they do the Union Jack; and Nova Scotia, largely settled from New England long ago, placed on her seals and coinage the beautiful trailing arbutus, the "May-flower" of the Plymouth woods. The patriotic significance of flowers can be found on every page of history. They have not only influenced the hearts of lovers, but the hearts of nations as well.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

WE went to her one summer's morn—
A masterpiece of bloom!
All fresh and sweet and wondrous fair,
Our fragrance filled the room
Where, on a couch, the sick one lay;
Our mission then was clear:
That room to brighten, beautify;
That loved one's heart to cheer.

How well she loved us! and each morn
She kissed my snow-white face
She thought me fairest one! of all—
So large and full of grace;
But one sad morn I woke to find
I could not raise my head;
I whispered to my friends for help—
And found they all had fled.

And so, no longer beautiful,
I, too, was borne away;
And then it was I saw the tear,
And heard her softly say:
"Who knows but to some fairer land
Their spirits may have fled?
Somewhere they too may live again—
Their *souls* may not be dead."

So, gentle breeze, go whisper to
"The Little Lady" there,
That we are waiting here for her,—
All fresh and wondrous fair;
It matters not how long we wait,
Through countless years or hours;
For God has touched us, and we're now
Heav'n's Everlasting Flowers!

—Rose C. Webb.

The Crew of No. 11

by Ladd Plumley

Author of "The Image and Likeness," etc.

AN instrument began clicking. There had hardly been a message for days that had not told stories of danger and even death in the fires that had been ravaging the forests to the west. Bertha, the day operator at Bald Mountain, leaned forward and read aloud to her brother the words that came over the wire:

"Fire—all—around. Our—engine—disabled—at—Eagle—Pass. Send—grade—engine—quick—quick."

The geometry that Gerald had been studying fell to the floor.

"Oh, Beth! Hogan and Simmons have gone with the road gang to that blaze to the east."

"I took the order, Gerald."

"And it would be four hours before an engine could get here from the junction."

"Yes."

"And then it may be too late."

"Yes."

For twenty seconds the only sound was the call of crows, that had been winging their way east for three days, and the slight hissing of No. 11 that had been left on her switch with her steam up.

"I'll do it myself!" broke out the boy. "Hogan says I know the levers of old 11 almost as well as he does."

"You mustn't!" exclaimed Bertha.

"I'm sick of having people talk about me as if I were glass," continued the boy excitedly. "And don't you see, Beth? If somebody doesn't get to them on the jump, the bridge over the river may go."

Bertha felt her hands grasp tightly together under the table. Of course it was just like Gerald. She had always known that the time would come when her boy would show himself the splendid fellow that only she knew him to be. But she couldn't let him go into such danger. What would life hold without Gerald?

"Please, Beth, get me my crutches," implored Gerald, twisting his crooked body to an upright position.

"See here, Gerald, if you must go, I'm going with you."

"That's as ridiculous as it can be! It isn't the work for a girl. And there's the most awful smoke beyond the river. No. 10 came through last night—Dudley told me it was nip and tuck if they could make it. Then the wooden trestles. No—I shall manage it alone."

Gerald hobbled to the door.

"If you don't let me go, Gerald, I'll—" She felt desperate. What threat could she find? And although she was five years the elder, his word was law. That had come because there were only the two; since the death of their mother they had been alone in the world. She had been mother and sister both, supporting him with her wages, studying with him, and worshipping him as only a sister can worship an only brother.

"Beth!" The boy's voice was filled with distress. "There's always been somebody to watch the water and all. And—well, when a fellow is built as I am, he just must ask help. After all, I've got to take you; there isn't a soul but you for miles and miles."

Gerald turned to the closet near the door.

"Here, Beth, you must pull these on," he exclaimed, holding toward his sister a suit of overalls.

Bertha knew enough about railroading to understand the necessity for protecting her thin gown with something stout. In three minutes she followed her brother to the platform, a very timid girl at heart, and in appearance an undersized railroad man of incongruously pink cheeks, brown eyes and nice hair.

There was some difficulty in assisting Gerald to the running board of the loco-

motive. When a trip had been planned, Hogan, the engineer, had always taken the boy in his arms and lifted him to Simmons, the fireman. Bertha found it necessary to get a box and the baggage truck. Mounting these in turn, Gerald dragged himself to the cab, Bertha following with the crutches.

The girl had always supposed a fireman had nothing to do but to throw coal on a

Before she put aside the giant poker, there followed other quick instructions. She was ordered to pull open and to shut various valves, the use of which she had not the slightest idea. Then, at the word, and with a further mighty effort, she managed to "give her a half-dozen spoonfuls of feed," to quote her instructions.

Presently Bertha felt the great machine quiver under her—and they were off.

Twice before they came to the river the boy above gave the word, and Bertha, swaying and pitching because of the rockings of the locomotive, carried from the tender shovels of coal and managed to push them into the mouth of the hungry hot monster. At other times, kneeling on the floor of the cab, her heart pounding into her throat, she watched the wall of blue haze beyond the long narrow V of the track come racing toward her. It seemed to her that the engine was motionless; it was the entire world that, pitching and reeling, was pulled in as if on an endless cable.

Above the deafening roar came Gerald's voice.

"Hold on tight! She will make the curve beyond the bridge at a sixty clip!"

No. 11 heaved and plunged her one hundred and forty thousand pounds of iron and steel, surging against the flanges of her eight drivers first on one side and then on the other. She had been built to pull freight trains up heavy grades and had never been intended for this sort of work. Her new engineer let her spin down the grade of the side of the mountain to the bridge, she taking the five spans at the speed of a crack passenger locomotive and with the clumsiness and shock of one of her weight and might. She thundered across, her voice drowning the swish of the rapids below and the roar of the falls to the south.

During the passage of the bridge Bertha felt her hands clutch the brass rail at her side and her fingers tighten as if they were of steel. Then her seething excitement



Bertha leaned forward and read aloud to her brother the words that came over the wire

fire, as if he were feeding a large kitchen range. Now she was shown many levers and valves.

"There's no use telling a girl their names," said Gerald. "When I want you to do things, I'll point to them or show you how. And I can't bend my back today, so I'll guess you'll have to rake the fire down a bit; it's lucky that she's got plenty of water and coal."

Grasping a handle, Gerald threw open the door of the firebox, the heat almost burning the skin from Bertha's face. With desperate haste she pulled back and forth the rod that had been thrust into her hands. Everything around simmered and hissed, as if this were the center of any number of particularly active teakettles. And, although it was a pleasantly cool day, the perspiration trickled over her face.

passed away, and for the moment she forgot the leaping thing that heaved and plunged under her. Across the circular curve of the boiler, in the window opposite, sat a boy. His eager face was as if carved in marble. The girl would remember that face to the end of her life. And as she watched the slight twisted body, tense with endeavor and courage, the tears almost choked her. She wondered if there ever had been or ever would be again such a splendid fellow.

Beyond the bridge came the dense smoke; it had been getting thicker and thicker for fifteen minutes. Bertha choked and gasped. Then she reached under the loose overalls, and, tearing her skirt into strips, hastily soaked the cloth under the valve that Gerald reached down and opened. Brother and sister tied wet cloths over the mouth and nostrils. With this protection Bertha had less difficulty in breathing than she had in seeing. Indeed, after they had actually entered the fire zone, except for the tongues of red flame flashing along the ground at the side of the rails, the girl was conscious of seeing absolutely nothing.

To the east as yet the fire had not reached the stage known as a "top fire," when the flames seize the whole of a tree, making it a huge torch, which, in turn, makes torches of the trees beyond. In such a fire no one can live. Carried swiftly by the engine, Gerald and Bertha passed through a region of an under fire, where only dead leaves and dry bushes were burning. But even in such an under fire death frequently comes to birds, animals and human beings because of suffocation.

Beyond the bridge the heavy engine reached the limit of her speed—her engineer had pushed her more than her master, Hogan, would have dared. For ten minutes the smoke became thicker and thicker. Then and suddenly, Bertha could see once more the glittering converging rails—and as swiftly as if he had fallen from nowhere,

a man swinging a red flag suddenly appeared in the haze and dropped behind.

The next moment, with the shock of her reversing gear and with grinding brakes, No. 11 came to rest, men shouting around her, and beyond Bertha saw a locomotive, and still beyond, receding into the blue haze, a line of coaches, platforms crowded and heads hanging from the windows.

Strange, perhaps, but Bertha's thoughts, girl-like, flashed to her appearance. She wished that the smoke were even thicker. It seemed to her that No. 11 had carried them almost into the heart of a town.

A stout man in cap and overalls lifted himself heavily to the running board and grasped the boy's shoulder.



The girl would remember that face to the end of her life

"It's a sure big thing you've done, old fellow!"

Gerald had already torn the cloth from his head, leaving lines of white across his blackened face. The man added:

"It's the lame boy of Bald Mountain. But who's the little fellow—your fireman?"

Bertha did not hear the answer, and, as she helped the man take Gerald to the ground, she forgot about the overalls, her blackened face and flying hair. Afterwards she was only conscious of her pride

in the figure on crutches who was surrounded by railroad men, all attempting to take him by the hand—a picture that to her was more beautiful than any picture she had ever seen.

The pressing crowd of passengers could see that there was something altogether out of the common in the boy of the crutches surrounded by the group of trainmen and the figure near of blackened

thought that water could taste as good as the glass that was brought to her and which she eagerly swallowed.

Soon the train began to move, and once more came the smoke. It was stifling, but very different from the smoke of the downward journey in the cab of No. 11. From where she sat she could see in the hazy glow of the electric lights of the car her brother and the young man gazing from

a window. Near her sat a lady with a handkerchief pressed against her face and the elderly man leaning over her.

Again came the hollow reverberations of the long bridge and Bertha could hear the pulsing roar of the falls down the river. After that, the air cleared rapidly and very soon somebody was leaning over her chair and speaking in her ear.

"My dear, I'm an old railroad man. People say I've been very successful. Money is a little thing at such a time, but if there is anything that is near your heart—anything, my dear, really anything—it is your own for the asking."

Bertha pointed toward her brother. She hardly knew what she asked. What she had in mind was Gerald—his wishes to go to college, his dreams of gaining an education, his desire to some time be a lawyer.

"It shall all be done," said her companion. "And when he graduates there will be influence to set him on his feet. You see, my dear, it's like rubbing Aladdin's lamp. But is there nothing for you, yourself?"

"It's all for me," cried Bertha. "And you have made me so very, very happy!"

"The railroad must find you a position in its main office—where there will be a town and not the loneliness of Bald Mountain. And—well, my dear—if I were fifty years younger and not almost down the grade of life, and my Sara were not waiting to take you and gush over you—there's a different proposal that I should make. But when the time comes and the right young man—he will have to be very right to deserve you—you must let me have the privilege of giving you away. You must promise."



Afterward she was only conscious of her pride in the figure on crutches who was surrounded by railroad men

face and flying hair that Bertha attempted in vain to push back into place.

"We must take her to your mother," said a gentleman, pushing forward and followed by a younger man.

Five minutes later Bertha was being lifted up the steps of a private car at the rear of the train, her brother, assisted by the young man, close behind.

A little later she knew that she was seated in a deep chair that seemed most welcome after the slippery iron plates of the heaving grade engine. And she never

The Dreamer*

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

by Mary R. P. Hatch

ACT I—Dotham Pasture.

ACT II—Scene 1—Four years later. Pharaoh's Court. Scene 2—Seven years later. Egypt. Temple of the Sun. Scene 3—Two days later. The Palace.

ACT III—Scene 1—Canaan. Interior of tent. Scene 2—Joseph's Palace. Scene 3—Joseph's Palace two days later. Scene 4—Palace Garden. One month later.

CHARACTERS

JACOB.

LEAH, Jacob's wife.

JOSEPH, son of Jacob and Rachel.

BENJAMIN, son of Jacob and Rachel.

REUBEN, son of Jacob and Leah.

JUDAH, son of Jacob and Leah.

GAD, LEVI, ISSACHAR, SIMEON and four other sons.

TAIA, beloved of Joseph. She is also Asenath, the adopted daughter of the Priest of On.

ZILPHA, a Greek dancing girl, who becomes the wife of Benjamin.

PHARAOH.

PHARAOH'S WIFE.

PHARAOH'S CHIEF STEWARD.

PHARAOH'S CHIEF BUTLER.

POTIPHER.

POTIPHER'S WIFE.

POLITAN, a High Priest of the ruling class.

AGITA, a Greek "Reporter."

Merchants, Magicians, Dancing Girls, Gods and Goddesses, Chief Butler, Guards and Attendants.

ACT FIRST. SCENE I.

Canaan. Hills and towns in the distance. A cairn nearby. Several tents on the hills. Men with bows and arrows (one or two with shields and spears) passing. Near the foreground a tent in which, through an opening, can be seen seats running around the sides and some rich draperies. Outside of tent sits a handsome although sullen looking lad of nineteen, dressed in a short garment of skins (or dark cloth) held together by a linen girdle. Sandals on his feet. Hair long and straight. He appears to be very angry. Leah, his mother, comes from the tent and stands beside him. She is garbed in a long, flowing garment with headdress carelessly arranged. She is old and somewhat bent.

JUDAH (speaking quickly)—Tell me, mother, more of this coat of many colors. Of a truth, our Father Jacob must be mad, or in his dotage.

LEAH—Nay, my son. I know thy feelings, but be not so angry. (Puts her hand on his shoulder, but he shakes it off impatiently.)

JUDAH—Tell me, where did he get the cloth to make it of?

LEAH—He bought it of a trader who passed by three days ago on his way to Egypt.

JUDAH—Handsome, thou sayest?

LEAH—Ay, it is of wondrous hue. There are three pieces. The mantle is of crimson with a stripe of gold, the tunic is of fine linen, and the waistcoat blue and embroidered.

JUDAH—He must have paid well for that cloth.

LEAH—Oh, he did, though I know not how much. But 'tis a wondrous robe, the coat of many colors, which thy father hath made for Joseph with his own hands. He would scarcely let me touch it.

JUDAH—Why, how was that?

LEAH—He said, "I will make it with my own hands, as I have fashioned others for myself and my sons."

JUDAH (bitterly)—Ay, dark, of one piece, and of skins of animals which we ourselves did hunt and kill.

LEAH—He said, "It is for Rachel's boy,

the son of my old age," and I mind me how he laughed as if well pleased. "For Rachel's boy" he said, "I will make a coat that shall be known throughout Canaan as a marvel."

JUDAH—Of many colors thou saidst, mother?

LEAH—Ay, and made in three pieces (*broodingly*). When I did see it I thought of my father Laban, Judah.

JUDAH—Thy father, Laban!

LEAH—Ay, and how he gave me to thy father in place of Rachel, for whom he had served seven years, and how he served yet seven more years for Rachel.

JUDAH—But Rachel died, mother, and thou didst live.

LEAH (*bitterly*)—Ay, lived to see, day by day, how a man mourns for the woman he loves and tolerates the woman he hates—hates, Judah, because I lived and Rachel was taken.

JUDAH—Nay, mother, father doth not hate thee. (*Takes her hand*.)

LEAH (*passionately*)—Then I wish he did hate me, for hate is better than toleration from the man a woman loves. (*They sit silent while Judah strokes her hand*.) Son, what wouldst thou do to right thy mother's wrongs?

JUDAH—I would kill Joseph (*with vehemence*). Then thou and Jacob's other sons might be thought of some account.

LEAH—Nay, Judah, nay. I did not mean that.

JUDAH—It is the only way to right thy wrongs, mother, for now this braggart, this son of his old age (*contemptuously*) hath his way in all things. While Rachel lived she was always preferred to thee, and Joseph is set above us, his brothers, even above Reuben, the eldest.

LEAH—That is so.

JUDAH—If Joseph were dead—

LEAH (*startled*)—Not that, my son, for Jacob would mourn even as he mourns for Rachel.

JUDAH—But if he doth?

LEAH—I could not stand it to see another grieve like that. Only last new moon I followed him at a distance when he visited Rachel's grave. I stood in the shadow of a tamarind tree and saw him beat his breast and cry out to Jehovah, "Why hast thou laid this burden on me, Lord? I am alone, save for Joseph!"

JUDAH—Did he say that, mother?

LEAH—Ay, but he answered when I told him of what I heard that he meant that Joseph was the only comfort Rachel had left him, for Benjamin, he said, came with her last breath, and he could never feel the same toward Benjamin. As if Benjamin were to blame that she died when he was born!

JUDAH—It proves that he loves Rachel and Joseph and hates the rest of us. Didst hate Rachel, mother?

LEAH—Nay, how could I? She was my sister.

JUDAH—But I hate Joseph, and he is my brother.

LEAH—Nay, only thy half brother.

JUDAH—I thank, thee, mother, for those words. As my half brother I can feel that I owe him but half a brother's love and that hath gone to seed while the other half is clear hate. Jehovah! How I hate him! (*Clinches fist*.)

(Enter from the tent Jacob followed by two attendants, who carry the coat of many colors. Jacob leaning on a staff, sandalled feet, wearing a long girded robe with turban. Attendants with one garment, short-sleeved, with bare feet.) Leah stands with folded arms and drooping head. Judah rises and stands in the same way just behind his mother.)

JACOB—Nay, good wife, sit! Too many years have come to thee, and too many cares, for thee to stand before me. Judah, a seat for thy mother. Many sons hath thou brought me, and Judah, the lion-hearted, should remember his mother in the days of his youth. (*Judah gives his mother the stool and stands sullenly kicking the ground*.) Where is Joseph and thy brethren?

JUDAH (*To Leah*)—Joseph and thy brethren! (*To Jacob*)—In the field and over yonder (*pointing toward the hills*).

JACOB—Summon them, son Judah.

(Judah puts his fingers between his teeth and sounds a shrill call, which is answered by similar calls. Leah walks over to the left of stage and Judah follows, carrying the stool for her.)

FIRST ATTENDANT—A hang-dog look he hath.

SECOND ATTENDANT—He was always a jealous dog. He taketh after his mother in looks and disposition.

(Enter the brethren, dressed in garments similar to Judah's. Gad carries a shield, Simeon an ox, and others have bows and arrows. Reuben, the eldest, and Benjamin, the youngest, come last. Joseph, who is rather short but well-built, with long curling hair, approaches his father, kisses him on both cheeks, and then arranges himself beside his brothers who form a half circle before Jacob. They stand with bowed heads and crossed arms.)

JACOB—Good sons, I bid ye welcome. Are thy flocks and herds all safe?

ALL—Yea, not one hath strayed.

JOSEPH—All but one, father.

JACOB—Which one?

JOSEPH—The white heifer, father, the one thou saidst my mother would have loved because 'twas like one she brought to Canaan from her old home. (*Leah suddenly walks toward the tent and enters it*.)

JACOB—Canst find it?

JOSEPH—Nay, 'tis killed—rolled down a cliff, and lies there with broken neck.

JACOB—Sons, why hast thou left it to this lad to tell the truth, alone of you all?

SIMEON—We thought to spare thy sorrow, father. It is but a heifer, white, but no better for that, and we thought if thou didst not

know that it was dead, no sorrow would come to thee. Now Joseph hath told thee and perhaps thy sleep will be broken thereby. To make thee happy we would do much.

ALL—Ay, to make thee happy we would do much.

JACOB (*to Joseph*)—They wished to make me happy and they lied to me. What hast thou to say to that?

JOSEPH—It had not come to me to make thee happy in that way. I but told the truth, and now I ask thy pardon.

JACOB—For telling me the truth?

JOSEPH (*hesitating*)—Nay, for making thee sad.

JACOB (*motioning to the attendants*)—Come hither! (*Takes the robe and shakes out the pieces.*) Joseph, my son, the son of Rachel, the son of my old age, come hither.

(*Joseph hesitates, looks first at his brothers and then at the clothes and suddenly kneels before Jacob.*)

JACOB—Rise, Joseph, while I put this robe on thee. (*Looks upward for a moment.*) Something tells me, Joseph, that thou wilt be no common man, as thou art no common son. I have made for thee this robe of many colors and I put it on thee in token that thou shalt not labor as thy brothers labor, or as thy father hath labored. It is a robe of them that labor only with their wits. They plan, others do the work. (*The brothers nudge each other.*)

LEVI—Joseph will do that all right. He won't work.

ALL—Nay, he won't work.

LEVI—He never would work. He harnessed a goat to drag him when he was little, and now he is grown he lets us do his tasks. He is of the leisure class truly. (*They all laugh derisively.*)

JACOB (*raising his head*)—Peace, my sons, peace. Joseph hath never shirked his tasks. One of thee must stay with me at times, and I have kept Joseph.

GAD—He was never any good to watch the flocks, for he dreams and lets them scatter.

LEVI—Thou art right, Gad, he dreams by day more than others dream by night.

JACOB (*kindly*)—Dost thou dream, Joseph?

JOSEPH (*eagerly*)—Ay, father, I dream and dream. I seem to see at times things that others do not see.

JACOB—In the day-time, Son?

JOSEPH—Ay, father, day-time and night-time. They come and go—strange dreams of things I have never seen. What think thou of this, father? I dreamed my brothers and I were binding sheaves in the field and lo and behold! my sheaf stood upright and all my brothers' sheaves bowed down to my sheaf. (*The brothers strike their hands together fiercely.*)

JUDAH (*angrily*)—Shalt thou, indeed, reign over us—thy elder brothers? Shalt thou have dominion over us?

ALL—Shall this Dreamer have dominion over us?

JACOB—Nay, sons, it was but a dream.

JOSEPH (*eagerly*)—It was more than a dream, my father. (*Joseph walks up and down, looking at his fine raiment with a boy's vanity.*) If Taia could see me! (*The mantle, sleeves, his flowing robe, the handsome colors, all are admired when Gad steps forward and hands him his shield, after carefully rubbing it with a corner of his tunic.*)

GAD—Take this, brother, the better to see thyself, since the brook is over yonder and Taia's eyes are not nigh.

JOSEPH—Thank thee, brother.

(*They all laugh derisively, at which Joseph returns the shield, keeping it just long enough for one look in it.*)

JACOB—Hast thou had other dreams like unto that of the sheaves, my son?

JOSEPH—One other, father.

JACOB—Tell it, son. I would hear thy other dream.

JOSEPH—Behold, father, I dreamed another dream and it was this: The sun and the moon and the stars made obeisance to me.

JACOB—Son, son, dream no more. Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren bow down ourselves to thee?

ALL—Shall we all bow down ourselves to the earth to this dreamer?

JOSEPH (*stands before his father with bowed head*)—It was as I dreamed, father, and thou bidst me tell it.

JACOB—Ay, Joseph, thou art not to blame, only dream no more, dream no more. (*In a faltering voice*)—It is not well to dream away the days and the nights of your pilgrimage in the land that Jehovah hath given us. From this time thou must work more and dream less, my son.

(*Exit Jacob, followed by his sons. Judah snaps his fingers at Joseph in derision as he goes past. Joseph sits down in a dejected attitude on the pile of stones.*)

(*Enter Taia from the hills. She is a beautiful girl with golden hair hanging in long curls on either side of her face. She has a wreath of wild flowers on her head and about her waist for a girdle. She has a flowing robe, a mantle fastened on one shoulder, and sandals on her feet. She steals up behind Joseph and puts her hands over his eyes. He tries to clutch her, but she eludes him skillfully.*)

TAIA—Guess who it is and if thou doth guess truly I will let thee see.

JOSEPH—The Wind, the gentle summer wind?

TAIA—Nay, a breeze, a hurricane, more like. Guess again.

JOSEPH—A butterfly, a humming-bird.

TAIA—Nay, it is thou who art the humming bird or butterfly. Rise, that I may see thy new clothes.

(*Joseph rises. She clasps her hands in admiration and touches the mantle shyly till Joseph strips it off and hands it to her.*)

JOSEPH—Try it on, Taia, it will become thee far better than me.

(*She dons the mantle after taking off her*

own, which she gives to Joseph to hold. He buries his face in it while she is not looking. She struts up and down before Joseph.)

TAIA—Do I not look beautiful, Joseph? JOSEPH—Beautiful, indeed! I wish I were that mantle, Taia.

TAIA—And if thou wert, Joseph?

JOSEPH—I would fold thee even as thou art folded. (She laughs lightly.)

(*Judah, who has approached stealthily, hides behind the tent. Finally she takes off the mantle and returns it to Joseph. She sighs heavily.*)

TAIA—The soothsayer who lives in the cave yonder did say that thou wilt be a great man, Joseph.

JOSEPH (*complacently adjusting the mantle*)—So my father saith and so saith my dreams. Taia, wouldst like to see me a great man?

TAIA—Nay, I like thee as thou art better. I do not like great men.

JOSEPH—But if I loved thee just the same, Taia, wouldst thou not love me the same?

TAIA—How can I tell? Nay, I think I could not love thee the same. Even thy mantle doth seem to take thee from me.

JOSEPH (*strips off the mantle and tosses it from him*)—Then I will not wear it, for thy love is worth more to me than my coat of many colors. (Taia picks up the mantle and adjusts it.)

TAIA—Nay, nay, Joseph! I did not mean it. Wear thy coat of many colors and I will be proud of thee even if thou cease to love me. Didst ever dream of me, Joseph?

JOSEPH—Taia, thou art the sum of all my dreams. When I dreamed me of the sheaves, how that my brothers did make obeisance to my sheaf, I seemed to see thee, Taia, standing just beyond in an opening of the wheat. Thou didst smile on me and I was glad.

TAIA—Why wert thou glad?

JOSEPH (*kneels down before her*)—Because thou art my dear one. I love thee, Taia, even as my father Jacob did love my mother Rachel. (He clasps her hand. *Judah peeps from behind the tent, then comes boldly into view and draws his bow. He is about to shoot when Taia rises and looks behind her. She rushes to him, snatches the bow and breaks the arrow.*)

TAIA—There! and there! and there! (Throws the pieces from her. *Judah clutches her. Joseph comes to the rescue.*)

JOSEPH—Why art thou here, Judah?

JUDAH—Hast thou the right to all our father's land?

JOSEPH—Nay, brother, but what wouldst thou do?

JUDAH (*sullenly*)—Nothing.

TAIA—He would have killed thee had I not stayed him as I did.

JOSEPH—Why shouldst thou wish to kill me, brother?

JUDAH (*with suppressed passion*)—Why should I not wish to kill thee? Thou hast stolen all my father's love, so that he giveth thee soft clothing, and thou hast stolen her love (*pointing to Taia*).

TAIA—He hath not stolen my love. I gave it freely. It is all his, now what hath thou to say to that? (Puts her hands on her hips and looks at him with head thrown high. *Judah does not answer, but turns violently, throws down his bow, picks up the broken arrow, tossing it in Joseph's face, and walks away.*)

TAIA—I fear he will do thee harm, Joseph.

JOSEPH—Not so, Taia; have no fear. His growl is the worst part of Judah, and just now this coat angers him. (A horn sounds.) That is my father's call. I must go, Taia. (Points to the cairn.) Dost see that pile of stones?

TAIA—Ay, Joseph, I see it.

JOSEPH (*solemnly*)—By that heap of stones which doth cover the bones of a great man, I plight thee my faith. (Looks upward.) Make me as that heap of stones, Jehovah, and more so, if I be not true to thee, to Jacob and to thee, Taia. (Takes her hand.)

TAIA—And I will be true to thee, Joseph. Even should my father marry me to another, yet will I die ere I go to his tent. I swear it. (They embrace and Joseph hurries away, but looks back after Taia, mounts the pile of stones, so that she may see him the longer. *Exit slowly.*)

LEAH (*enters from her tent followed by Judah, who sits down beside her on the ground*)—Tell me what hath gone wrong now, my son (*taking his hand*).

JUDAH (*passionately, springing to his feet*)—Everything! Everything!

LEAH—Is it Joseph?

JUDAH (*speaking with deadly hate*)—Ay, it is Joseph.

LEAH—Tell me, Judah, thy new trouble.

JUDAH—It is not a new trouble, mother. It is the old one. It is two years since I first loved Taia when she danced among the maids at the New Moon Festival. No one of them all was so light of foot, or sweet of voice. I loved her from that time, and, afterwards, she seemed to like me and to hear me tell of how I killed the bear. She would clasp her hands and say, "Judah, thou art stronger than the strongest." She said it twice, "Thou art stronger than the strongest," and she laughed and showed her pretty teeth, mother.

LEAH—Go on, my son.

JUDAH—She laughed, mother, and showed her pretty teeth and said, I was stronger than the strongest when I killed the bear. Thou rememberest the time, mother (*laughs*). Oh, it was rare sport—afterwards, but at the time, mother, it was a big one and fierce.

LEAH—I remember, Judah, thy great peril.

JUDAH—It was afterwards that we came on Joseph in the woods over there (*jerking his head to the right*). He had been dreaming, and he rose up and told us the dream of the sheaves. His eyes had a strange light in them, and his voice sounded far away. Taia trembled like a leaf and she was different from

that day. She loved Joseph from that day, mother.

LEAH—But canst not win back her love, Judah?

JUDAH (*fiercely*)—Not while Joseph lives.

LEAH—But thou wouldst not kill him, for if so his father would die.

JUDAH—Joseph would have been dead long ago if thoughts could kill, for I hate him, hate him—mother (*with a snarl, showing his teeth*). Twice I would have killed him with an arrow. The first time it glanced aside and the last time Taia caught my hand. It was but a half hour ago. He stood over there, mother (*pointing*). There lies the bow, unstrung, and the broken arrow that I flung in his face as I left them together by the pile of stones over yonder. (*Walks forward and picks up the pieces of the arrow*) I wish he were dead, mother. I would he were as the arrow. (*Tosses it aside*.)

LEAH—But thou must not kill him, Judah. (*Grasps his hand and gazes at him fearfully*.) Promise me that thou wilt not kill him. I wish he were dead, but I would not have thee kill him.

JUDAH—But if some one else killed him, mother—

LEAH—That would be different. (*Exit*.)

JUDAH (*in a low tone*)—“That would be different,” she said. (*Exit*.)

CURTAIN

ACT I. SCENE II.

(*Dotham, a pasture where there are a deep pit and many rocks. Joseph's brothers are there, keeping their flocks. They are dressed as in last scene, except that some have on the head-dress or turban worn by those who slept out of doors. They have their wallets in which their food is kept, and are eating it. A fire is smouldering near them. Their slings and bows and arrows are lying beside them. Joseph approaches from the distance. He is dressed in his fine coat of many colors, which glisten in the air as he leaps from rock to rock, marking the contrast between his garb and that of his brothers.*)

JUDAH (*bitterly*)—Behold the Dreamer cometh! (*They all look and laugh derisively*.)

JUDAH—What would happen, think you, if he should be slain here in this pasture? He could be cast into that pit yonder and we could tell our father that some wild beast had devoured him. What then?

LEVI—Ay! What then would become of his dreams?

DAN—He would have had justice meted out to him for standing in the way of his elder brothers, and he could dwell in the land he loves forever, even the land of dreams. (*All laugh*.)

ZEBULUN (*still laughing*)—Ay, but he could not tell them. He would have them all to himself. (*Laughs so violently that he becomes choked and Levi pounds his back till he hits*

back and cries, “Enough! Enough! Wouldst kill a man for laughing?”) Shall we kill Joseph, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN—Thou art jesting, Zebulun; surely thou art jesting.

ZEBULUN—Nay, I am not jesting! That is, I think I am not jesting, but this bone in my throat did leave me in some doubt.

JUDAH (*to Benjamin*)—Thou art the son of Rachel, too. Shall we kill thy brother? He hath always stood in thy light as in ours.

BENJAMIN (*leaping to his feet*)—Nay, nay, my brothers. Kill him not. He hath done thee no harm. See (*pointing to Joseph*). He cometh singing, full of good cheer. (*Joseph enters*.)

JOSEPH—“God of my fathers, He feeds the flocks,

He giveth them water in the dry places,

So they shall not die—”

All hail, good brothers! How fareth thee and thy flocks?

REUBEN—We are well, Joseph.

BENJAMIN—The flocks are well also. How is our father?

JOSEPH—All well. Our father said to me this morning, “Go, I pray thee! See if it be well with thy brethren and well with the flocks, and bring me word again.” So I did go to Shechem and I could not find thee. But a man told me thou wert over Dotham way, so I came. I am hungry; wilt thou give me something to eat?

LEVI (*surlily*)—We have little enough for ourselves.

REUBEN—Eat of my fare, Joseph, and welcome.

(*Joseph takes his seat in the back center, beside Reuben and Benjamin, while the others plot in front center*.)

GAD—We might seize him when he rises—four on the one side and five on the other, nearest Reuben and Benjamin. So shall we prevail against him. Thou, Judah, thou mightst kill him with thy sling from where thou standest.

JUDAH—Not so, Gad, for I did promise my mother that I would not kill him.

GAD—Didst promise to save him?

JUDAH—Nay, and I will not save him, for he is twice enemy to me where he is but once enemy to thee.

DAN—Then thou shouldst be twice ready to kill him (*with authority*).

ISSACHAR—Hear what saith Dan, the Law-giver. That is what our father calleth Dan, “The Law-giver.”

JUDAH (*contemptuously*)—Hear what Issachar, the strong ass, saith! Didst not our father say also that Issachar is “a strong ass crowding between two burdens”? He did likewise say that Issachar should bow his shoulders to bear and become a servant. Thy burdens are here to thy hand, Issachar; three brothers on the one hand and six on the other. Bow thy shoulders, pick up thy

staff yonder and send the Dreamer to his long sleep.

ISSACHAR (*sleepily, looking from one to the other and scratching his head*)—If I must, so then I must. (*Picks up the staff*.) But I like not the task, for now I think me of it, he hath done me no harm at all. Dan, so our father saith, shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path. Go bite the heel of Joseph, so that he fall by the way, Dan.

DAN—How? Thou fool, thou ass!

ZEBULUN—Pull him to the ground by the heel, Dan, and let Issachar choke him with a grapevine (*tears vine from a tree*) till he die!

ISSACHAR—Nay, I will have none of the grapevine, nor yet of the staff (*drops it*). My two hands are better. Last week I killed a bear by throttling him. (*Looks at his hands, opening and shutting them*.)

JOSEPH (*noticing their strange manner and arising to his feet in alarm*)—What do my brothers talk of? Why do they look at me so?

REUBEN—They are angry with thee.

JOSEPH—Why? What have I done?

REUBEN—Nothing. Thou hast done nothing, Joseph.

JOSEPH—Then why—

(*He stops talking as the brothers advance threateningly. Issachar reaches over and pulls Joseph forward. Dan clutches his heel, pulling him to the ground. Then he steps back and stands with folded arms, as if he were judge of the proceedings, while Issachar grasps Joseph by the throat.*)

JUDAH (*manifesting the greatest joy, leaping and gesticulating*)—By the heel, Gad. Around the neck, Issachar. Thou hast him firmly.

BENJAMIN (*imploringly*)—Stay, my brothers! Leave Joseph! He hath not injured thee in any way. Think of our father, Jacob, thy mother Leah! If Joseph be killed, Jacob will die—if Jacob die, Leah will die.

REUBEN (*speaking impartially*)—True, if we kill Joseph, Jacob will die and if so, our mother will die also, for she could not live without him.

JUDAH—Not so! It will not kill Jacob to lose Joseph. Did he die when Rachel died? And did he not love Rachel more even than he loveth Joseph? Seize him and have it over! Kill him quickly, Issachar, and cast him into the pit yonder. I will take his coat, and on the way homeward will I kill a kid and dip the coat in the blood. Then we will tell Jacob that Joseph was killed by a wild beast and that we found this coat by the wayside.

JOSEPH (*wrenches himself loose and falls on his knees*)—Kill me not, my brothers! Let me live, oh, let me live! I love thee all. I have no ill will to any. I would do thee good and not ill at all. Why dost thou hate me so? (*All advance toward him*.)

JOSEPH—Oh, spare me! Spare me! It is so sweet to live and I am so young yet, my brothers. Let me live a little while longer. I want to hear the songs of the birds and the

voices of the winds. I want to learn some of the earth's secrets before I die. I want to repay my father for his love and do good to thee all, my brothers, for we were given life by the same father.

JUDAH—Cease thy babbling! We but send thee where thou canst dream always. Issachar, do thy task and do it well.

GAD—Ay, do it well!

JOSEPH—Spare me! Oh, spare me!

BENJAMIN—Ay, spare him, brothers! What hath he done more than I, that thou shouldst kill him?

(*They strike Benjamin and push Reuben aside when he would interfere. They strip off the mantle and coat and hand it to Judah. They take off his sandals and Issachar grips him again, when Reuben speaks with authority.*)

REUBEN—Hear me! I am the eldest! Take away thy hands, Issachar. I would reason with thee. Let us not kill Joseph. We will shed no blood, but we will cast him into the pit in this wilderness, and lay not our hands on him to kill him; then shall we not have his blood on us. In three days he will be dead of hunger, and we be rid of him. (*Aside to Benjamin*) Thou and I will make shift to save him. (*To Joseph, striking him roughly*) Make haste, thou Dreamer! Can we wait all day for thee? Cast him into the pit, Issachar, but hurt him not at all.

ISSACHAR (*to Joseph, clutching him*)—Must we wait for thee all day? (*To the others*)—Reuben is right. He is the eldest. We must heed him. It will be better to let him die of starvation than to throttle him, though my fingers were ready bent to the task.

SIMEON—As Reuben is the oldest, we will hear him.

ISSACHAR—Let him starve. I would get rid of him quickly, for I am hungry and would finish my mess. It must be a bad death to die—that of hunger—my brothers. Now I think me, I would rather be killed than die of hunger.

LEVI—Yet will not his blood be upon us as though we killed him.

(*They tie his hands and legs and then Issachar casts him down into the pit. Joseph falls with a cry of terror. Reuben steals away cautiously to bring relief. The others, with the exception of Benjamin, sit down to finish their meal. Benjamin stands at a distance. Cries of "Let me out! Let me live!" come from the pit as they eat. A caravan of Midianites and Israelites slowly passes in the distance. (They may be panoramic, or only supposedly seen by the brothers.) There are camels with their drivers, pagodas on the camels' backs, from which beautiful girls peep forth.*)

SIMEON (*stops eating and looks eagerly*)—There goeth some traders to Egypt!

ZEBULUN—Ay, and there be handsome girls and other merchandise. Dost see that bright-eyed damsel peeping from the pagoda on that camel—the last but one?

(*They all rise and look.*)

GAD—Ay, I see, but there is yet another

just in front of that one who is handsomer.

ZEBULUN.—Not so, if I am any judge

DAN—Here cometh one of the traders, peradventure to ask which road to take from the fork yonder. (*Suddenly*) Listen! Let us sell Joseph to him! His cries do make me sick so that I cannot eat. Beside, Reuben hath stolen away to bring succor. I know his sly ways. Let us sell Joseph before he returns.

GAD—Ay, Joseph is our brother and our flesh. Why should we slay him, for he will surely die of hunger if he is left in the pit. There is no profit in his death, but if we sell him, then shall we have much silver, for Joseph is strong and able. They will buy him and pay well for him.

ALL—Ay, ay, ay! Let us sell him!

BENJAMIN (*after looking to see if Reuben is coming, joins them*)—Nay, brethren, let him die in the pit. That will be better for us. We can pretend that he is killed, and if we take the bloody coat to Jacob he will say "Surely this is Joseph's coat and he is dead." But if you sell Joseph to traders he may return and then will he be dreaming again to our undoing.

JUDAH—Hear the youngest son of Jacob prate! Doth he think we cannot reckon his guile aright? He knoweth that Reuben hath gone and that he will shortly return and deliver Joseph from the pit. Hear me! (*Speaks authoritatively, as Reuben had done.*) He shall be killed or he shall be sold. Issachar shall go down into the pit and throttle him with those great hands of his. (*Issachar works his hands, opening and shutting them, while Benjamin retreats in despair.*) Or we shall sell him to the traders. Which shall it be, Benjamin? Speak, for the trader cometh!

BENJAMIN (*speaking with difficulty*)—Sell him, but I will have no part in my brother's undoing. (*Goest to the background with bowed head, while Issachar and Judah go down into the pit for Joseph.*)

TRADER (*dressed in long pantaloons with girdle and tall cap. Garments may be parti-colored if desired*)—We go to Egypt, but we have veered from the road and lost our way, or so it seemeth. Canst tell us how to get into the great highway which caravans travel?

JUDAH—Thou art in the way, good sir, but there is a better highway just beyond those hills to the right there (*pointing*). Cross those and thou wilt come to a smooth plain, thenceforth the way will be clear to thee.

(*Zebulun and Issachar approach with Joseph, who appears to have suffered injuries in the pit, as one arm hangs limp as if broken.*)

TRADER—Whom have we here, a disobedient slave?

JUDAH—Ay, and we would sell him to thee if thou wouldst buy him. See, he is strong, and as he never hath worked, so his strength is all in him.

(*The trader feels Joseph's arm and pinches*

his muscles. Joseph cries out in pain.)

TRADER—Sayest he is disobedient? Sayest he will not work?

JUDAH (*taken aback*)—Nay, I did not mean that. I meant—

JOSEPH—Sir, I am not a slave. I am the son of a great chief, and the brother of these men.

TRADER—Doth he speak truly or ill?

JUDAH AND ISSACHAR (*together*)—He is not our brother! He is a slave.

(*Benjamin comes forward as if to speak, but on second thought shrinks back.*)

TRADER (*to Judah*)—I will pay thee fifteen pieces of silver for him. He is young yet and no man knoweth whether he will be strong or weak when he is full grown.

GAD (*advancing*)—Ay, we must have twenty pieces, for he is a man and hath a man's strength already. Besides he is a soothsayer, and he dreams dreams and interprets them so that people wonder to hear and get gain to themselves when they do heed them. But yesterday he dreamed about Egypt.

TRADER—Sayest thou so? What dreamed he of Egypt?

GAD—It hath gone from me, but I know he did dream of Egypt.

JUDAH—Ay, that he did. He is worth more even than the twenty pieces, when I think me of how he doth dream dreams of what shall come to pass. Down in Egypt they would pay much for him. I think me now I will take him myself to Egypt and sell him to Pharaoh.

GAD—So do!

LEVI—He would surely bring great price in Egypt. A lad like that who dreams dreams of things which are to happen, and a strong comely youth of gentle disposition is worth far more than twenty pieces. (*Spits contemptuously on the ground.*) What! Wast thou a dreamer, too (*speaking to Judah*) that thou shouldst ask no more than twenty pieces for him?

TRADER (*hastily*)—Nay, I will pay thee twenty pieces of silver for the slave, and, more, I will have Zilpha, the Dancing Girl, and other maids, dance for thee. They were stolen from a temple in Phoenicia. My men made a raid on them as they came from the temple and captured every one of them. Two or three are ill of homesickness, and one hath her arm broken—she did fight so fiercely. But she can dance if she will, and Lolo shall show thee such dancing as thou never sawst before. Shall I fetch them?

ALL—Ay, fetch them!

(*The brothers seat themselves on the ground, all but Joseph, who stands, still bound hand and foot, and watch interestedly the point where the traders vanished, occasionally slapping each other playfully.*)

JOSEPH (*in a tone of agony*)—Oh, my brothers, do not sell me into Egypt. I pray thee, think better of it. Let me stay with thee and my father.

(They take no notice of this appeal except Benjamin, who goes to his side and talks earnestly till the traders return with four dancing girls. They are dressed in long, loose robes and one has a mantle and tambourine. The brothers talk to them eagerly. One girl has her arm in a sling and she approaches Benjamin, who arranges the bandages tenderly for her.)

BENJAMIN—What is thy name, damsel?

ZILPHA—My name is Zilpha. What may I call thee?

BENJAMIN—I am Benjamin and the brother of Joseph yonder.

ZILPHA—Why dost thou let him be sold?

BENJAMIN—It is the better of two evils. They will kill him or sell him for a slave, they do hate him so. What can I do? Reuben, the only one who loves him, hath gone to get succor, but Judah saw his mind and so said that Joseph should be killed or sold. If he be sold I may yet see him. If he be killed, what hope have I?

ZILPHA (with bowed head and broken voice)—Thou hast none as I have none. It is a long way to Crete, where I was taken, and if I go down into Egypt I shall never more see my home. That I know.

BENJAMIN (tenderly)—Wouldst stay here with me? I love thee and will be kind to thee.

ZILPHA—How canst thou love me when but a short time ago thou hadst not seen me?

BENJAMIN—But I have seen thee in my dreams for a long time, only I did not see thy face; but now I see it, how it is fairer than I did think any face could be. I love thee, Zilpha!

(They stand at front left center with clasped hands while the other girls dance.)

ZILPHA—Hast thou silver to buy me, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN—Nay, but I will see what I can do. (Approaches the trader.) I will in no way consent to the sale of this man, in whom I own a part, save and except thou leavest with me this girl. She is lame (spits contemptuously), she is homesick (spits again), and is of no account at all.

(Zilpha begins to cry outright and moves her arm, at which she shrinks as if with pain.)

TRADER—She is a comely maiden.

BENJAMIN—She hath a squint eye.

ZILPHA (indignantly)—I have not a squint eye. (Benjamin looks at her warningly.) Nay, but now I think me of it, my eye doth squint a little. They both do squint.

BENJAMIN (to trader)—Thou hast best hasten, for my brother Reuben hath gone to get help, and if he returns thou wilt not have the slave. He will prevent thee. I will keep this girl.

ALL—Ay, ay, we will keep this girl.

GAD—The slave (points to Joseph) is worth more than thirty pieces.

TRADER—Thirty! He did say twenty (points to Judah).

GAD—Didst say twenty, Judah?

JUDAH—Ay, but—

TRADER (hastily)—Keep the girl! Come! (to Joseph).

(Joseph shrinks and falls to the ground. The trader cuts the thongs which bind his feet, when Joseph wrenches himself away and returns to Benjamin, while the trader pays Judah.)

JOSEPH—Jehovah keep thee, my brother. Think not that I blame thee, for thou couldst do nothing to save me. If thou savest this girl it will be well with thee. Tell Taia that I will come for her. Peradventure God will be good to me in this thing and she will yet be my wife. Console Jacob, my father. Peradventure I may see him again. God keep thee and Reuben, and these other brothers of mine, who have hated me sorely these many years. (To the trader) I am ready.

(The trader leads him away. The dancing girls who have been bidding farewell follow them.)

JUDAH (roughly to Zilpha)—Well, what canst thou do? Canst thou dance and sing?

ZILPHA—I could sing once and I could dance, but now that I am lame—

ISSACHAR—Canst thou cook venison between hot stones so that it be juicy and tender?

ZILPHA—What is venison? I know not.

LEVI—Nay, she can do nothing but eat, and if she eat she shall work. I will see to that. Here, take my wallet and carry it for me!

ALL—And mine! And mine!

(They take off their wallets and sling them down. She begins to gather them up when Benjamin interferes and flings them back. Some hit their owners in the stomach, some in the head, etc.)

LEVI—Another dreamer! Another lover! (They snap their fingers in his face and leave Benjamin, taking Joseph's coat. Levi hastens ahead of the others.)

ZILPHA—Thou saidst that I do squint (to Benjamin, as they walk together behind the others).

BENJAMIN—So thou dost when the sun shines in thy eyes.

ZILPHA—Thou saidst that I am lame.

BENJAMIN—Art thou not lame?

ZILPHA—Not so lame as I seemst. I will dance for thee, but I would not dance for those others.

BENJAMIN—But thy arm is in a sling.

ZILPHA—But I do not dance with my arm (laughs).

(She dances slowly at first, then faster and better, and taking her arm from the sling, casts the bandage aside. At last she flings herself down beside Benjamin.)

ZILPHA—See, I am well! Joy hath cured me.

BENJAMIN—Joy?

ZILPHA—Joy, or Benjamin—I know not which (skyly). It is the same.

BENJAMIN—Say it is love?

ZILPHA—Thou shalt say, but first thou shalt tell me what is love.

BENJAMIN—Love? Why love is—every-
thing!

(Enter Jacob and Reuben. They are fol-
lowed at some distance by the brothers. Judah,
with Joseph's coat, is in the rear, and hiding
behind Issachar's burly form. Benjamin picks
up the bandage and adjusts it on Zilpha's
arm. She slips her arm in the sling.)

ZILPHA—Shall I limp also?

BENJAMIN—Ay. (She limps a short dis-
tance. Reuben approaches Benjamin and talks
with him apart down right center.)

REUBEN—What shall we do? I am rent
in twain by this trouble. See, Judah is
behind with the bloody coat, but Levi hath
told me Joseph hath been sold. Now I did
not tell Jacob, our father, even that Joseph
was in the pit. He was coming toward the
pasture as I met him and I did but say,
"Come with me to the pasture." When we
met Levi he did secretly tell me of what hath
befallen Joseph. What shall we tell our
father? That Joseph hath been killed by
wild beasts, or that he hath been sold into
Egypt? If I say this last and Joseph is res-
cued from the trader, then Judah will surely
kill us and Joseph later and Jacob will
indeed be bereft. Tell me, Benjamin, what
shall we do, for my mind is sorely tried be-
tween these, my father and my brethren.
(Takes off his turban and wipes his brow with
his hand.)

BENJAMIN (looks at Zilpha, who stands
beside him)—Let Judah tell his tale. If we
say that Joseph is alive we cannot give him
back, for the caravan hath gone on its way,
and it had many people with it who had
lances and spears (hesitatingly). I did see
them as they passed. Besides, they may
have gone another way. But if we say as
Judah doth, that our brother hath been
killed, then will he sorrow as without hope
and in time be consoled, as it was when my
mother Rachel died.

REUBEN—Thou art right. (Goes back to
Judah.) Approach, Judah, and tell thy
tale.

JUDAH (comes and stands before Jacob and
displays the bloody mantle. His look is down-
cast, his head lowered.) This we have found.
Know thou whether it be Joseph's coat or
not? It was bloody when we did find it,
just over there (pointing to right back center).

JACOB (takes the garment, looks it over and
then stares first at Judah, then at Reuben and
at Benjamin. The last two turn away their
heads. Judah gazes into his face without
flinching.)

JACOB (in trembling voice)—It is my son's
coat! Oh, Joseph, my son, my son! (He
takes a few steps and then totters as if he would
fall. The others gather about him, but he
waves them back.) My son (falleringly) thou
hast left me: Some evil beast hath devoured
thee, and I am bereft. An old man, an old
man, left—and thou art taken! Jehovah, how
hath thou bereft me! Thou hast taken
the light of my life, the rose of my love.

Rachel gave thee to me, Joseph, in the early
days of our love. She left him to me
when she went into the dark valley. Thou
comforted me, and I said, "I am not alone,
for Rachel gave me of herself (musingly).
He was like her, with pleasant ways, even
for those who loved him not. His brethren
will not mourn him, but I shall mourn him
all the days of my pilgrimage on the earth.

(He beats his breast and looks upward, then
he rends his mantle and, stooping before the
place where the brothers had their fire, takes
some ashes and slowly sifts them on his head.
The brothers all stand with bowed heads. Jacob
looks as if dazed. Then a spasm of agony racks
his features. Putting up both hands he cries,
"Joseph, my son, my son, my son!" and falls
to the ground. The brothers crowd around
to carry him away, but Reuben and Benjamin
motion them back and take him as the curtain
falls.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT II. SCENE I

*Egypt four years later. Pharaoh's Court.
Throne room. Enter, at sound of trumpet,
Pharaoh and his followers. Magicians, chief
butler and others, including Potipher.*

PHARAOH—I have been disappointed, magi-
cians, that thou and thy fellow-soothsayers
cannot not interpret the dreams I have
dreamed, for I am persuaded that they are
no common dreams. The welfare of Egypt
is bound up in their true interpretation,
and evil will come to all the land if these, my
dreams, cannot be told according as the true
meaning may be.

1st MAGICIAN (bowing low before the King)
—I did attempt to read it and I did fail, O
King. Some portions did seem plain to me,
but the rest was hidden. I doubt me if any
can be found to read thy dream rightly, O
King, although some may seem to do this
thing.

PHARAOH—My Chief Butler hath told me
of a Hebrew who hath great skill in divining
the true meaning of dreams. Approach,
Pharos, and tell thy story.

(Pharos, the Chief Butler, approaches, and
the Magician looks at him angrily. He pros-
trates himself before the king.)

CHIEF BUTLER—It was two years ago,
great and glorious King, since thou didst cast
me into prison, and also thy chief baker.
The cakes that he did bake for thee lay hard
in thy stomach. He was hanged on a tree.

PHARAOH—They were like lead, and I
would do the same again, givest any one me
such cakes. But go on!

CHIEF BUTLER—This man, Joseph, was
confined in the ward with me and with the
chief baker, and he served us and was guard
over us. The baker and I did dream dreams
the same night—strange dreams that we
could not understand. My dream was that
a vine was before me and on the vine were
three branches and the vine budded, and
blossoms shot forth and the clusters thereof

brought forth ripe grapes. And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand and I took the grapes and pressed them into the cup, and I gave the cup into thy hand, O King!

PHARAOH—Proceed, Pharo, we would hear what came next.

CHIEF BUTLER—That was as I dreamed, and it made me sad; and the chief of the bakers did dream on the same night that on his head were three white baskets. In the uppermost basket were all kinds of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the basket on his head. So did we tell our dreams to Joseph and he did say, to me, "The three branches are three days. In three days Pharaoh shall lift thine head and restore thee to thy place and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup unto his hand, after the former manner when thou wert his butler." Then did Joseph say unto me, "Think on me, when it shall be well with thee and show kindness unto me, for I was stolen away from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done nothing that they should put me in this dungeon."

PHARAOH—I seem to remember something of this matter of thyself and of the chief baker, but not of Joseph. Thou didst not tell me when thou wast restored to thy place. Now tell of the Chief Baker's dream to the magicians, that they may hear and believe, even as I believed. (*The King glances maliciously at the magicians, who shift about and look uneasily at each other.*)

CHIEF BUTLER—The chief baker, O King, when he heard that my interpretation was good, did ask Joseph to tell the meaning of his dream, and it was thus Joseph did speak to the baker: "The three baskets are three days, yet within three days shall Pharaoh hang thee on the tree, and the birds shall eat the flesh from off thee." Then was the baker sad, but so it did come to pass. In three days thou didst hang the chief baker, but me thou didst return to my place, O Pharaoh—and yet did I forget to make mention of Joseph.

PHARAOH—But when thou wert told of my dreams, O magicians, and could not interpret them, then the butler didst remember and say unto me, "Send for Joseph, the Hebrew, and he will read thy dreams." I have sent for him, and lo, he cometh.

(Enter Joseph in the custody of two officers. *He prostrates himself before Pharaoh.*)

PHARAOH—Art thou Joseph?

JOSEPH—I am Joseph, O King, what is thy will with me, O King?

PHARAOH—It is that thou readest my dream for me, for no one can interpret it, but I have heard of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.

JOSEPH (modestly, with hands folded on his breast)—It is not in me, O King, but God shall give Pharaoh an answer.

PHARAOH—I will tell my dream. Behold I stood upon the bank of a river and behold there cometh up out of the river seven kine,

fat-fleshed and well-formed and they fed in a meadow by the river. And behold again seven other kine came up out of the river after them, poor and very lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness, and the lean and ill-formed kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up—mark you this—(*the king leans forward and all the hearers maintain a tense attention*), it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still as lean as at the beginning (*exclamations break forth from the officers; the magicians whisper among themselves*). So I awoke, and then I dreamed again, and lo and behold! in my dream I was in a cornfield, and I saw seven ears on one stock, full and good. And again seven ears, thin and blasted by the east wind, sprang up after them and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears (*an impressive pause*). I told my dreams unto the magicians, but there was not one of them that could declare their meaning unto me.

JOSEPH (impressively)—God hath shown to Pharaoh what He is about to do. The seven good kine are seven good years, and the seven thin and ill-formed kine and the seven empty ears of corn, blasted by the east wind, shall be seven years of famine. What God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. (*Bows his head.*)

PHARAOH—Lo, thy words are words of wisdom. Speak on!

JOSEPH—Behold, there first cometh seven years of great plenty throughout the land of Egypt, and after them seven years of famine, and all the plenty shall be forgotten. Mark ye (*leaning forward*), and all the plenty shall be as if it never hath been, for the famine shall eat up the plenty, as the kine and the corn were eaten up in thy dream, O King; and because thou didst dream the dream twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will surely bring it to pass.

PHARAOH—But is there no way to bring the dream to naught?

JOSEPH—Ay, or it would not have been shown thee, O King.

PHARAOH—Thou shalt tell me how it shall be accomplished.

JOSEPH—This is the way: Let Pharaoh look out for a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the Land of Egypt, and let him appoint officers and take up a fifth part of the land and lay up in the seven plenteous years all that shall be raised, and lay up the corn under the hand of Pharaoh and store it up in the cities. This food shall be for the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt after the seven years of plenty shall be passed. So shall the people have food to eat and not perish.

PHARAOH (to his counsellors)—Can we find such a man as this is, in whom is the spirit of God, save in this man?

COUNSELLORS—Such a man as this is, in whom the Spirit of God is, thou canst not find save in this man, O King.

PHARAOH (*to Joseph*)—Approach (*to his jailer*), but first take off his chains. (*The chains are unfastened and fall to the floor with a clank.*) For as much as God hath shown thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne will I be greater than thou. (*Pharaoh takes off ring from his finger and puts it on Joseph's hand, and puts a gold chain about his neck, taking it from his own neck.*) By these tokens I set thee over all the land of Egypt. Thou art the viceroy. Thou shalt ride in the second chariot and the people shall cry before thee, "Bow the knee, for the King hath made him ruler over all the land of Egypt!" I am Pharaoh, and without thee no man shall lift up hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. Thy name shall henceforth be called "Zaphnath," and I will give thee the most beautiful maid in all Egypt to be thy wife. Hear ye all what I have spoken.

(*Exit Pharaoh and officers, followed by Joseph, his keepers following at a respectful distance, the magicians in the rear.*)

(CURTAIN)

ACT II. SCENE II.

Seven years later. Egypt, Temple of the Sun in the background. A magnificent gateway affords entrance to one of its large courts. In the court is a huge obelisk standing on a supporting structure, disguised by handsome blocks of red granite. High up in the obelisk is an image of Osiris, who is worshipped at the Time as Ri-Horus, also as the local god, Atum. When the god speaks the stone eyes give place to human eyes. Sometimes it is the priest who speaks through the god, and sometimes it is Pharaoh. In this play it is Pharaoh, King Peppeti, who by some historians is believed to have been of Hebrew origin, thus accounting for his giving so much authority into the hands of Joseph. Asenath was the name of a golden-haired woman who at this time wielded much power in Egypt.*

In front of the obelisk is a gigantic altar composed of great blocks of alabaster. At the foot of the obelisk's altar is a small chapel adorned with graceful sculpture in relief.

At the right of stage in the foreground is a throne-seat in readiness for the king, when he shall come from the chapel where he is visiting the god Atum. Outside the chapel to the right of stage, officers of the court, including the councilors, guards, captains (including Potipher). Joseph is at the head of them all, dressed in a magnificent triple robe, with mantle of crimson, clasped on the shoulder by a large jeweled ornament. The magician's robes are adorned with mystical characters. All have armlets, and all have sandals on their feet.

At the extreme right stands Politan in half-priestly attire with curiously woven necklace and panther skin down the back of his robe, which is dark green.

AGITA, in dress of Greek gentleman, with roll and stylus with which he is making notes of proceedings, carried by a slave, is gazing so earnestly at the chapel group as to run into Politan. He starts back and salutes. Politan responds courteously.

AGITA—Canst forgive my awkwardness?

POLITAN—Canst forgive my standing in the way?

AGITA—Thy courtesy is great. A grand day this for the populace!

POLITAN—Ay, it must be amused, and to the Egyptian nothing appealeth as does the religious festival. He must have a new god at every wayside chapel and swear him vows each time a ray of sunlight cometh across his path.

AGITA—The chief god is Osiris, is he not?

POLITAN (*indifferently and adjusting his robe carelessly*)—Ay, Osiris—Ri-Horus, Atum, it matters not which.

AGITA—Wilt pardon me if I ask a question?

POLITAN—Ask, I will answer if it be a dozen, for 'tis weary waiting here for Pharaoh to come forth.

AGITA—Thanks, sir. I am sent from Crete to learn something of thy religion here at Heliopolis, else I would not trouble thee.

POLITAN—Heliopolis is renowned for its religions. Thou couldst not come to a better place.

AGITA—So it is said; and I was sent to study the worship of the sun, which is strange to me.

POLITAN—'Tis strange to me likewise. Religions are always strange. 'Tis the mystery of it that makes religion popular.

AGITA—Surely. Thy gods do remind me of our gods at Athens and at Crete, except that we of the higher cult know that there is but one God—He who made the universe in its entirety.

POLITAN—So it is with us. Horus is but Osiris, and Atum is Horus.

AGITA—Is't so? (*Motions to his attendant, who hands him a roll and a stylus from a box which he carries them in, and then sinks down on his knees before his master. Agita makes a desk of the slave's back and writes rapidly.*) With us the unthinking mind cannot grasp the oneness of God, so there is a god of war, a god of love, or a goddess rather (*laughs*), a god of thunder and so on.

POLITAN—So hath the Egyptian his god of the mist, of the moon and stars; but we of the priesthood and the ruling class do worship one God only.

AGITA—(*writes*) And what is the name of this God?

POLITAN—The Sun, for look you! Without the sun mankind would perish; with the sun we have plenty. We are wholly worshippers of the Great Disk, and mark me, soon we shall be known simply as Disk Worshippers.

AGITA—Is that so? (*Writes rapidly.*)

POLITAN—Ay, even now we have drawn up our rules of observances. They were

made by Asenath, the so-called daughter of the Priest of On. But as yet the common mind cannot grasp the thought, and so it must keep to its little gods a while longer.

AGITA—What doth this God of thine signify?

POLITAN—Goodness and Plenty. He, this God of Goodness and Plenty, gave us the Nile. What greater boon could there be?

AGITA—I have often heard the remark that Egypt is the gift of the Nile.

POLITAN—And 'tis one—the Nile, the Sun, the Giver of the Sun, canst think beyond that?

AGITA—I can think.

POLITAN—Then thou hast found the Ancient One, whom the priests of On worship in their hearts.

AGITA—So doth our gods hark back to the great and only One. Who taught thee thus to worship the One God?

POLITAN—Asenath, she I did tell thee of.

AGITA—Thou saidst that she was the so-called daughter of the Priest of On.

POLITAN—And I spake truly. She is not his daughter, although she is so accounted. Some say she is a Hebrew—some say she is Isis, the sister-mother of Osiris.

AGITA—What sayest thou? (Politan shrugs his shoulders.) What thinkest thou then?

POLITAN—That Asenath is the most beautiful woman in all Egypt. In that she is a goddess truly, whether she be Isis or another.

AGITA (much interested)—How doth she look?

POLITAN—She doth not look. It is others who look, and to their confusion.

AGITA—What is the color of her hair?

POLITAN—Gold, like the color of the sun.

AGITA—Her eyes?

POLITAN—Blue as the azure of the skies.

AGITA—Is her skin light or dark?

POLITAN—Fair, like unto fleecy clouds, her cheeks are as rosy as the morning, her teeth like pearls and her lips the color of rubies (laughs with some confusion). Have I not given thee a glowing picture?

AGITA—Thou hast, indeed. Wilt marry her? I see thou art of the priesthood.

POLITAN—Nay, it is Joseph, the Viceroy, who will marry her, or so it is said.

AGITA—How is that?

POLITAN—When Joseph was made Vice-roy, Pharaoh did promise him the most beautiful maid in all Egypt. Asenath is the most beautiful, and she hath great reputation in the temple, as hath Joseph in the king's court.

AGITA—But hath he been all these years in making up his mind?

POLITAN—I know not the whole story, or whether any of it be true or not, but it is the gossip of the palace.

AGITA—I would I might see this Joseph.

POLITAN—Thou canst. Come hither. I will show thee Joseph.

AGITA (eagerly)—Where is he?

POLITAN—By the steps yonder. (They

stand together, Politan pointing over Agita's shoulder.)

AGITA—Ay, I see. The tall man with the grand air. It is no won—

POLITAN—Thou art mistaken; Joseph hath the grand air, but he is not tall. He stands alone on the upper steps, just above the tall one, who is Pharaoh's Grand Treasurer.

AGITA—I see, and now I do look me again, 'tis plain that he is a great man. (To slave) Come hither, knave! Though he is not of great stature (*writes*).

POLITAN—It is Joseph who caused this festival.

AGITA—How is that?

POLITAN—Thou must know that the Nile hath yielded great plenty to Egypt up to two years ago. Now Joseph tells the people that the seven years' famine hath begun. Great stores have been laid up in all the cities and Egypt will not suffer, though other countries have no food. Canaan, the country of the Hebrews, is sorely stricken already, and people throng Heliopolis, their errand being to buy some of this food which Joseph caused to be stored up. But the people are not satisfied. Having had seven years of great plenty, they did yet petition Joseph to ask Horus for a continuation of the prosperity; and so to please them he did arrange this festival to propitiate Horus or Atum, to—well, to tease him to change his mind and to ward off the famine.

AGITA—But if Horus or Atum doth not change his mind?

POLITAN—Then will the Nile cease to inundate Egypt for yet five years more. It is two years since the bed of the Nile went dry. Five years more! Ye gods! But for Joseph's foresight we should all be dead now.

AGITA—Then this festival—

POLITAN (returning to his cynical mood)—Counteth one more to Atum and to the people—so much greater pleasure.

AGITA—How many gods hath thou in Egypt, great and lesser?

POLITAN (indifferently)—Nine, or is it eight? Whichever it is, all will be represented here today by men with heads of animals. Osiris, in the person of the Priest of On, I hear will lead the procession, and he will wear the head of a hawk, and for a crown the sun encircled by a serpent. Asenath will lead the procession of goddesses. She will wear no headdress, but the other goddesses will wear heads of birds and serpents.

AGITA—Birds and serpents! Gentleness and wisdom! A new idea, is it not?

POLITAN—New? Well, that is as it may be. Some, if not all women have gentleness, and it is to be hoped that some few have wisdom (*looks at the sun dial at the top of the obelisk*). It is almost time for the king to appear. The first rays will strike the image of Horus soon. There! See!

(The sunlight falls on the bright image of

Horus, which is set in the walls of the obelisk above the chapel. Simultaneously with the first appearance of light a procession of men and women comes from the extreme left. All are dressed in festive garb. The women shake rattles, some being gourds, the others of artificial make. The men play flutes and horns except the last. All sing. Those not playing instruments keep time by clapping their hands. They circle about the chapel until Asenath comes forth to join them. She is garbed as Isis and has her sistrum, a kind of timbrel. On her shoulder is inscribed the word "Isis." Her attendant, another beautiful maiden, carries in her right hand a jug of water, in her left a loaf of bread. They sing with bowed heads, and the procession joins them by clapping hands, etc., but in a subdued manner.

"O my God, Lord of the Gods, Amon Ri, Stretch out thy hands to me, save me, Rise up for me, revive me, Thou art our God that hath no equal, The sun that riseth in the heavens, Atum, who created man, Thou hearest him that calleth upon thee. Thou deliverest man from the hands of the mighty."*

(The sun now shines full on the face of the god; living eyes appear in the sockets and a voice speaks.)

Voice—Hear the One of One, what he saith. Obey Pharaoh. Obey Joseph. Famine hath come. Be not violators of the stores laid by, for yet five years more of famine are to come. Hear ye what Horus Ri hath spoken.

(They all prostrate themselves before the image, which becomes statue-like again. Then Asenath with her attendants rises up and stands before them. She chants.)

ASENATH—Horus Ri, who is Atum, who is God, the Almighty One, God of our fathers, hath blessings for thee if thou doth obey him. Obey Peppet the Pharaoh; obey Joseph the Dreamer. Hear him, ye people of the great king. Obey Joseph as he directed when he did say, "Bend the knee," and did make him ruler over all the land of Egypt, after the king.

CHORUS (*charted by the procession*)—Joseph, Joseph, he is Pharaoh's Right Hand. He hath brought plenty to Egypt in the midst of famine.

(Then there comes from the chapel four gods and four goddesses, dressed to represent various deities. They have head-pieces which represent animals, birds and serpents. The Priest of On with headpiece like a hawk encircled by a serpent (as described by Politan) takes his place in front of the four goddesses. Thus they stand, circling the steps where stand Joseph and the king's officers, awaiting the coming of Pharaoh from his visit to the god Atum. As Asenath stands she is exactly in front of Joseph. There is a moment of stillness when her voice can be distinctly heard as she bows gracefully before Joseph and says, "Remember

thy vow." Joseph is startled and looks at her intently. She repeats "Remember thy vow.")

AGITA (who has watched all the proceedings with great interest, occasionally saying to his slave, "Scoop, knave!" and using his back as a desk to write upon)—Didst hear her say to Joseph "Remember thy vow"?

POLITAN—Ay, or so it sounded.

AGITA—What was the meaning thereof, think you?

POLITAN—Ask me not the meaning of a woman's words, even though she be a goddess.

(At last the king comes forth and Joseph joins him, walking at his right hand. The procession of gods and goddesses, led by the Priest of On and Asenath, follow. Then come the other processions, gradually augmented by the populace and other deities. Among them is Bacchus, and others with animal masks. One drops his mask—it is that of a baboon—and it is picked up by a man who puts it on, face backwards, at which there is a shout.)

AGITA—A merry philosopher, he! Will he be haled before the council and lose his head for that?

POLITAN—He hath lost it already, hath he not?

AGITA—But surely such impiety as that will not go unpunished.

POLITAN—My dear fellow, thou hast much yet of study before thee if thou wouldst understand the Egyptians—at a festival. I go.

(Salutes and joins the procession just between the priests and the populace. Agita stands with folded arms as it sweeps past. The curtain falls just as the king seats himself on the throne.)

CURTAIN

ACT II. SCENE III

Two Days Later

(In the Palace. Enter Pharaoh and his officers at the sound of the trumpet. He seats himself on his throne. Enter the queen with her ladies, among them Potipher's wife. The queen seats herself beside the king, her ladies circling about her. The trumpet sounds a third time and Joseph enters with his attendants. All but Joseph prostrate themselves before the throne. He bends the knee but for a moment and then stands.)

PHARAOH—Approach, Joseph. Sit at my right hand. I would talk to thee, for I have much to say to thee of thy marriage. (*Joseph sits behind him.*)

JOSEPH—I remember (*starts as if recollecting the words of Asenath*). So she did say yesterday, "Remember, remember thy vow."

PHARAOH—The time passes. It was seven years ago that thou didst bring blessing into Egypt, and thou hast not yet chosen a wife.

JOSEPH (*indifferently*)—Thou speakest truly, O King.

PHARAOH—Choose now. Remember I did promise thee the most beautiful maid in

* See "Religions of Ancient Egypt," by Renouf. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, Page 213, Lecture I. Bredsted's "Egyptian Religions," Adolf Eman's "Egyptian Religions," etc., etc.

all Egypt. Who thinkest thou is she—the most beautiful maid in all Egypt?

JOSEPH—I know not, O King, but this I do know, that I am promised to the most beautiful maid in the land of the Hebrews, which is Canaan. How, then, can I marry an Egyptian?

(*The ladies whisper among themselves.*)

PHARAOH—This is indeed strange. Tell me the tale. I would hear it.

JOSEPH—When I was a lad, scarce more than seventeen, I was stolen from my father's home in Canaan, and sold into Egypt. I loved Taia, the daughter of a neighbor, and she loved me well, O King Peppepi, and we were pledged each to the other. Now then, when I was torn from my father and from Taia, I did pray always in my sad heart that the Lord would let me return for them. It is a long time now since I left Canaan. Two years did I spend in servitude, two years did I spend in prison and yet seven more in serving thee. Once were I down in Canaan to see Taia, but I found her not and no one could tell me of her. But still I seek her, and she it is who will be the wife of Joseph, O lord and king, she and none other, if she be living.

PHARAOH—But if she be not living? Peradventure she be dead. 'Tis long time since thou leavest her in the land of Canaan.

JOSEPH—I have had news of her. It hath been told me that her father did die of fever and that Taia was in search of me. It was five years ago and she may still be seeking me. I will wait yet a little while longer, and my men shall seek her as before. (*Joseph folds his arms and looks determined.*)

(*The king beckons the Priest of On to approach. He comes and stands before Joseph. Joseph descends to speak with him face to face. They salute.*)

PRIEST—Hear me, O Prince, what I would tell thee of my daughter Asenath, who declares that she will wed none but thee. She is the most beautiful maid in all Egypt; fair, where other maids are dark, blue-eyed where other maids are dark of orb, tall as the cedar, where other maids are as the scraggly bush and she loves thee well, O Prince!

JOSEPH—How is this? I have never spoken with thy daughter.

PHARAOH—But she hath spoken to thee and this she doth say to me, "I will have no man but this Joseph to rule over me, for, as after the King, doth he rule over Egypt, so after Jehovah shall he rule over me, and I will obey him and his mandates only."

JOSEPH—It is thy daughter who abideth in the temple and teacheth the new religion to the maids, and who doth sing with a sweet voice and did lead the procession yesterday as Isis?

PRIEST—So did she, O Prince, and not only yesterday, but other days hath she seen thee.

JOSEPH—So have I seen her, but I did not mark her well until yesterday. Then I did note that she doth resemble Taia, the maid

I love, only Taia was less tall and less beautiful.

PRIEST—Sayest thou so, less tall and less beautiful? Then thou wilt love my daughter surely.

JOSEPH—Nay, good priest. I will love only Taia, for she it is who hath my vows. My father Jacob served fourteen years for my mother Rachel. Unworthy should I be did I not wait these few years for Taia.

PHARAOH—But Joseph, my friend, Taia is far away and Asenath is here. She loveth thee. She is taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia and I would see thee wedded, Joseph.

JOSEPH—Height and beauty, O King, what are these when the heart loveth? By a heap of stones in the field where I last saw her did I swear to be true to Jehovah, to my father and to Taia and I said, moreover, "Make me as that heap of stones and more so, if I be not true to thee." This I swear to Taia, and she answered "I will be true to thee. Even should my father marry me to another, yet will I die ere I go to his tent."

PRIEST—So said my daughter Asenath, when I would have wedded her to Gilgal. "Urge me not, my father, for if thou weddest me to him, I will die ere I go to his tent." These were her words. I love my daughter. She is all I have, and I would not force her to wed Gilgal. But now she loveth thee and saith, "None else will I wed save this noble prince. How can I marry other since I know him: the greatest man in all Egypt after the King."

PHARAOH—My good Priest, but all maids cannot wed Joseph. They must wed lesser men, or not at all. I know thy daughter is the foremost maid, as well as the most gifted and the most beautiful. I would see her the wife of Joseph, but if he will not wed her, why, he will not. Reason with thy daughter and tell her that Joseph is pledged to another maid whom he loveth ere he saw Asenath. We ourselves will look into this matter and will send in search of the Hebrew maiden, and if we find her she shall be brought to wed Joseph.

JOSEPH—I thank thee, O King, for thy great kindness which thou hast brought this day to me. May the God of my fathers bless thee for it.

PRIEST—Nay, but my daughter will die if thou dost marry another.

PHARAOH—Joseph shall reason with her.

PRIEST—Didst ever know a woman to listen to reason?

PHARAOH—But if Joseph reasons she will listen to him.

PRIEST—But not to his reasoning. She hath seen him and heard his speech and her soul bows to his soul. She loves him, O King (*fallers*). She loves thee, O Prince (*to Joseph*). I, her father, plead for her, for she will die if thou dost wed another, and I have no other child.

PHARAOH (*to Joseph*)—Thou must see this

foolish maid and tell her about the matter.

JOSEPH—I will do so, O King, at my early chance. But now I would talk with thee of this famine which is over all the lands save Egypt only. For seven plenteous years did we gather foods in the cities, corn as the sands of the sea, beside other foods. But in other lands it was not so. And now that the famine hath come, the people of other lands do flock here to buy food. Tomorrow we will open our stores and sell them food for good prices. It will make us rich and ease their hunger—so all shall be well with us and thee, O King!

PHARAOH—It was my dream and thy reading of my dream which brought all this good to Egypt.

JOSEPH—And this good to the whole world, O King, for if thou hadst not dreamed the dream, and I had not told the meaning, many people of all nations—men, women and children—would have died, and now can they be fed.

PHARAOH—Yet five years more must the famine rage?

JOSEPH—Thou speakest truly. The drouth cometh from the hill winds which bloweth the moisture away continually, the clouds give no rain, the seas dry up and the seeds shrivel in the ground. Jehovah pity the people who have no stores laid by. (Looks upward.)

STEWARD—Ay, and send them to Egypt to buy corn with money in their purses.

QUEEN—I would speak with thee, Prince Joseph. (Joseph salutes her gracefully and in courtly manner.) Thou art looking well, O Prince. I could wish that thou wert married. Hast seen and talked ever with Asenath, the Priest's daughter?

JOSEPH—I have seen her, my Queen, and I thank thee for thy interest.

QUEEN—Is she not beautiful?

JOSEPH—She is beautiful indeed.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (to side lady)—She is not beautiful. Her hair is like dried hay, her face is like skimmed milk and her form is as a staff ten feet high. (They laugh.)

QUEEN—Wilt meet Asenath some day in my palace?

JOSEPH (bowing low)—I will meet her some day in thy palace, O Queen.

PHARAOH—Our Queen is so well beloved that she would have other women well beloved also and she loveth Asenath much.

JOSEPH—I thank thee, O King. I thank thee, O Queen, for thy much interest. But as for me, my vows are vowed to Taia, and I cannot unvow them. I go to give audience to some men of Samaria who are come to buy corn. (Bows low to king and queen and exits with attendants.)

PHARAOH—Come hither, honored priest. Bring thy daughter to the Queen's audience room tomorrow. She will make shift to have her meet with Joseph there. They can commune together and it may be that she will win him over. I know not. But a woman

so beautiful as Asenath, with a tongue of silver, should make him forget this Taia whom he left in his Hebrew home.

PRIEST—Ay, so it shouldst be and may be. Asenath can talk and reason, too, with the best of them. And if she will not listen to reason it is because she knoweth that unreason is the more profitable to a woman. Give her to talk to him and I am convinced that he will forget this maid Taia.

PHARAOH—I could wish this were true; Joseph for the state, Asenath for the temple. Together they could do much. I will work to this end, Sir Priest.

QUEEN—And I, also.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (aside)—And I against it. She shall not marry Joseph. I do swear it. For I do both love and hate him. I will tell Asenath of this Taia and what he hath said of her this day and I will tell Joseph that Asenath is not the Priest's daughter, but a servant only, for so she was when the true Asenath, his daughter, was alive. Few in Egypt know this, but I know it—how he adopted this girl when his daughter died. (Enter messenger, who prostrates himself before king.)

PHARAOH—Speak thy message.

MESSENGER—Ten men have come from Canaan. They have brought thee presents and wish for audience with thee.

KING—Let them enter.

(Messenger goes out and returns with Joseph's brethren, all but Benjamin, who has remained with his father. They bow low before Pharaoh and stand with arms crossed and downcast faces. All look older than in first act.)

PHARAOH—Approach, men of Canaan, and tell me thine errand.

REUBEN—We are ten sons of one man come to buy corn of thee because there is famine in our land. We are peaceable men, but to see our father die of hunger we cannot, for he hath seen much sorrow.

PHARAOH—This matter of thine errand is not of my business. So then I will go to my other matters and leave thee to talk with him who hath the care of this thing and who hath but just now gone hence. (To messenger)—Summon Prince Joseph.

(Pharaoh, queen's attendants and others leave the audience room. Enter Joseph with his attendants, guards and other officers. He seats himself on the lower throne and his brothers bow low before him as unto the king, with their faces to the earth. Joseph recognizes them and is visibly affected, but after a moment regains composure.)

JOSEPH—Whence came ye? (Speaks authoritatively.)

REUBEN—From the land of Canaan, most noble Prince, to buy food.

JOSEPH (with assumed anger)—Nay, ye be spies. To see the nakedness of the land ye are come.

REUBEN—Nay, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons. We are true men. Thy servants are not spies.

JOSEPH—Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come.

REUBEN—Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in Canaan, and behold the youngest is this day with our father and one is not.

JOSEPH—I did well to call thee spies. You are not true men. Hereby shall ye be proved. By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go home except thy youngest brother come hither. Send one of thy number and let him fetch thy brother and thou shalt remain in prison that thy words may be proved, whether there be any truth in ye; or else, by the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies. This do and live, for I fear God. If ye be true men, let thy brethren be bound in prison and kept there till one of your number returneth with his other brother.

REUBEN—But meanwhile shall our father and brethren die of famine, for it is now in the land. Corn there was not enough to last above the time necessary to come to Egypt and return to Canaan. I pray thee, great Prince, great master, that thou let us depart this day, that we may carry succor to our house.

JOSEPH (more kindly)—This do and live, for I fear God. If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the prison. Go ye others and carry corn for the famine of thy house. But bring thy youngest brother back with thee; so shalt thy words be verified and ye shalt not die. (They stand apart while Joseph reseats himself on the throne.)

REUBEN (to his brethren)—Behold, blood is required for what ye did unto Joseph in the pasture.

LEVI—So it is; we are guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us not to sell him and we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us.

REUBEN—Ye would not hear when I spoke unto ye and said "spare him." So likewise saidst Benjamin. Therefore is the blood of Joseph required of us this day.

JOSEPH (to himself)—They do not know that I understand their language even as I am their brother. (To an attendant) Bind that man (points to Simeon) and take him to prison. The others may depart with corn for their household.

(They bind Simeon. Exit Brethren.)

JOSEPH (to Steward)—See that each man's sack is filled to the brim and return each man's money to his sack and give them provision for the way. I have spoken as I have spoken. See ye obey. (Exit.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

The following day. In the Queen's garden. Rich rugs cover the floor. A brazier burns in the center. There are tall vases and many beautiful ornaments. The queen reclines on a divan, opposite to one on which sits Asenath,

who is beautifully garbed in white and gold. Her hair is unbound save by a simple golden fillet. Her arms are bare, but without ornament. The queen is similarly attired, but has bracelets and necklace, and her robe is green, bordered with yellow.

QUEEN—Now then, Asenath, be of good hope. Joseph will be here presently, and if thou art as artful as we women know how to be, thou canst surely win him from the Canaaniteth maid, for thou art more beautiful than she.

ASENATH—But if he doth not think so, my Queen, what is that to me? Love sees as it sees and will see not differently.

QUEEN—But Joseph hath seen thee, and he it was who said so.

ASENATH (sinking on a low seat before the queen and clasping her hands)—Said how? Speak it again, my Queen. I would know what Joseph said.

QUEEN—He said that thou art taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia. I think it was "Taia" the name that he spake.

ASENATH (repeating the words lingeringly)—"Taller and fairer and more beautiful." Joseph said that!

QUEEN—Ay, and now I mind me he said that he noticed thee because thou lookst as Taia looked.

ASENATH—Only "taller and fairer and more beautiful"! I care not how tall and fair and beautiful I may be save I be tall and fair and beautiful to Joseph.

QUEEN—So wilt thou be. Sit here where I sit (the queen rises and gently seats Asenath). Let the light fall so (adjusts draperies). Thy foot—let it peep out from beneath thy draperies, so. There now (with a backward look and returning to arrange her robe a trifle) There now, I will leave thee.

(Exit queen through one curtain, while Potipher's wife enters through another.)

POTIPHER'S WIFE—So! She is all prepared to receive him. How I hate her ways! I could bite her! (Looks at Asenath with frowning face, then speaks suddenly with a smile.) Fair Asenath, I have come to warn thee.

ASENATH (coldly)—To warn me? Thou art kind indeed.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Ay, I am come to warn thee that but yesterday in the audience hall it was told Joseph that he shouldst see thee and decline thy offer of marriage.

ASENATH (hastily)—I have made no offer of marriage to any man.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—But thou didst tell thy father, the Priest of On, that thou wouldst marry no other man than Joseph, and so he did say to the king and to Joseph. Joseph did reply, "I will reason with her, but I will not marry her, because I am vowed to a maid in my own country."

ASENATH—Didst hear her name?

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Ay, it was Taia. I did mind it well.

ASENATH—Did Joseph say she was beautiful?

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Ay, he did say this, that Taia was fairer and taller and more beautiful than thou and he would marry no other.

ASENATH—Art sure he spake just this way?

POTIPHER'S WIFE—It was this way and no other.

ASENATH (*smiling*)—But if she be in Canaan and I in Egypt, yet may he turn to me even now, though she be taller and fairer and more beautiful than I.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*violently*)—Nay, he will not turn to thee.

ASENATH (*calmly*)—He will turn to me. I swear it that he will turn to me and love me better than ever he loved this Taia, the Canaaniteth maiden.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—Thou liest, for I will tell him that thou art but a servant, that thy father is not the Priest of On, but some nobody. I will tell him that Asenath died long time since, and that thou wast accepted in her place because Asenath begged him in her last breath to adopt thee as his daughter. See (*folds her arms*) I know all. I have known it long, for there is little that I know not in Heliopolis.

ASENATH—True it is that thou art the greatest busy-body in all Egypt, and true it is that thou art the woman who caused Joseph to be thrown into prison. Is it not so?

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*trembling and biting her lips*)—Nay, it is not so. It was another woman.

ASENATH—Name her!

POTIPHER'S WIFE—I will not name her, but it was not I.

ASENATH—It was thou and no other, and if thou tellest Joseph that I am not Asenath, I will tell the Queen that thou, the wife of Potipher, captain of the King's Guards, art the woman who caused Joseph to be cast into prison. Joseph was too noble to expose thee, but I will expose thee if thou tellst him that I be other than Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On. Then where wilt thou be except as the meanest of the King's household? Better to be the adopted daughter of the Priest than Potipher's wife, when all is known.

POTIPHER'S WIFE (*trembling*)—I will not tell. I must go. I have business to do that will not wait. I pray thee keep silence. Tell it not. Promise me that thou wilt tell it not (*kneels before her*).

ASENATH—I will keep silence if thou tellest not Joseph.

POTIPHER'S WIFE—I will not tell. I swear it.

(*Exit hurriedly.*)

(*Trumpet sounds. Enter Joseph, his attendants remaining in the background.*)

JOSEPH (*approaches and bows low before Asenath*)—Speak I to the Lady Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On?

ASENATH—I am Asenath and thou art Joseph come to reason with me.

JOSEPH (*starting*)—Who told thee?

ASENATH—What?

JOSEPH—That I came to reason with thee.

ASENATH—The Queen.

JOSEPH—What else said she, fair Priestess?

ASENATH—That thou lovest a Canaaniteth maiden named Taia.

JOSEPH—The Queen spoke truly, Priestess.

ASENATH—Surely the viceroy of Egypt would not go back into Canaan for a simple maid such as this Taia.

JOSEPH—That would I; and the King hath promised to find her that I may marry her.

ASENATH—But if she be wedded or thou dost not find her? Something doth tell me that thou wilt not find her in Canaan. What saith thy dreams, for thou art called the best Dreamer in all Egypt, O Prince (*laughs*)?

JOSEPH (*offended*)—My dreams? What hath thou to do with my dreams?

ASENATH—Nothing, and yet I would crave that thou wouldest answer. Hast thou not dreamed of me?

JOSEPH—Nay, except—except as I dreamed of Taia as grown to be like thee. She was like thee somewhat when I last saw her and after I saw thee and that thou wast fair like her, I dreamed of her and always that she was in Egypt.

ASENATH—How interpretest thou those dreams?

JOSEPH—In this way, that Taia will come to Egypt and live with me here as my wife.

ASENATH—Now, Sir Viceroy, hear my dream. It is that thou wilt not find Taia in Canaan and that thou wilt marry Asenath.

JOSEPH (*offended*)—Nay, I will not marry Asenath.

ASENATH—Thou wilt marry Asenath, and before the next festival, for so my dream telleth me.

JOSEPH—Maids dream what they will, I am told. Thou art fair, Asenath, taller and fairer and more beautiful than Taia, for she was but a child when I saw her, and thou art a full-grown woman, beautiful, beautiful (*reaching out his hand to touch her hair, but draws it back*). I loved Taia and vowed my vow to her in the Pasture of Dotham. How, then, can I wed thee?

ASENATH—Forget this Canaaniteth maid and think that I am she and that my love for thee is to hers as that of a full grown woman to a child's. Canst thou not see it so, Joseph?

JOSEPH—I cannot. I will not!

ASENATH—Nay, but thou wilt when I reason with thee yet a little longer, for I can see that thou dost love me.

JOSEPH—Nay, I come to reason with thee, not thee with me; and I must begin, for my time is short. Surely thou wouldest not wish to wed a man who dost not love thee!

ASENATH—Nay, I would not.

JOSEPH—And as I do not love thee, thou dost not wish to marry me.

ASENATH—But thou dost love me, therefore I would marry thee.

JOSEPH—This is not so. I love only Taia, and her only will I wed. Then I will not wed, I swear it by—(*uplifts his hand*).

ASENATH—Nay, swear not, Joseph, unless thou swearst—nay, swear not at all. Vows are not good. Sometimes they are good, but such as those make me sad, Joseph. Thou wouldest not make me sad, sadder than I am, wouldest thou?

JOSEPH—Nay, I wish not to make thee sad. I would see thee happy, ASENATH. I would see thee wedded and to a man thou lovest.

ASENATH—And that man is thou, Joseph.

JOSEPH—Nay, I did mean another man whom thou canst love some time.

ASENATH—I can love no other man, ever.

JOSEPH—Hast tried?

ASENATH—Nay.

JOSEPH—But why?

ASENATH—Why try, when I am to marry thee, Joseph, before the next festival? Thou wouldest not have thy wife love another man, wouldest thou, Joseph?

JOSEPH (*angrily*)—This is folly! I will not hear. I am vowed to Taia. I will wed no other. I swear it! No more words to me such as these. I have spoken.

(*Exits hurriedly. Enter Queen.*)

(*Asenath looks depressed for a moment, then laughs gleefully.*)

ASENATH—He would not be angry did not his heart rebel. He loves me. I can see it, yet doth he mean to be true to Taia. Ah, when he finds I am Taia, what will he say? What will he say? (*Laughs softly.*) Wilt be angry, Joseph? Wilt thine eyes flash fire as they did just now, or will they look soft and sorrowful as when thou said, "I would see thee happy, ASENATH. I do not wish to see thee sad." It was as if he loved me, me. I could see there were love tones in his voice, it was so caressing, and surely his eyes were full of tenderest pity and pity is love, or akin to it, so it's said.

(*Exit*)

CURTAIN

ACT III. SCENE 1

Canaan. *Interior of tent. Leah sits grinding corn in a handmill. Jacob has a dead pigeon in his hand. Jacob and Leah have both aged considerably.*

(*Enter Judah, Reuben and Benjamin, who is accompanied by Zilpha and their two children.*)

JUDAH (*bowing low before his parents*)—Lo, my father, the corn which we brought from Egypt is all eaten.

LEAH—Save only this, which I did pick from the cracks of the bins.

JACOB—And there is no meat. This pigeon did die from starvation. I was about to kill it when it did fall at my feet (*tosses it from him*).

JUDAH—What now shall we do? We cannot go again to Egypt without Benjamin go with us. Simeon is holden for him, and the King's right hand man, the great man next

to Pharaoh, saith to us, "Bring thy youngest brother, that thy words may be proved."

JACOB—Did he speak roughly?

JUDAH—Ay, at first he did speak roughly, but afterwards it was as if his anger was spent.

JACOB—That was the craft of him.

JUDAH—Nay, I think not so. Father, let Benjamin go with us, I pray thee. Then will we redeem Simeon and bring back corn to thee and our mother and our little ones, lest they perish with hunger.

JACOB (*raising his hands piteously*)—Me ye have bereft of my children. Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and yet ye will take Benjamin (*sits down weakly*). All these things be against me. All these things be against me.

REUBEN (*coming to his side and speaking quickly*)—Slay "my two sons" if I bring not Benjamin to thee quickly. Deliver him into my hands and I will bring him to thee again. This will I do. I swear it.

JACOB (*in trembling tones*)—My son shall not go down into Egypt with thee, for his brother is dead and he is left alone of my two sons whom Rachel left me (*Leah draws her veil across her face*). If mischief befall him in the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Go, but thou canst not take Benjamin.

JUDAH—But the man who is next to Pharaoh spoke roughly to us and did say, "You shall not see my face again except thy brother be with thee." Father, if thou wilt send our brother Benjamin with us we will go down and buy thee food and bring back Simeon. But if thou wilt not send Benjamin, we will not go down, for that man saith unto us, "Except thy brother be with you, ye shall not see my face."

JACOB (*complainingly*)—Wherefore dealt thee so ill with me as to tell the man whether ye had yet another brother?

REUBEN—The man asked us of our state and of our kindred. "Is thy father yet alive? Have ye another brother?" and we answered him according to the tenor of his words. Could we know that he would say "Bring thy brother down"?

JUDAH—Send Benjamin with us and we will arise and go, that we may have life. (*the children are picking corn from the mill and eating it*) we and thou and our little ones. I will be surety for him. At my hands shalt thou require him. If I bring him not unto thee again, then let me bear the blame forever. (*Stands with bowed head and crossed arms before Jacob, who rises, feebly leaning on his staff.*)

JACOB—If it must be, so it must be. (*Stands erect and speaks more quickly*)—Do this. Take of the best fruits of the land in thy vessels and carry down to the man a present of a little balm, a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and olives and, *heed me*, take double money in thy hand the money thou didst find in the mouth of the sacks and

carry it to him again. Peradventure it was an oversight, and take Issachar with thee, he of the strong hands and god of the subtle wit (*faltering*). Take thy brother Benjamin if thou must, and God Almighty give thee mercy before this man, that he may send back Simeon and Benjamin. If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.

(*Raises his hands supplicatingly. The three sons cover their faces while the children hide their heads in their mother's robe.*)

JACOB (*to Benjamin*)—Go, my son, if there is no other way to bring back life to the little ones and thy wife. Benjamin, wilt go?

BENJAMIN—I will go.

ZILPHA—Nay, thou wilt not go! Was it for this I was wed, to have thee taken to Egypt as was Joseph? Spare him, O father Jacob! Spare him, O my brothers. Take not Benjamin away from me and his little ones! (*She clings to Benjamin and the children cry.*)

JACOB—Daughter, there is no other way.

ALL—There is no other way.

BENJAMIN—There is no other way (*embraces his wife and lifts his little girl in his arms. They leave the stage slowly. Jacob follows Reuben and Jacob totters weakly, now and then stretching his hands upward as if in prayer.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Joseph's palace. Two weeks later. Audience room. The brothers stand together. They look fearfully about them, all but Issachar, who peers cautiously about and examines the various articles new to him.

REUBEN—It is bad for us to be brought to the Viceroy's house. It must be because of the money that was put in our sacks and he seeks occasion against us.

GAD—He may fall upon us and take us for bondmen, and our beasts of burden—he may keep them also.

(Enter Steward.)

GAD—Oh, sir, we came indeed down the first time to buy food, and it came to pass that we opened our sacks and behold, every man's money was in the mouth of the sack. But we have brought it back. Here it is. Take it, for it is not ours. (*Hands the money to the Steward.*)

STEWARD—I will wait yet a little till my Lord comes.

GAD—Other money have we brought to buy corn. We cannot tell who put this money in our sacks.

STEWARD—Peace be to you. Fear not. It was the God of your fathers who gave the treasure in your sacks. My Lord cometh even now. Thou art to eat bread, for such are his orders.

(Enter Joseph with train of attendants. The brothers fall on their faces before him.)

JOSEPH—Rise, men of Canaan. Are ye all well? Is thy father well—the old man of whom ye spake—is he yet alive?

JUDAH—Thy servant, our father, is yet alive. He is in good health, O Prince.

JOSEPH (*looks at Benjamin*)—Is this thy youngest brother of whom ye spake?

JUDAH—It is Benjamin, my Lord and Prince.

JOSEPH (*approaches Benjamin, but turning his head away that the brothers may not see his agitation*)—God be gracious to thee, my son. We will have food and converse together about thy country and thy father. Simeon is well and will sit at sup with us. But tell me now, I would ask of Taia, the maid who was betrothed to thy brother who is not—one Joseph?

REUBEN—His name was indeed Joseph, and the name of the maid was Taia, gracious Prince.

JOSEPH—Is she still in Canaan?

REUBEN—She went from Canaan long time ago, O Prince.

JOSEPH—Was she wedded or went she alone?

REUBEN—We know not the truth of her going, gracious master, but this we do know, that she is gone these five years and more, but where we know not.

JOSEPH (*aside*)—So said Asenath that she was not in Canaan. (*To his brothers*) Now go to thy feast. I will join thee in a short time. Thou wilt find Simeon there before thee.

(*Exit brothers.*)

JOSEPH (*to Steward*)—When these men go hence, fill each sack with corn, as much as each man can carry, and put every man's money in the mouth of the sack, as before. And put my cup in the sack of the youngest, which is called Benjamin, and his corn money likewise and when they are gone from the city follow after the men and when thou dost overtake them say unto them "Wherefore hast thou rewarded evil for good? Is not this cup the cup from which my Lord drinketh?" Bring the men back with thee.

STEWARD—It shall be done as thou commandest, my Lord.

JOSEPH—How my heart did burn at sight of Benjamin. He shall not return unto Canaan, but abide with me here in Egypt. Moreover, my father shall come also. It is but meet that Judah and his brethren should suffer a little when I did suffer so much. Yet will I have mercy on them, for I fear God. But my father must I see, and Taia. Would I were as sure of Taia as of these—my father and my brothers. Light of step and gay as the morning flower was Taia and sweet as honey. "I will be true to thee, Joseph, I will be true to thee," so she said many times, and now hath she gone out of Canaan. Asenath did dream (*thinks intently for a moment, strikes his brow sharply*). Nay, I will not think of Asenath at all. I will seek Taia and when I find her she shall be my wife, she and no other. I go to my brothers to sup with them. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Same place two days later.

(Enter the brothers in charge of officers, each with a sack of corn on his back. They set them down and each wipes the sweat from his brow. Enter Steward.)

REUBEN (to the Steward)—Thy officers didst overhaul us on our way to Canaan and we did make haste to bring our sacks to thy excellency, that they might be searched for the golden cup.

STEWARD—Thou hast done well. (To officers) Search the sacks.

REUBEN—There is not anything in them save only the food which we did buy and pay for. I swear it.

STEWARD—Swear not. My Lord's cup is gone—the one from which he drinketh and divineth. It was lost when he supped with thee.

GAD—I remember that cup. It was of gold and rare design.

STEWARD—It was. Without it, evil will surely come to Egypt. Wherefore hast thou returned evil for good?

REUBEN—Wherefore saith these things? God forbid that thy servants should do this thing. Behold the money that we found in our sacks' mouth we brought again to thee. How, then, shall we steal thy lord's cup? With whichever of thy servants it shall be found let him die, and we will be thy lord's bondsmen.

STEWARD—Let it be according to thy words in this way. He with whom it shall be found shall be my Lord's servant, but the others shall be blameless. He shall not die, and ye shall not be bondsmen, but only he who hath my Lord's cup. He shall be bondsman.

(The officers meanwhile are searching the sacks and finally find the cup in Benjamin's sack. The brothers rend their clothes and fall on their faces.)

(Enter Joseph and the Steward holds up the cup.)

JOSEPH—What deed is this that ye have done, men of Canaan?

JUDAH (with dignity)—What shall we say unto thee, my Lord? How shall we speak or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants, both we and he also with whom the cup was found.

BENJAMIN—But am I innocent of this thing. I know not how the cup was put in my sack.

JUDAH—How know we this, Benjamin? We did work guile in the old days and now it is thou who hast undone us.

BENJAMIN—I—I swear—

JUDAH—Swear not. (To Joseph) Our iniquity hath found us out, and we are all guilty. We afore time and Benjamin that he hath taken this cup. Do with us as thou wilt.

JOSEPH—God forbid that I should be hard

with thee. The man in whose sack the cup was found shall remain with me, but as for the others, get you up in peace unto thy father.

JUDAH (approaching closely and speaking earnestly)—O my Lord, great and glorious Master, let me, thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my Lord's ear and let not thine anger burn against thy servants, for thou art even as Pharaoh. My Lord did ask, "Have ye a father or a brother?" and we said, "We have a father, an old man, and a brother who is the child of his old age—a little one," this Benjamin, for so his father doth call him since Joseph was taken. His brother is dead and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him; and thou saidst unto thy servants, "Bring him down unto us, that I may set eyes on him," and we said unto thee, "He cannot leave his father, for his father would die," and then thou saidst, "Except thy youngest brother come down ye shall see my face no more." We told our father thy words and when our father said "Go again and buy corn" we said, "We will go down if our youngest brother be with us, but if not we will not go, for so said the man of Egypt, 'Except thy brother be with thee, ye shall not see my face.'" Then thy servants' father did say unto us, "Ye know that Rachel gave me two sons and one went out from me, and I said, 'Surely he is torn in pieces by wild beasts and now thou wouldst take his brother away from me and bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'" O Prince, good and glorious Prince, Jacob's life is bound up in Benjamin, and I said to my father, "If I bring not back Benjamin to thee, let me bear the blame." Now therefore (kneels before Joseph), I pray thee let thy servant abide with thee as thy bondsman, instead of Benjamin, and let him return to his father with his brethren, lest, peradventure, evil shall come to our father if he sees not Benjamin.

JOSEPH (with trembling voice but dignified manner, addressing the attendants)—Leave us. I would be alone with these men. (The attendants go out, when Joseph approaches Judah and seizes him by the shoulder and hand). Judah, my brother, thou hast redeemed thy soul by these words. I am Joseph! (The others start forward, then halt and look at him wonderingly.) Come near to me, I pray thee. I am Joseph, thy brother whom ye sold into Egypt. Nay, be not so grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, but mark me! God did send me before thee to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land and there are yet five years in which there will be neither corn nor harvest. God sent me before thee to preserve thy posterity on the earth and to save our lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not thee that sent me hither, but God. He it is who hath made me ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

(The brothers, greatly affected, fall on their

knees, but he takes each one by the hand in turn and lifts them up, but retains Benjamin's hand in his as he speaks.)

JOSEPH—Now haste ye and go up to my father and tell him these things and say unto him, "Thus saith thy son Joseph. God hath made him the Lord of all Egypt. Come down and stay that thou mayst be near to me, thou and thy children and thy children's children and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast, and I will take care of thee, for there are yet five years of famine, lest thou and all thou hast come to poverty." Go, brothers! Go! (Gently pushing them). Speak to him thus and he will come.

REUBEN—But how can we believe these great things of thee, that thou art our brother Joseph?

JOSEPH—Behold thy eyes see and the eyes of my brother Benjamin that it is my mouth that speaketh. Hast thou not Benjamin to speak? Why should I deceive thee?

BENJAMIN—It is Joseph and none other.

JOSEPH—Go, then. Tell my father of all my glory in Egypt and all that thou hast seen. Judah (grasps his hand) all is forgiven, for thou hast redeemed thyself.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV.

One month later. In the Palace Garden.
(Jacob is sitting under a tree with Asenath.)

JACOB—Lo, I am come to this land of Egypt and it is a great land. My sons are great men. Benjamin is the beloved of Joseph and Joseph comforteth me for the loss of Rachel. When Reuben didst tell me that Joseph was alive and ruler over Egypt I said, "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is alive. I will go and see him before I die." And when Joseph came in his chariot to meet me and wept a good while on my shoulder, I saw that he was the same good lad and I loved him as before.

(Joseph approaches unobserved and halts at a little distance under the tree.)

ASENATH (stroking his hand tenderly)—Ay, Joseph is the same good lad.

JACOB—When Joseph met me I said, "Now let thy servant die, since I have seen thy face."

ASENATH—And what said Joseph to that?

JACOB—He said that I must not die, but live. Pharaoh hath been good to us because of Joseph. But it seems strange to think

that thou art Taia. Tell me of thy life since thou camest to Egypt. Thou seemst like a daughter.

ASENATH—Ay, truly, I am Taia, and I would indeed be thy daughter. Thou rememberest the village maiden who loved thy son Joseph in the old days?

JACOB—I remember.

ASENATH—I followed Joseph to Egypt, but I could not find him for a long time. He was in prison, and when he was released he became so great a man that I did not seem to know him for a long time. I was adopted by the Priest of On when his daughter Asenath died and by her words became Priestess, as she would have been had she lived.

JACOB—Hast preserved our religion, my daughter?

ASENATH—Ay, Jacob, what I could. We have the spirit of it and soon I hope it may be that we shall worship Jehovah in the way the Hebrew doth. Now that thou and thy sons have come to dwell here it will be less hard, for we can all worship together.

JACOB—Ay. Doth Joseph know thou art Taia?

ASENATH—Nay, and I know not how to tell him. It hath pleased me to see that he is faithful to Taia, and I have waited for him to find me out, but he will not come near me. (Laughs.) Once he would have sworn had I not stopped him, that he would not marry me. What can I say to him? How can I tell him? Sometimes I fear that he will never forgive me for playing with him one day in the Queen's palace, but I could not tell him then, and I cannot tell him now.

(Joseph approaches.)

JOSEPH—Asenath! Taia! I have found thee out at last and I will tell thee now that I loved thee from the first moment that I saw thee with thy maids at the festival a year ago.

ASENATH—I knew it, my Lord, else I should not have been so forward and made jest of thee. But lately I have feared. Canst forgive me, Joseph?

JOSEPH—If thou canst forgive me. Give us thy blessing, father.

(Jacob stretches out his hands.)

JACOB—I, Israel, bless thee, my children; and God Almighty will bless thee. Moreover, thou shalt have great prosperity and God shall be with thee and bring thee and thy children into the land of our fathers.

(CURTAIN)

When a government has done more harm than good to individuals, its further existence depends on the merest accident; the masses square the account after their fashion by upsetting it. *A statesman ought always to imagine justice with the poor at his feet, for justice was only invented for the poor.*—Balzac, "The Country Doctor."

Abijah's Artistic Sense

by C. Hilton-Turvey

Author of "Two on the Threshold"

THE first thing the infant Abijah noticed was his father's whiskers. The elder Abijah took this attention as a strenuous form of flattery. It pleased him, despite the loss of a few painful hairs. The child's mother thought she knew better, however, and cuddled her offspring closer—she didn't like whiskers either! Now whether the infant knew a good thing when he saw it and desired to hang on to it, or whether his aversion to the paternal whiskers made him endeavor to uproot them, nobody knows, but subsequent startling events proved that the keynote of Abijah Keller's life was to be *whiskers*—speaking generically.

By the time he was a lengthening youngster of six, the Pentville barber shop was a lodestone that drew him from any game or pleasure to flatten his nose against its window and watch, fascinated, the operations within. Therefore, it was a foregone conclusion that at the age of fourteen, having reluctantly imbibed a certain unavoidable quota of "book learning" from the village school, Abijah got a job at the barber shop. It was also a foregone conclusion that he should develop a special aptitude, not to say genius, for all that pertained to the trade. But it was *not* a foregone conclusion in the mind of Jim Bixby, the barber who hired him, that Abijah should take it upon himself to enforce his tastes, however admirable, upon the customers. It was exasperating for a man to have to fight for his rights (swathed helplessly in a striped bib) against a red-headed and persistent boy who fastened a glittering eye on his whiskers and insisted upon their instant amputation or curtailment. The bald frankness of Abijah's arguments, too, held no adulation to soothe the victim. What man, for instance, wearing a subdivided beard, long and silky, liked to be told that it looked "like Al Jones' pants out on the line on a windy day?"

Jim Bixby was always smoothing down the ruffled feathers of outraged customers. "Don't mind what Abijah says," he would urge pacifically. "That there boy has what I call the 'artistic sense.' Why, sir, he looks at whiskers and such, as you and me looks at pictures! He's always a-studyin' the magazines for new cuts. He feels people's chins and jaws and then draws pictures of how they'd look with certain ways of wearin' their hair. Why, believe me, he drew a picture of Ellington Morris that made him look so nice that you wouldn't a' knowed he was ugly!"

At this point the indignant listener usually shook off Bixby's detaining hand and stumped angrily away—the opinion of a barber who maintained that anything under heaven could make "Ell" Morris good-looking wasn't worth listening to—whatever the subject!

Every village has its belle, its funny man, its butt. And some unfortunate, however great and varied the competition, is destined to be "the ugliest man in town!" Ellington Morris was "the ugliest man in Pentville." The most attractive thing about him was his name. It's in the city, by the way, that you find the "Toms," "Billys" and "Jacks." The country census, on the contrary, glows with alluring and aristocratic surnames in harmonious conjunction. Do you doubt it? Go up into any region where are large farming estates, lived upon for generations, and pick them out by the hundred. Ellington Morris was—but what's the use describing him? Think of the plainest man you know, and then some!—and that's "Ell" Morris to a T. With a view to hiding his physiognomy as much as possible, he wore a thick, shaggy beard like a cocoa doormat. It made Abijah's fingers twitch every time he looked at it, but all to no purpose, for after a few tussles, Morris refused to allow the boy to touch him, so

timing his visits to the barber shop that Bixby attended to his flowing locks.

Whatever put it into Ell Morris's head or heart to aspire to Nan Trinkletoe, the village belle, I don't know, but everyone in Pentville knew why Nan refused him—in spite of his money.

There are some people in this world so dead to human fellowship that they take no interest in talking over other people's affairs. None of these people lived in Pentville. It was only when a Pentville resident died (with the doctor's certificate to prove it) that he failed to sit up with a thirsty hand to his ear at the magic words, "he says t' her" and "she says t' him."

So in due time, that is within a week after Ell Morris proposed to Nan, everyone knew just how he did it, and how he had urged the superiority of his name over her own (which had always been a sensitive point with the girl), and how Nan had half yielded, and then taking one good look at him had answered, sighing, "Oh, Ellington, if you were only half as good looking as your name, I'd marry you in a minute; but being as you're so—well, so plain—I couldn't fall in love with you to *save my neck!*"

Whereupon Ellington Morris, hard hit and despairing, took to drink—an ancestral failing—and at any hour of the day Pentville might trip over him as he lay supine in the street.

About this time something happened to divert the eye of Pentville to other matters. Deacon Tibbitts' brother Josiah, a textile worker for months past in another town, had the misfortune to mislay his appendix through no fault of his own—and after lingering in the hospital a few weeks, "up an' died." The Deacon's folks sent word to the hospital authorities to forward his "mortal remains" to Pentville.

The night before the funeral Al Jones, the undertaker, discovered that the deceased, habitually a clean-shaven man, as everyone in Pentville knew, had during his illness acquired an unkempt growth of hair on head and face. But Jones, being in a hurry to attend a dance and "sociable" of the Undertakers' Union in another town, left word for Bixby to come up and shave the corpse.

Now Bixby had "stepped out" early in the evening, leaving the shop in charge of Abijah. Trade was not lively. Every once in a while a customer would put his head in at the door and seeing only Abijah there, would draw back, muttering something about coming in again when he had more time to spare.

When the undertaker, running for his train, hurriedly entrusted to Abijah the note for Bixby, enclosing the key to his funeral "emporium," the lad pondered a long time, a prey to many misgivings. Then, drawing a long breath, he got his implements together and putting out the lights in the shop, made his way thither and tremblingly got to work on Josiah.

Next day it was all over town that the Tibbitts funeral was postponed. The hospital people had sent home the wrong body.

Then there was telegraphing to and fro!

The Deacon wanted to know why the dickens the X hospital had sent home, etc.

The X Hospital's compliments to Deacon Tibbitts, and they had done nothing of the sort!

Again the Deacon wanted to know if he didn't know his own brother better than they did! The "corp" they had sent was that of a perfect stranger!

The X Hospital's compliments, and according to their records the body was that of Josiah Tibbitts and none other.

By this time the Deacon was hot under the collar, and his next telegram had to be carefully expurgated before the agent would consent to send it.

Getting no response to this, Deacon Tibbitts hopped into a train and made his way to the hospital. After a heated interview he was finally mollified by discovering that, if the body the hospital had sent him did not resemble his departed brother in the very least, neither did any of the others they had on hand.

"Take another look when you go home, Mr. Tibbitts," advised the surgeon kindly, "I'll think you'll be convinced, as I am, that it's the right one."

When the train pulled into Pentville about dusk, the Deacon slipped off and went up to the undertaker's emporium. The man of mortuary affairs was lounging in his office. He sprang up as the Deacon

came in and solemnly led the way to the back parlor, and putting up the light, stood with the puzzled man beside the open bier.

"Ez you know," observed the Deacon, "my brother Josiah was never what you'd call a good looker—not that he went ez fur towards downright plainness as Ell Morris, but ez my mother uster say, 'Ephraim,' says she, 'Ephraim, I'm afeared you're goin' ter hev all the good looks of the family an' leave poor Josiah right out.' Now this here corp is the corp of a right handsome man."



"Abijah," said Jim Bixby, the barber who hired him, "has what I call the artistic sense"

"Yes," said the undertaker thoughtfully, "all you say is c'rect."

The Deacon bent down lower. His long white beard strayed over the face of the "corp."

"I won't say there ain't a resemblance," he remarked conscientiously, "here about the forrid, but Josiah had a jowl on him that—" At this point the Deacon's whiskers tickled once more across the "corp's" long nose.

A terrific sneeze burst from the dead man. He sat up in his coffin and looked around him, then reached out an appealing flipper.

"Don't you know me, brother?" he quavered huskily.

"Yow!" howled the terrified Deacon, making a frantic dash for the door, the startled undertaker close on his heels.

They reached the front door at a bound, and both grabbed the door knob at once. In the frenzied struggle it came off and clattered to the floor. The two men looked at it with dropped jaws. Then the Deacon made a dive for the window and fell howling into the street, the sash frame about his middle.

By this time the dead man had come fully to his senses, and none the less horrified by his gruesome surroundings than were the two men by his untimely activities, sprang out of the coffin and prepared to escape.

The undertaker took one look over his shoulder and scrambling with a clatter through the window, fled down the street after the Deacon, who, already leaping far in advance, was punctuating the dusk with short but frequent yelps of terror.

The post-office was crowded with people waiting for the mail to be sorted. The Deacon dashed in, his long coat tails level behind him, and his white beard over one shoulder. With a yell he made for the thickest portion of the crowd and burrowed into it head first. Before anyone could move, the undertaker bounded in and did likewise.

A second later Josiah Tibbitts glided in, his neatly trimmed gray hair and square cut whiskers emerging decorously from the sheet that was his only covering. They gazed on him stupidly.

"Don't you know me?" he croaked. "I'm Josiah Tibbitts."

Another moment of horror-stricken silence ensued. Then a veritable pandemonium shook the place as the crowd stamped in terror and fled up the street with a cacophony of yells in all keys.

The shock of the unanimous exit had knocked Josiah off his feet. When the

dust cleared away he found himself on all fours, with his nose against the glass letter-box partition—so tangled in his trailing draperies that he could not rise.

On the other side of the enclosure the venerable postmaster occupied a similar position on the floor, having been upset by his fleeing assistants. He gazed, fascinated and impotent, into the very eyes of the supposed spook, his long thin beard wagging between his arms as he chewed mechanically on his quid of tobacco.

"Bill," quavered the apparition beseechingly, "Bill, don't you know me—Josiah Tibbitts you used t' play with?"

The postmaster sat back on his heels and blinked doubtfully. "Wall," he said at last, "your voice is Josiah's, but whose is them whiskers?"

The ghost took one paw off the floor and felt his face and head. A cry of rage escaped him. He staggered to his feet, looping up his draperies over one arm.

"It's that there Abijah!" he sputtered, shaking his fist in the direction of the Keller domicile. "Them's the kind of whiskers he was allus a-pesterin' of me to wear!"

"B-but you're dead," objected the postmaster, adding severely, "You'd oughter be thinkin' of other things than whiskers and such. It ain't decent like!"

"Dead nothin'!" snapped the resurrected Josiah crossly. "Didn't you never hear tell of a caterleptic seezer? I'm as live as *you* be!"

The postmaster opened the door of the enclosure. "I believe you," he said solemnly. "Come in."

When the crowd timorously crept back to the post-office they found the ghost with his sheet girded up about him and his bare legs crossed, conversing earnestly with the postmaster and making threatening gestures from time to time that boded ill for the object of them.

Soon Deacon Tibbitts hurried in, parting the crowd as he came, to rejoice over his newly-recovered brother. With him came also the undertaker, very much ashamed of his unprofessional flight, and ready to fall upon anything that furnished a suitable excuse for it.

It leaked out presently that the whole situation was due to the misguided Abijah.

Trouble began to brew. Hardly a man present but had had the map of his face tampered with by "that barber's imp! Now—Ha! R-R-Revenger!!!"

Loud voices bellowed for tar and feathers for the culprit, foremost among them being the voices of the indignant Josiah and his brother the Deacon, aided and abetted by the postmaster, whose beard still wagged madly.

Fortunately for the lad, Jim Bixby appeared at the psychological moment and throwing up his hands with a gesture "like he seen in a drammer onct," commanded:

"Hold!"

They held.

"Fellow-citizens," he declaimed, "we owe the restoration of this here corp entirely and solely to that there boy! Fur if that there boy hadn't clipped Josiah's whiskers so his own brother didn't know him—" here he sank his voice to a hoarse whisper, "Josiah Tibbitts would a' been six feet deep in the cemetery tonight!"

The crowd shuffled uneasily. Then a voice broke out, "That's so! That's so, boys!" Voice after voice re-echoed this sentiment till the tide turned the other way, and someone proposed three cheers for Abijah. Before they could be given a man pushed his way to the front and said:

"Now, I won't jine in no cheers fur that consarned boy—look what he done to me just now before I bruck loose from him!"

He faced them, an outraged man, with one whisker cut to a mutton chop and the other safely untouched, flowing down crazily over his collar.

There was a guffaw at this. Before it had subsided Josiah Tibbitts' clothes were brought in and in the diversion of escorting him home to his brother's house, Abijah was forgotten.

Next day Jim Bixby talked seriously to the lad. "Abijah," he said, honing his best razor while he waited for customers, "It turned out all right fur you this time—the devil takes care of his own, they say; but he ain't overly dependable, my boy, and you'd better look out fur your own hide next time. Whiskers," he went on, trying the razor reflectively on his thumb nail, "whiskers and such is like religion and politics. Each man has his own brand,

and he's happy and satisfied with it and he don't want no different. Why, if you could take a man as homely as Ell Morris himself and make an Appoller Bellydeery of him, he wouldn't stand fur it—no, sir! This here is a free country, my boy," he continued, pulling 'a hair from his head and cutting it deftly in two, "and every man in it has certain rights—he c'n go to the church



A second later Josiah Tibbets glided in, his neatly trimmed grey hair and square cut whiskers emerging decorously from the sheet that was his only covering

where he can get the most salvation fur the least trouble; and he c'n stick up fur the ticket that he c'n vote with the least thinkin'; and he c'n wear any kind of trimmins he likes on his nut, and so long's he don't scare the horses on the public highway, he don't come under the law. So, I say, don't meddle with people's whiskers, for—

"Abijah, take the gentleman's coat and hat. Shave, sir?"

Two weeks passed quietly. Bixby was pleased to note that Abijah had taken his lecture to heart and was considerably less rampant. Still the customers fought shy of him; always, however, with the exception of city folks and commercial travelers passing through Pentville who for some

reason always asked for Abijah and waited for him if he were engaged. One Saturday night the boy had several out-of-town customers in a row, and his employer, after finishing a full afternoon and evening of his own, left the shop for Abijah to tend till closing time.

It was after twelve o'clock when the lad put out the lights and closed the door after him. As he went down the steps he stumbled over a recumbent figure. It proved on inspection to be the love-lorn Ell Morris, drunk as usual. Abijah shrugged his shoulders and went his way. There was nothing to be done; Ell would sleep it off, and the warm air of the late June night would do him no harm.

Half-way home Abijah stood still and thought a moment, his head turned in the direction whence he had come. He jerked himself together and walked

on again, sometimes briskly, sometimes hesitatingly. Arrived at his own door, he let himself in, dropped the latchkey into his pocket, then turned, opened the door again and went swiftly down the street toward the shop.

Ell Morris still dropped somnolently on the step. Abijah shook him, and he partly aroused and allowed himself to be half

dragged, half led into the shop and assisted into a chair. He blinked a little as the lamps were lighted.

"Who're you?" he asked tipsily, as Abijah, trembling with eagerness, bent over him, shears in hand.

"Me?" stammered the lad. It would never do for him to mention his name. "Me?" he repeated. "Why, I'm—I'm your guardian angel, I guess."

The intoxicated one, thus reassured, sank back drowsily, murmuring soft nothings about angels in general, and one angel in particular, whose name was Nan.

The lad set to work with energy, trimming, clipping, waxing the stubborn places, and from time to time backing off to survey the progress. He beamed happily upon the slumbering man, and an expression grew upon his features akin to that on a sculptor's face as he moulds the plastic clay to the image of his ideal.

Only Abijah's artistic sense could have discerned latent good looks in Ell Morris. He was a forlorn scarecrow with a long, thin sort of head, and his bushy beard made it look small and weak. His nose and eyes were lost in the underbrush. His neck was rather short, and the whiskers hid his collar and made him look sunken down into his coat—gave him a cowed look that would never take with a woman—*before* marriage, at least! It had long been Abijah's ambition to change all this.

When at last the work was completed, the lad, radiating satisfaction, removed the enveloping cloth and contemplated the result.

Behold! A miracle!

A closecut vandyke beard outlined the lean jaw. The trim moustache revealed a well-moulded mouth whose sadness held a certain well-bred distinction. One observed for the first time that Ell Morris possessed a nose—just like other folks—and eyes by no means badly set. Abijah had given him a military haircut, leaving the crisp graying hair over the ears a little long to give breadth to the head. Altogether it was a distinctly good-looking man whom the jubilant young barber in his further role of guardian angel assisted to bed in the ancestral mansion where Morris lived alone.

When Ellington Morris woke late the next morning confused memories jangled

in his head like chimes in an echoing church. But one memory rang out above all the rest—"She won't have you! You're too ugly! She won't have you!—You're too ugly!" It clanged stridently, till Ellington, groaning in response, turned over and tried to go to sleep again.

No use! He half rose, an elbow on the pillow, to peer at the clock, and caught sight of his reflection in the large mirror on the opposite wall.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated aloud, "a strange fellow in my bed! How the deuce did he get there?"

He turned—and there was no one there! But there he was still—in the mirror!

Puzzled and alarmed, Ell Morris sprang out of bed. So did the fellow in the glass. He went half-way to the glass. A solution of the problem occurred to him. He climbed into bed and composed himself for another nap, muttering:

"You're drunk, you brute! That good-looking chap is a new kind of snake. Don't notice him!"

But sleep he could not! His eyes *would* pop open and seek the man in the mirror. Finally, disgusted with himself and his vagary, he got out of bed again and crawled cautiously on hands and knees to the mirror. The man in the bed was gone. He drew a breath of relief, then gasped with amazement. The strange face was nose to nose with him, and—wonder of wonders!—it was his own!

"The devil!" he exclaimed. Then, after a moment's thought, "No—Abijah!"

A long time he remained gazing into the mirror. For the first time in his life he found the process agreeable—in fact, he couldn't get enough of it. His changed appearance was in the nature of an absorbing miracle. It is probable that had he realized at first his identity with the man in the mirror, he would have been unable to see how vastly Abijah's ministrations had improved him; but his misapprehension as to the reflection had given him a perspective as 'twere, and he saw himself as others would see him. He understood at once how Abijah had come by his opportunity, but he bore the skillful barber no grudge—rather the reverse.

A new set of chimes rang sweetly in his mind. They voiced dimly strange truths

and enchanted visons inchoate and inarticulate. He wandered around the big room touching familiar objects as he went to prove the reality of things. He was full of the peculiar elation that comes to melancholy natures occasionally in their rebound from the somber mood that is their heritage.

He stood long before the bureau getting a different light on his changed visage. A scrap of paper caught his eye, transfixed upon the old-fashioned pincushion. He opened it, to find these words written in a large, emphatic hand:

"Ask her again."

A flush rose to Ell Morris' face. He crumpled the note angrily.

"This is too much!" he exclaimed indignantly. But as he tubbed and dressed the words of the note kept repeating themselves over and over, and a persistent voice deep down in his consciousness antiphoned: "Why not?"

Well, *why* not then?

A shy character finds a noticeable accession of courage in a costume that hides or changes the personality. Did you ever see a bashful person at a masquerade? Notice next time. Ell Morris felt like a mummer in a New Year's parade as he walked down the street that bright June day. Happily audacious, as never before, he greeted the townspeople genially, amusedly watchful of their bewilderment and stupefaction as it slowly dawned on them who "that good-lookin' city feller was." First and last he made almost as much of a sensation in the Pentville streets as had Josiah Tibbitts' ghost a few weeks before.

He reached the Trinkletoe house in a state of such elation and self-confidence that, taken in conjunction with his newly acquired good looks, his aristocratic name—to say nothing of his comfortable financial possessions—the result was a foregone conclusion. Would Nan Trinkletoe do him the honor to become Mrs. Ellington Morris? *Would* she? Well, rather! Not that Miss Trinkletoe used just those words—heaven forbid! But Pentville had it the next day that they were engaged—and what Pentville doesn't know is nobody's business.

Abijah was bribed into silence, and the generous fee that Ell Morris pressed upon him left the lad open-mouthed, with every red hair standing up on his usually sleek head. He never *did* tell, as a matter of fact, but it got around somehow—things do in Pentville—and both Abijah and the object of his artistic ministrations came in for a lot of "joshing."

Jim Bixby was jubilant. "What did I tell you about that there boy?" he said, with a smile he could have tied in a lover's knot back of his neck. "*What did I tell you?* I always knew he was a winner. An' the change he made in Ell Morris! (razor all right, sir?) Say! Did you ever see them pictures of before and after takin' Podgers' Purple Pills? Well, the first one shows the insides of a tumbledown shanty, the wallpaper torn, the stovepipe a-bulgin' out like it was ready to drop, the cupboard door swingin' on one hinge, an' no carpet on the floor. An' there sits poor old Before-takin' with his elbows on the table tryin' to decide whether he'll drown'd hisself or take pizen. Well, that's Ell Morris *before* that there boy (pointing with his shears at the industrious Abijah, working away and trying to look unconscious) *before* that there boy took a-holt of him! An' the second picture shows Mr. Before-takin' (only now he's Mr. After-takin') in a brownstoned mansion, with steam heat an' these here vacuous cleaners, and 'God bless our home' mottoes hung nice an' straight on the walls—and him in an easy chair tryin' to decide whether he'll have quail on toast or champagne an' oysters—all this—as I'm a livin' man!—from imbibin' umpteen and a half boxes of Podgers' Purple Pills! Well, sir, *that's* Ell Morris *after* that there boy got through with him!

"Hair tonic, sir? Well, Pentville people think a heap more of Abijah than they useter. I tell you, the *young* men, the swell dressers, the ones you see walkin' to church with the pretty girls on a Sunday—they come in here now an' they sez:

"Is Abijah busy, Mr. Bixby? Yes? Oh, well, I'll come in again when I have more time. So long!"

The Science of Successful Banking

by W. C. Jenkins

THE recent consolidation of two big banking institutions of Pittsburgh—the First and Second National Banks—is of more than ordinary interest to bankers and financial men in general. It is another evidence that this is an age of consolidation, and of big financial institutions.

The consolidation of great enterprises has been looked upon with disfavor by a certain class of reformers, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the big banks can best take care of their customers in times of financial disturbance. The small banking institution usually gets to the limit of its available currency resources very quickly in panicky days, while the larger banks have many connections from which to obtain necessary funds.

The consolidation of these two great banking institutions is another incident of importance in the history of Pennsylvania banking. But Pennsylvania's banking history has never been written. One may search in vain through the libraries of that state for any complete or satisfactory story of the fascinating incidents pertaining to early or modern banking in Pennsylvania; and yet no state has figured more conspicuously in the banking affairs of this country.

Both ancient and modern historians have given but little attention to banks and banking, and it is a mortification, in searching for what is instructive in the history of past times to find that the exploits of conquerors who have desolated the earth, and the freakish tyrants who have made nations unhappy, are recorded with minute and almost disgusting accuracy, while the discovery of useful arts and the progress of the most beneficial branches of commerce are passed over in silence, and suffered to sink into oblivion. This is particularly applicable to the origin and progress of banking, for we have practically no information as to

the kind of banks which existed in the early days of the world's history or on what system men conducted their business.

Whether it was the advance of civilization that caused the invention of banks, or the invention of banks that advanced civilization, matters little, but it is patent that the invention occurred among people where comparative immunity from foreign attack had encouraged the arts of peace. The invention of the bank sounded the doom of the individual money lender with his cent per cent rates, as the modern reaping machine has sounded the doom of the sickle.

Great enterprises were no doubt carried on in past ages without banks; but Shakespeare informs us to what straits an honest merchant might be put, if the return of his ship was delayed beyond the expected time. Antonio's peril must have occurred before the organization of that great institution which did so much to strengthen the power of the state—the Bank of Venice. If this bank had been in existence we cannot conceive of Antonio's stress for a few thousand ducats. The men who controlled the bank would not have refused so necessary a loan, and Antonio himself would never have permitted his note to go to protest.

It was in Italy that the art of banking, as known in our times, was first introduced. The earliest bank established in modern Europe was that of Venice, which was founded in 1157. It originated in a loan which the state raised during the great war of the republic with the Greek empire, 1156-1171.

The Bank of Genoa was founded about one hundred and fifty years after the Bank of Venice. Macaulay, in his history of England, has a partial description of the operations of this bank, which existed from 1320 to 1798.

Previous to the year 1694 there were

only four considerable banks in Europe, but on the 27th of July of that year a charter was granted by William and Mary for establishing the Bank of England, which for opulence and extent of circulation has for many years been the greatest in the world.

It is a century and a third since the first bank was established in the United States. This bank is known in financial history as the Pennsylvania Bank. It began operating on July 17, 1780, and since that time Pennsylvania has figured conspicuously in the banking affairs of the country. Besides being the home of the first bank in the United States, Pennsylvania has the distinction of having the first bank incorporated under the National Banking Act. Charter No. 1 was given to the First National Bank of Philadelphia. That state is also the home of the first trust company. In 1809 the Pennsylvania Company, a corporation to write insurance on lives and grant annuities, was organized in Philadelphia. In 1836 this institution was authorized to execute trusts. Not until 1853, however, was it empowered to act as executor and administrator.

Pennsylvania has been the home of many distinguished men in national financial affairs. That state has furnished seven Secretaries of the Treasury, besides Robert Morris and Stephen Girard, who were prominent in the early banking affairs of this country.

Writers of American history have never given the organizers of the Pennsylvania bank full credit for the heroic service they rendered this country when it was an open question whether a revolution would be successful or not. The Pennsylvania bank came into existence chiefly as a result of the necessities of the Revolutionary War. Practically every effort to raise money for war purposes had proved futile, and the country was in a seriously embarrassed condition. It was during these dark financial days that Robert Morris, the father of American banking, and other citizens of Philadelphia, held a public meeting at which it was decided to open subscriptions to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds, Pennsylvania currency, the subscribers to execute bonds

for the amount subscribed and the whole to form the capital stock of a bank through which it was proposed to supply food to the army.

For nearly two years this bank was of vast importance to the country. It supplied three million rations to the army and three hundred barrels of rum for sick and disabled soldiers, besides rendering other valuable services to the government. The Pennsylvania Bank was absorbed by the Bank of North America, a larger institution, early in 1782.

In 1793 the Bank of Pennsylvania was organized, and on January 4, 1804, a branch of this institution was established at Pittsburgh—this was Pittsburgh's first bank. In 1810 the Bank of Pittsburgh was organized. This institution is still in existence and is now operating under the National Banking Act.

Every financial institution in Pittsburgh can point to the remarkable banking history of that city with considerable pride. The oldest bank in Pittsburgh had its doors open when George III reigned over England and Napoleon over France. Pittsburgh's oldest bank was accepting deposits and paying out money when James Madison was President of the United States. It was discounting notes when Thomas Jefferson was living and when Webster, Clay and Calhoun were mere boys. Lincoln was but a year old when this bank was established. There were but seventeen states in the Union when Pittsburgh's oldest bank accepted its first deposits. Its organization preceded the invention of the telegraph thirty-four years and the telephone sixty-six years. Its currency circulated in the East when Chicago was nothing but a trading post and when the West had no other occupants than roving bands of Indians and wild animals. The clerks wrote up bank books for many years during the evening hours by the light of tallow candles. For half a century men went to Pittsburgh in Conestoga wagons to make deposits and draw money from this bank. Philadelphia was thirty days journey and New York forty days when it issued its first statement, and it was the treasury for city funds for twenty years before the first railroad was built.

Pittsburgh's banking development has been coincident with the remarkable growth of the city. George Washington correctly predicted a prosperous future

known that smoke would some day make the city famous, nor could he have imagined that the parks and homes of Pittsburgh would ever be regarded as repre-



WILLIAM SPEER KUHN

The President of the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh and Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, and an officer and director of many great banking institutions

for that strip of land which is situated at the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. He said: "Some day there will be a great city located on that spot." But Washington could not have had any conception of the great Pittsburgh district of today. He could not have

sentative of the work of the world's best architects and landscape gardeners.

When George Washington visited Pittsburgh in 1770 the little settlement consisted of about two hundred inhabitants, besides the troops in the Fort. In 1794 Pittsburgh became a borough, and in 1816 an incor-

porated city. What is known as the Pittsburgh district includes fifty-five townships and sixty-five incorporated cities and boroughs in Allegheny County which, according to the 1910 census, had a population of 1,018,463. Hence Allegheny County has a greater population than the states of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Montana combined, and half as many inhabitants as are listed in ten of the principal states of the Union.

It is stated that there are more millionaires in Pittsburgh in proportion to the population than in any other city in the



THE BIRTHPLACE
of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh

world; yet there is no lavish display of wealth visible among the people. That city has for years led the world in the production of iron, steel, tin plate, steel tubing, electrical machinery, glassware and other manufactured articles. The coal deposits adjacent to the city will hold out for eight hundred years at the present rate of consumption and the natural gas fields within piping distance of the city will last for at least another half century. The adjacent oil fields will produce the highest grade petroleum for many years to come.

According to the tax commissioners' report for 1912 the property valuation of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County amounted to \$1,247,094,860. This exceeds the valuation of three-fourths of the states of the Union.

Nearly one-half of the people of the United States reside within a radius of five hundred miles from Pittsburgh. This gives the city a commanding position as a banking center and makes it an important distributing point. The city has two steel car-building plants, which are the largest institutions of this kind in the world. Twenty thousand men are employed in these two institutions, and the annual capacity of the plants exceeds 90,000 cars. For more than thirty years Pittsburgh has manufactured fifty per cent of the high-grade crucible tool steel produced in this country, and it produces over sixty per cent of the tin plate made in the United States.

In Allegheny County there are over four hundred miles of the best macadamized and brick-paved highways. There is no more delightful motor drive in the country than over these highways, which wind around picturesque hills.

The mines of Pittsburgh annually produce nearly one million tons of bituminous coal. The product contains ninety per cent efficiency and therefore exceeds all other coals for manufacturing purposes.

As a manufacturing center the Pittsburgh district has no equal in the world. Her annual tonnage exceeds any manufacturing district in this country. There are employed in the various mines, factories and diversified industries more men than in any manufacturing district on the American continent.

Years ago Pittsburgh successfully solved the problem of pure water for her inhabitants. The city's filtration plant, which cost \$7,000,000, is recognized by hydraulic engineers as the most efficient and up-to-date system in the world.

According to a recent published statement there are eighty-three banking institutions in the city of Pittsburgh, of which twenty-seven are national banks, 26 state banks and thirty trust companies. Their total capitalization is \$55,609,725; total surplus and profits \$90,552,024, and deposits amounting to \$431,058,192.

On April 4 the national banks of Pittsburgh showed a total of \$223,191,000 deposits. This is an increase of \$5,000,000 over the total of February 4, and a gain of \$15,000 for the year. The Pitts-

burgh national banks have gained \$100,000,000 in deposits since March 20, 1904.

The First National Bank of Pittsburgh, one of the recently consolidated banks, was organized January 28, 1852, as the Pittsburgh Trust and Savings Company, by James Laughlin. The capital was fixed at \$150,000. The name was changed to the Pittsburgh Trust Company in 1854, and the capital was increased to \$200,000. About this time the bank moved to Wood Street, one door from Fifth Avenue. The ground it occupies forms a part of the present site of the First-Second National Bank. The spot is historic, because the Old Mansion House, where General Lafayette was entertained, in 1825 occupied this site.

In 1863 the institution became the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. It was the first bank in Pittsburgh to apply for a national charter. Its charter number is 48. The capitalization was increased to \$500,000. On March 29, 1865, the Pittsburgh Clearing House Association was organized, in the formation of which the First National Bank took an active part. This was the third association of its kind organized in the United States. The clearings for 1865 amounted to \$83,731,242. The clearings for 1912 were approximately \$2,785,000,000.

The year after its organization as a national bank the institution had a surplus of \$60,131 and deposits of \$2,773,707. The capital was increased to \$750,000 in 1875, and in 1902 to \$1,000,000.

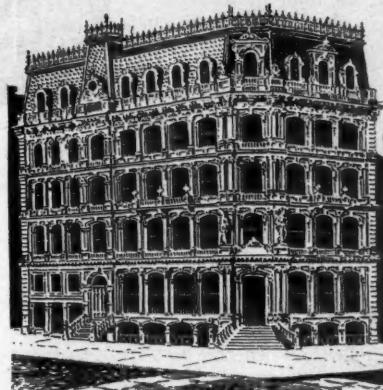
The shares became very valuable and sold as high as \$690. The new issue was sold at \$600, or six times par, and their proceeds were used to purchase the Mechanics National Bank. In 1903 the bank obtained control of the First National Bank of Allegheny, an institution with \$739,000 deposits. Its increased strength attracted many new customers, and in less than two years the deposits had reached \$1,200,000. In 1906 the First National acquired the Industrial National Bank, which was organized in 1903.

* * *

It was an important day in the financial history of Pittsburgh when the First National Bank laid the cornerstone of

the new building which the bank now occupies. The dedication took place on January 26, 1909. Many prominent people were present and eloquent tributes were paid those who had successfully piloted the bank through fifty-seven years of prosperity and panics. In the later part of 1909 the bank entered its new home.

Always intensely patriotic, the First National Bank of Pittsburgh played a very important part in the enactment of the National Banking Law. John D. Scully, president of the Pittsburgh Trust Company, the predecessor of the First



THE FIRST BUILDING
of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. Finished
in 1871

National, personally went to Washington, where he made an appeal to President Lincoln in favor of the bill. He pointed out that the banking history of the United States had been nothing but a history of experiment; that the banking laws had encouraged the organization of a swarm of wild-cat banks, which had resulted in a degraded currency; that the First Bank of the United States was made a football for politicians to take a kick at, and that the Second Bank of the United States and President Van Buren's Independent Treasury scheme had met a similar fate. When the Civil War began, the United States Treasury was in an insolvent condition. The situation in this country was identical with that of France when the French government attempted to finance the

Revolution with legal tender notes. The government of the French Revolution continued the issue of legal tender notes until their value completely vanished. In 1863 the legal tender notes of the United States were worth less than fifty cents on the dollar, and their value was rapidly declining. Out of the chaos came our national banking system.

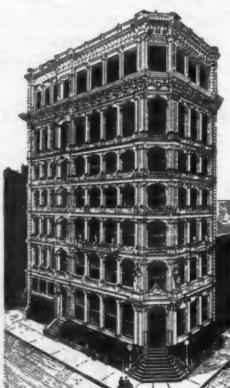
It is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that our present system of national banks is no more nor less than an adaptation of a state banking system which was introduced in Ohio by Alfred Kelly, the father of canals, reformer of the taxation system of Ohio, and state financier. In the fall of 1844 Mr. Kelly was elected to the state senate. At that time there were a degraded paper currency and a swarm of wild-cat banks that were exerting a demoralizing influence upon commercial affairs, and in desperation business men implored Mr. Kelly to devise some means of relief. When the legislature met, his bill "to incorporate the State Bank of Ohio and other banking companies" was promptly enacted, and it differed materially from any financial legislation that had preceded it, in that it did not purpose to establish a state bank individually, but to form a state bank composed of branches located in all parts of the state. It was operated with integrity and prudence, and delivered the people of Ohio from financial fetters of the most exasperating nature. Judge Bates, writing of the Kelly banking system, says: "If anyone will take the trouble to compare the bank law of the United States with that of Ohio, he will find that

nearly every material provision is found in them both. He will also find that there is a striking similarity in the language of many sections. The law of Ohio seems to have been the model used, and was only so modified as to be adapted to the United States instead of Ohio alone." By way of comment Daniel J. Ryan, in Randall and Ryan's "History of Ohio," says: "It is not at all improbable that Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War, when he first officially proposed the National Banking System, had in mind the Ohio idea, born in the brain of Alfred Kelly, with which he was thoroughly familiar. It had been in successful operation for the years that he was Governor of Ohio and its United States

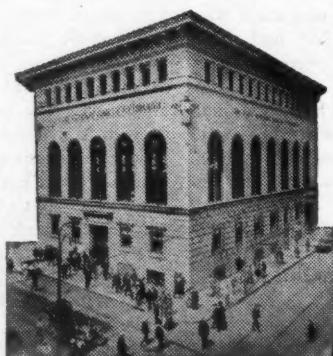
Senator, and it doubtless suggested itself to him in the troublesome times of the war."

The First National Bank of Pittsburgh was always a profitable institution and did a large business. From its start the bank's policy has been to help beginners, if capable and honest, regardless of their financial assets. The directors would always take an honest man before a rich man as security, and many successful business men of Pittsburgh owe their present wealth to the consideration and assistance given

them in the early days of their business careers by the First National Bank. It has always been the policy of the officers of the bank to lead young men to the ladder of success and encourage them to ascend. The bank has never shown any distinction between persons. Any man can open an account, providing he is honest. It will never accept the accounts of unknown persons, because it does



THE SECOND BUILDING
of the First National Bank
occupied until 1908



THE THIRD BUILDING
of the First National Bank

not permit its check books to be in the hands of unscrupulous men who could thereby victimize scores of reputable citizens.

The Second National Bank of Pittsburgh has long been recognized as one of the strongest and safest banking institutions in Western Pennsylvania. Its history dates back to 1859, when it was given birth as a co-partnership under the title, The Iron City Trust Company. When the National Banking Act had been on the statute books but a few months the owners of The Iron City Trust Company applied for a national bank charter, and was given No. 252. Being the second bank in Pittsburgh to secure a charter, it was designated the Second National Bank.

The history of this bank can justly be written as one of continued success. The capital stock, which was raised to \$300,000 at the time of the nationalization, has had to be twice raised to take care of the growing business of the bank—in November, 1901, to \$600,000, and in November, 1905, an increase in the capital was made by the declaration of a 200 per cent dividend from the surplus, making the capital \$1,800,000, at which figure it remained until the consolidation. Besides the capital the bank had a surplus and undivided profits of \$2,074,290, as shown by its statement to the comptroller of the currency on February 4.

Whatever growth of business the Second National Bank experienced during its existence was all its own. It was earned by the skill of its officers and directors, and by the confidence and esteem which the bank had gained in Pittsburgh and through Pennsylvania. Not a dollar's worth of business was ever obtained through absorption or consolidation.

During its life term the Second National Bank paid a total of \$4,167,000 to stockholders. For several years it paid a regular quarterly dividend of two and one half per cent, or ten per cent per annum.

These figures tell in the most convincing manner of its efficient and conservative management. Its profits were earned legitimately and not through underwriting schemes or from promotion operations. Its business was always conducted strictly along the line which an honorable com-

mercial bank should follow. It was always eager for new business, but it would never take it at a loss. It had more regard for quality than quantity of accounts, and while at times it saw deposits going to other institutions, which it might have obtained, an analysis of the conditions surrounding these deposits generally resulted in the conclusion that their loss would in the end result in a gain.

The Second National Bank acted as a reserve agent for a large number of banks



JAMES M. YOUNG
Cashier of the First-Second National Bank

in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, West Virginia and other states. Its promptness and care in handling the accounts of these banks was often commented upon by country bankers. In times of financial disturbance few banks showed as much consideration for their correspondents as did the Second National of Pittsburgh. "We are all in the same position; now let us pull together" was its slogan during the dark financial days of December of 1907, and many country bankers often recall the timely assistance they obtained from this Pittsburgh institution when

currency had almost disappeared in the 1907 panic.

The consolidation of the First and Second National Banks of Pittsburgh was the most important merger of banking institutions ever consummated in Pittsburgh. The capital of the enlarged bank was fixed at \$3,400,000, with surplus and undivided profits of \$1,900,000 and assets of about \$37,000,000. The authorized

also to increase the capital stock. A circular letter was sent to all stockholders, signed by President William S. Kuhn, announcing that the board of directors of the Second National Bank had succeeded in effecting an arrangement with the directors of the First National Bank whereby the assets of the latter bank had been acquired by the Second National Bank on terms which were deemed advantageous to the stockholders. The plan of consolidation may be briefly mentioned.

The capital stock of the Second National Bank was increased from \$1,800,000 to \$3,400,000.

A stock dividend of \$600,000 at par was paid to shareholders out of the existing surplus.

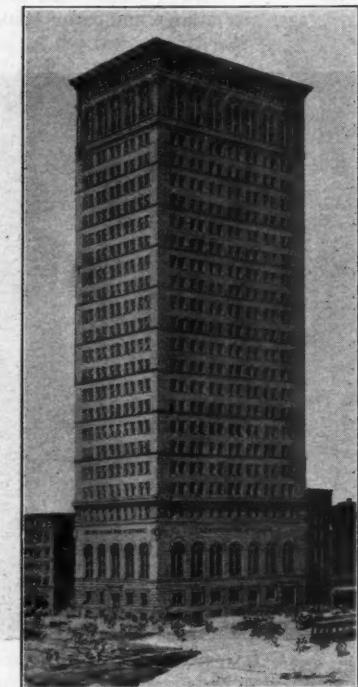
The balance of the \$1,000,000 additional stock was issued at \$150 a share and turned over to the First National Bank as full consideration of all its leases, good will and business.

By this arrangement the total capital of the new bank was made \$3,400,000, with a surplus of \$1,700,000 and ample undivided profits in addition thereto, and the bank began business with deposits of approximately \$32,000,000.

The books, papers and currency were immediately taken to the attractive quarters of the First National Bank, corner of Fifth Avenue and Wood Street, where future business will be conducted.

A charter for a Savings and Trust Company has been applied for, and this institution will be known as the First-Second Savings and Trust Company, which will occupy the quarters vacated by the Second National Bank.

There is no bank in western Pennsylvania which possesses more of the actual requirements for building an immense financial institution within the next few years than the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh. The men who are on the new board of directors are among the most successful and wealthiest men of the Pittsburgh district. The banking institutions which were merged were among the oldest national banks in the United States, and their records have always been honorable. The men at the head of the new institution are recognized among the leading financiers and most



THE PRESENT BUILDING
of the First-Second National Bank, Pittsburgh

number of directors in the new institution is thirty-five, among which will be some of the representative men of the Pittsburgh district. Both the First and Second National Banks at the time of consolidation had men on their boards of directors whose names were the synonyms of financial strength and honor in Pennsylvania.

In working out the details of the consolidation it was decided to liquidate the First National Bank and to change the name to the First-Second National Bank;

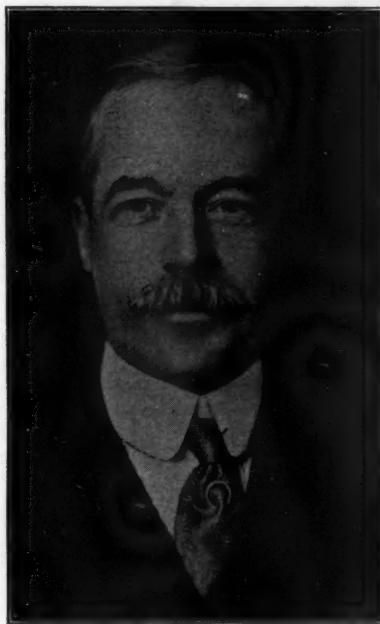
successful bankers of this country; and then again this new First-Second National Bank has come into possession of the most complete and comprehensive foreign banking department in the United States. There is no financial institution in America which has worked up so important a foreign department as has the First National Bank of Pittsburgh. Its customers in this department represent practically every foreign country. Through this department the citizen of foreign birth may send money to relatives or friends in the old country with the same degree of safety that he could send a post-office money order to a friend in another state. No matter what country he may have come from, this Pittsburgh banking institution will forward a draft for the amount desired to this relative or friend, payable at its face in current funds of the country in which he resides. This department accepts the savings of residents of foreign countries in the United States, on which three per cent interest is paid, and several thousand foreigners have money on deposit with this bank. A well-organized steamship ticket office is also maintained.

It is stated that there are more transactions in the foreign department of the First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh each month than in the foreign department of any bank in this country. At present forty persons are employed in this branch, and plans have been perfected whereby the department will be greatly extended.

The first statement of the First-Second National Bank made to the comptroller of the currency on April 4, showed total resources of \$39,309,255.77. Its capital stock was reported as \$3,400,000, surplus and profits, \$2,011,168.59; circulation, \$1,862,500. Deposits, \$32,029,695.28, and reserved for rent and taxes, \$5,891.90.

In this connection it should be stated that another important Pittsburgh financial institution is controlled by J. S. and W. S. Kuhn, who figure so conspicuously in the history of both the First and Second National Banks, and through whose efforts the consolidation was effected. This institution is the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. This bank has safely passed through more than half a century's periods

of panics and prosperity, of war and peace, and its doors have always been open during banking hours, whether in times when customers were prosperous, or when they were on the verge of bankruptcy. It has extended financial accommodations to its patrons when credit, that great, invisible asset which has built railroads across deserts and over mountains, had almost disappeared; and it played an important part in the restoration of confi-



J. S. KUHN
President of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings

dence in the great Pittsburgh district when the wave of financial excitement began to calm.

When the Confederate soldiers were at the very doors of Washington in 1862, the Pittsburgh papers announced the organization of the Dime Savings Institution under the leadership of James Park, Jr., president, and D. E. McKinley, secretary and treasurer. These men laid the foundation upon which grew the present Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

During all the years of its existence the

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings has never paid less than four per cent interest on deposits. It does not ask for a large sum from depositors in order to open an account. A single dollar is accepted and later deposits may be made in any amount. There is no profit to the banks in small accounts, but banking experience has shown that persons who begin by making small deposits very quickly increase them. By accepting new customers on this basis the

ments the same as in a Loan and Building Association.

The school savings system has contributed in no small degree to the popularity of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. In 1874 this system was first introduced. A gentleman of Ghent, Belgium, was astonished when he learned the large amount of money wasted by school children in the purchase of candy, cakes and sweets, and the consequent many cases of impaired health. By an arrangement with the teachers he agreed to create a savings department for the benefit of the children. It was a new and novel idea, but it found co-operation among the parents and teachers and hearty response among the children.

In 1885 the school savings system was established at Long Island City, New York. Educators and economists watched the experiment with much interest. For several years opinions were divided regarding the ultimate success of the plan, but among those who looked upon the innovation with favor was Mr. William J. Jones, treasurer of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. Mr. Jones believed the Pittsburgh district would be an ideal place to introduce the system, and he secured permission from several of the ward school boards of Pittsburgh to establish the plan. Favorable consideration was given by the teachers, and the children were delighted with the idea. In the course of a few years practically every school in the Pittsburgh district had completed arrangements whereby the bank would be custodian of the children's savings, and today forty thousand school children of Allegheny County have \$185,000 on deposit with the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

In conversation with several teachers of the city schools I learned that this savings system has a most beneficial influence. It encourages thrift among the children and teaches them in their early years some of the fundamental principles of banking. The bank pays four per cent interest and an account may be opened with a deposit of a single cent. There is a rivalry created among the children, to which the parents give much encouragement.

An employee of the bank visits the



THE PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

bank has encouraged thrift on the part of hundreds of persons who would never have saved if they had been required to make a deposit of \$10 or \$20 in order to open an account.

In a sense the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings assumes the attributes of the Loan and Building Association. The bank offers to help its customers in securing a home. If a man has saved enough to buy a building lot, the bank will advance him money to help in building the home, and the mortgage can be paid off in install-

schools once a week and collects the savings. A regular pass book is given each depositor, and the accounts are kept in a similar manner to ordinary savings deposits. The bank does not pretend to claim that the school savings system feature is a big money-maker; in fact, during its early years it was conducted at a loss; but the officers of the bank believe they have established a system which is of great benefit to boys and girls in that it creates a desire to be economical and thrifty. When boys and girls form an acquaintance with a bank, they are very likely to remain permanent customers in later years, and this is the satisfactory experience of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings.

The officers of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings have for many years studied every opportunity to legitimately advance the growth of the bank and at the same time to serve the people of western Pennsylvania in the most satisfactory manner. Twenty years ago the bank inaugurated a "banking by mail" feature, which placed the farmers and others of small distant communities in close touch with a metropolitan city bank. In these small towns the banks often paid but a small rate of interest, and in many cases no interest was allowed. The Pittsburgh Bank for Savings adopted a simple plan by which those living in rural communities could make use of its facilities through the mails. There were no limitations as to the territory from which deposits might be sent, although the plan was designed to serve the people of western Pennsylvania. Much to the surprise of the officials, deposits came from all parts of the country and even from foreign lands. The plan has been in operation for over twenty years, and not a dollar has been lost in the transmission of funds to or from the bank. Every day brings new depositors through this "banking by mail" feature, and the officials state that one-third of the bank's depositors are residents of distant towns and cities.

This feature has important advantages to the people of small communities. The four per cent interest which the bank pays is a larger rate than they could obtain from local banks, and then again the depositors

are assured absolute secrecy regarding their financial affairs, which is not always the case when their neighbors are on the Boards of Directors of their home banking institutions.

In many ways the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings endeavors to aid its customers. Not only does it pay a liberal rate of interest on deposits, thereby encouraging thrift and habits of economy, but it places at the service of its depositors all the facilities which have been obtained through many



WILLIAM J. JONES
Secretary and Treasurer of the Pittsburgh Bank for
Savings

years of financial connection with great commercial institutions. Drafts are issued without charge, and depositors are assisted in establishing credit in business houses. Information regarding investments is given customers, also advice in minor legal matters.

The doors to the private offices are always open to depositors. There is no rank or distinction among customers. The widow with a hundred dollars on deposit is given the same courteous attention as is the man whose balance is a hundred thousand. In this respect there is no more democratic financial institu-

tion in the United States. Its officers are: James S. Kuhn, president; William S. Kuhn, vice-president; L. M. Plummer, vice-president; William J. Jones, secretary and treasurer; A. N. Voegely, assistant secretary and treasurer.

* * *

To be a good banker requires intellectual and moral qualifications. A banker need not be a man of talent, but he must be a man of wisdom. Talent, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used, implies a strong development of some one faculty of the mind. Wisdom implies the due proportion of all the faculties. Among the successful bankers of this country there are no poets, philosophers, men of science or literature, statesman and but very few orators. Perhaps there is no banker who possesses any one remarkable quality by which he is distinguished from the rest of mankind. But there are hundreds of bankers who possess a large portion of that practical quality which is called common sense. It is a mistake to suppose that banking is such a routine employment that it requires neither knowledge or skill. The number of banks that have failed within the last forty years are sufficient to show that to be a good banker requires qualities as rare and as important as those which are necessary to attain eminence in any other pursuit. The dealer in money exercises intellectual faculties of a high order, and his profession has a powerful bearing on the happiness of mankind.

As a simple proposition it may be stated that the men who control the affairs of the First-Second National Bank and the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings possess qualifications as bankers which are seldom found in financial institutions. Both W. S. and J. S. Kuhn have passed through every stage of banking experience, from clerk to president, and at the same time they have had sufficient experience in the affairs of outside industrial enterprises

to enable them to correctly pass judgment upon the needs of the average borrower. They are capable of detecting the certain signs of approaching failure of a business man which enables them to speedily fortify the bank's position in reference to his obligations. The knowledge they have gained as operators of large industrial and public utility enterprises gives them a commanding position as bankers, and at the same time it works to the advantage of the patrons of a bank, because their actual requirements are better understood.

William Speer Kuhn, through whose efforts the consolidation was effected, and who was chosen president of the new institution, is an officer or director or both of the Colonial Trust Company, the Commercial National Bank, the Commonwealth Trust Company, the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, the First National Bank of McKeesport, the First National Bank of Allegheny and the American Water Works and Guarantee Company and all of its subsidiaries. He has been from its inception president of the West Penn Traction and Lighting System, and his energy has been largely instrumental in its remarkable success.

James M. Young, who was elected vice-president and cashier of the new First National Bank of Pittsburgh, held a similar position with the Second National Bank. He was connected with that institution for thirty years and passed through every stage of banking experience.

The beneficial influence which this great financial institution will exert over the Pittsburgh district can hardly be measured. In a large degree it was the banks which built up those gigantic industries, and it is no idle prediction to state that the First-Second National Bank will be found either directly or indirectly in the front rank of every undertaking of importance which is calculated further to develop the great Pittsburgh industrial district.





"These are the Parliament Buildings on Parliament Hill. Is it any wonder that all Canadians are proud of the remarkable beauty of their capital city?"

A Travel Show

Bringing the World to New York City

by Flynn Wayne

CARPENTERS, plasterers, painters and scenic decorators, with a myriad of helpers, had been noisily at work for months in the herculean task of rebuilding the world, or such spots thereof as appeal to the traveler and vacationist. As the date drew near for the opening of the great "Travel Show" in the New Grand Central Palace, New York City, efforts were redoubled; cold tea was dispensed by the bucketful, and weary artists struggled night and day with the work which they alone could finish. It was "the final dash to the pole," a time of strain and exhaustion, until, the last sweep of the brush given, the tired builders of a "new world" crept out the back door for a long, recuperative sleep, while the public was admitted to view their handiwork.

Into a blaze of light, upon the broad marble staircase, festooned with flowers as for a June wedding, the great doors were thrown open upon the most interesting of all expositions—an enterprise whose charm and success were a credit to the unflagging energy of Manager R. H. Sexton, and to the artistic interpretation of the Morgan Brothers, by whom the great scenic localities of the country were staged in wonderful realism, making it an exposition filled with interest and delight to every beholder.

Woed by the dulcet strains of the white-robed ladies' orchestra; the witchery of forest trees and copses; the woodsman's

tent and campfire; and wild creatures—bears, deers and foxes, partridges, ducks and all manner of game and birds—the scene brought to thousands the memories and delights of the abandon of vacation time, and filled their minds with the enchantment of recreation and travel that permeated the very atmosphere. Distance was annihilated, for the artist, the scenic decorator and the wizard electrician had evoked many a fairy scene wherein the imagination could run riot in a tour of the world.

Under this spell, the genius of this fairyland—in this case no delicate, elflike nymph, but a strong, self-reliant young woman, in complete traveling costume, with bag and baggage ready for the journey—seemed to guide the beholder on his journeys. It was a thoroughly modernized "Samantha" who spoke.

"I am the Travel Girl of 1913. I epitomize the spirit of travel that lies in the breast of every wide-awake American. I am here to conduct you, before the watch hand has made one circle, to many of the most wonderful scenic and vacation grounds on this continent. Come!"

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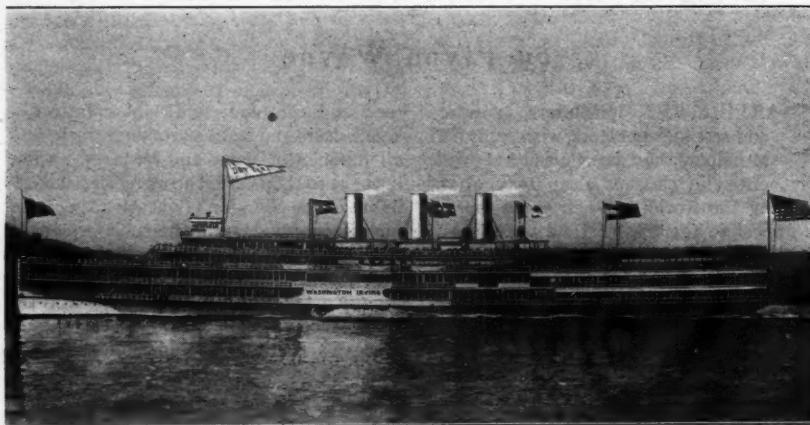
Walking up the gangway, we board the new Hudson River Day Line steamer, Washington Irving, the largest passenger boat in the world, with accommodations for six thousand people. When the boat was christened, fifty red-haired girls from the Washington Irving High School were

the guests of President Olcott of the Day Line, and their courteous and genial host took them all the way to the New York Shipbuilding Company's yards at Camden for the launching.

As Washington Irving was one of the most refined and illustrious Americans known to our history, and especially as he did so much in his own delightful way to acquaint the world with the glories of the Hudson River, so this epoch-maker, which bears his name, is in every way the most refined of floating structures. It will likewise be her privilege to acquaint the world with the still unclouded, "scenic,

The exquisite architecture and art of the Alhambra, the quaint and restful homeliness of the early Dutch abodes, the light and graceful Colonial architecture and the English fashions of the Georgian period, are all worked into this structure in a harmonious whole.

The spirit of Irving still pervades the Hudson and the Catskills, and the creatures of his fancy are always fresh and interesting. A sweet reasonableness seems to give all of his characters, both human and ghostly, a perpetual popularity. One may expect to see Katrina Van Tassel, Ichabod Crane, Anthony Van Corlear,



"As Washington Irving did so much in his own delightful way to acquaint the world with the glories of the Hudson River, so this epoch maker, which bears his name, is in every way the most refined of floating structures"

romantic and historical glories of the Hudson.

This new steamer is considerably larger than the Hendrick Hudson and has a licensed capacity for six thousand passengers. This lifts the honor of carrying the largest certificate ever issued in the world from the Hendrick Hudson and places the distinction on the new craft. And so in the pleasant capacity of acquainting people with the Hudson, a small-sized city can be introduced at each trip.

The name, Washington Irving, is so closely linked to the Hudson that it lends itself most pleasantly to a Hudson River steamer, and the boat exemplifies as much as possible the life, works and times of the author.

the Flying Dutchman, Rip Van Winkle and numerous other half-real people of the Hudson Valley peeping out from some nook of the great steamer. One need not even be surprised to be saluted by Boabdil and the charming Moorish Princesses of the Alhambra.

Like the other steamers of the Day Line, the Washington Irving carries no freight, no sleeping accommodations for passengers, and no bar, but is devoted absolutely to carrying first-class passengers in the safest way amid the most wholesome environment. Steel, plate glass and asbestos are used as much as possible. Hard coal is exclusively used on the Day Line, so that the trips are smokeless as well as noiseless, dustless and smooth.

We are soon speeding up the historic Hudson, probably the most popular single excursion trip in the world. There are the frowning Palisades trending northward into the distance to mark our course up the river. From this side of the boat we can get a good view of West Point, where Uncle Sam schools his future army officers. Now we are approaching the "Storm King," that stern old mountain which guards the Hudson in its majestic sweep through the Highlands to the sea. See! the rugged scenery gives way to green hills and pastures, the river broadens and the boat must pick its way carefully along the channel, for we are nearing Albany and the head of navigation. Hear the whistle. That means that we are already nearing the dock. Pick up your grips, and be ready to get off ahead of the crowd.

Where are we going now? Can't you guess? Where does everybody go who starts out on a sight-seeing trip and gets as far as Albany? To Lake George and Lake Champlain, of course. Here's a Delaware and Hudson train waiting for us. All aboard! And now we can settle down for a glimpse from the car windows of the beautiful Adirondack country, famous for two hundred years as a vacation ground.

Lake George! Everybody out! The boat New Horicon is at the dock. Did you ever see such a beautiful sheet of water? It was called by the French "The Lake of the Holy Sacrament"; it is thirty-nine miles long and as clear as crystal. How time flies! We are now at Baldwin, where we must land and make a detour by train to Montcalm Landing, named after the great French commander, on Lake Champlain. See, there is Fort Ticonderoga in the distance, where Ethan Allen demanded that the British garrison surrender in the name of "Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This is historic ground. Three nations fought over it, for it is the military route between Canada and the heart of New England and New

York. Down these waterways innumerable bands of savage and civilized invaders have carried fire and sword into the scattered settlements of our forefathers, and Burgoyne made his great invasion in 1776; while myriads of British troops and colonial savages went northward to Canada by thousands, or returned, beaten and dispirited, until Quebec fell before the army of Wolfe in 1758. We go aboard the Vermont for 105 miles more of water travel, among the islands of historic Lake Champlain, to the terminus at Plattsburg. Here is Crown



"The Saguenay River flows through the greatest navigable mountain gorge in the world; the river is sixty-six miles long and in places the depth of its waters is unknown"

Point and there Fort Frederick with its famous lighthouse. Have you ever seen such a beautiful panorama as this trip from Albany to Plattsburg? Did you ever imagine that there was so much to be seen almost at home at such slight expense?

"Don't be frightened," our guide is saying. "By a wave of my wand I have transported you across the state line into Vermont and the New England states." Never been there before? Can it be possible? Why, New England is not only a beautiful, cool, inviting spot in summer, but it is replete with historical associations that make the journey doubly interesting. The Berkshires of Massachusetts, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the



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"We are in the newest and second largest of our national playgrounds. It is the Glacier National Park!"

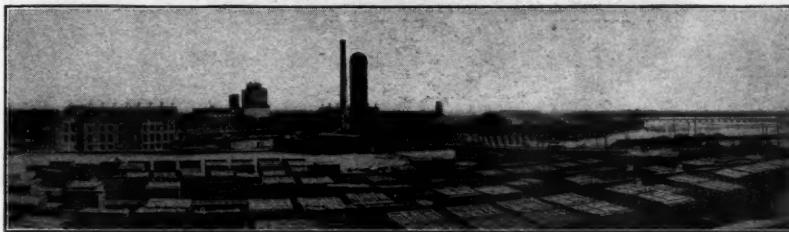
Kineo Mountains of Maine are famous the world over. New England's famous summer hosteries are located so as to give the best views; the air is cool and bracing, and the wonderful chain of good roads makes the region a paradise for automobile tourists.

Shut your eyes for a moment. Now look! Here is the Crawford Notch that you have heard so much about. Here, again, is Lake Asquam, New Hampshire, and now you can see the great Mount Kineo house on Moosehead Lake in northern Maine. Or, if you prefer the bracing air of the sea coast, what can rival that stretch of coastline in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut—a thousand miles of ideal resorts for bathing, boating, hunting and fishing? The

continent. The Saguenay River flows through the greatest navigable mountain gorge in the world; the river is sixty-six miles long and in places the depth of its waters is unknown. Ex-President Taft's summer home is at Murray Bay, in the center of a lively American colony in this region.

The Saguenay River is navigable farther north than any other river on the continent. It has not been opened up long for the tourist, but it is proving tremendously popular to those who wish to penetrate the interior of a new country without the inconvenience of getting off the boat.

Look at the rugged shores on either side, the tiny hamlets and settlements. What an utter change from the daily life of the bustling city—but that, after all, is why



"Over yonder we can see the great manufacturing plants that are making Ottawa famous as a manufacturing city of no small importance"

New England lines carry more vacationists each year than any other railroad system in the country, illustrating that the "welcome" given by New England and her well-appointed summer hotels is not unheeded.

Now listen to the swish of the waves! We are on a boat, not out on the broad Atlantic, but ascending the Saguenay River in lower Canada. Never heard of it? Well, where have you been these last few years? But never mind now, for here we are aboard the model boat of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, the same company whose boats cruise from Toronto and Niagara Falls through the Thousand Islands down the rapids of St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec and clear through to the head waters of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, a distance of eight hundred miles. This is one of the longest and best river trips on

we are here—to get away from everything that suggests the city.

Now just a moment. Our next visit is to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. Here we are. Get into the automobile; we are off for a drive through the city. Those are the Parliament buildings on Parliament Hill. Is it any wonder that all Canadians are proud of the remarkable beauty of their capital city? Over here is Britannia Park and Bay, one of the garden spots of this remarkable city. Along the driveway nothing has been left out that would add to the picturesque park system. From this high point we can get a fine view of the North Central sky line. Over yonder we can see the great manufacturing plants that are making Ottawa famous not only as the capital, but as a manufacturing city of no small importance.



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"Now let us go around old Spot Mountain to Cut Bank Camp for a visit!"

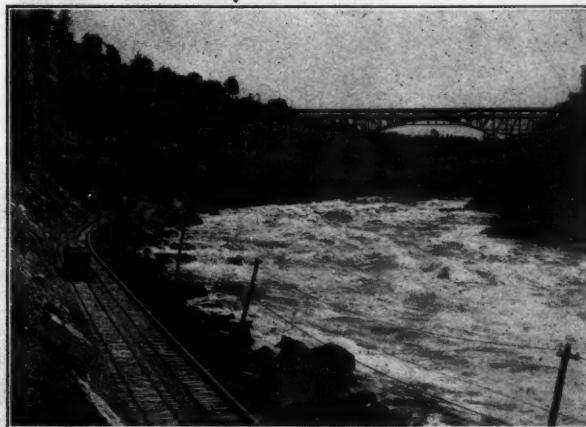
See how clear the sky line is in spite of the tremendous industrial growth. The reason is simple. Ottawa has more electric power than Niagara and at lower cost. Oh, yes, it's an advertised fact. You see, Niagara development is limited by law, to a figure less than the possible development of power lying within sixty miles of Ottawa. Hydro-electric power means a clean city without smoke or dirt. A large number of manufacturing concerns have located in Ottawa within the past two years. Without doubt it is the liveliest city in Canada. Advertising its natural advantages is bearing the richest kind of fruit, and the city is growing by leaps and bounds.

All aboard! This time we are on the Grand Trunk Railway. Did you glance around at their magnificent terminal at Ottawa? The Grand Trunk is one of the principal railroads of Canada, as well as of the United States. We are on our way to Mount Robson, the present terminus of the transcontinental line that this road is building through to Prince Rupert's Land. There is a gap of about two hundred and fifty miles to close before the eastern and western construction gangs meet, but when it is finished it will open up to the tourist some of the most magnificent mountain scenery to be found anywhere on the American continent. Mount Robson, which we are looking at, is 13,700 feet high, and the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies, which, as you can very well believe, rival even the Alps of Switzerland in their beauty. Thousands of tourists are attracted to these newer sections every year, and returning, tell their story of wonderment at just such sights as this. Verily it beggars description, and must be seen to be appreciated. The Yellow Head Pass route followed by

this line across the continent is the lowest ascent of any of the transcontinental routes and the road is being built with the idea of permanence, instead of changing grades in later years as has been too much the custom in the past. It passes through two hundred miles of magnificent mountain scenery and furnishes a new territory for the tourist and sportsman.

* * *

Get into this mackinaw. We have dropped down across the border from Canada into United States again and have struck the trail of the Great Northern Railroad. We are in the newest and



"We'll board one of the gorge cars and make the trip. Don't be frightened, the cars run pretty close to the edge, and it is awful to look down into the swirl of the rapids; but there is no danger"

second largest of our national playgrounds. It is the famous Glacier National Park. Do you see the great white patches on the mountain sides? Those are glaciers. There are upwards of sixty of them, from which the park derives its name. We are going on a "roughing trip." Don't you know what that is? Well, we are going to visit the various camps which have been established in the interior of the great park. "Big Chief Fred" here will be our guide, and it will be a real vacation, walking or riding the ponies by easy stages through the wild rugged country, and finding at each camp a good spring bed and plenty of delicious food. Oh, yes, this kind of a vacation has got everything



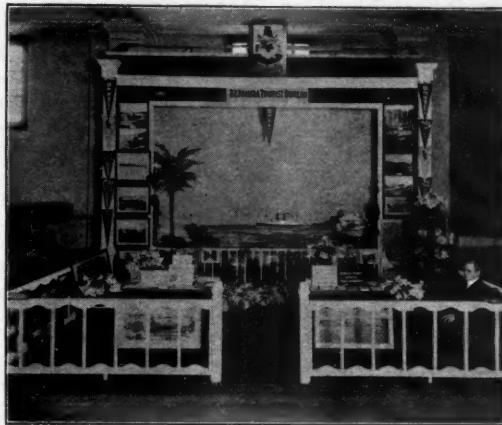
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"Nine miles, that's all, up the trail to Gun Sight Lake Camp, and it's through a beautiful forest most of the way"

else of the kind "beat a mile." The two hundred and fifty lakes in Glacier Park are filled with the finest kind of fish, and while the government draws the line at hunting, you can fish to your heart's content. That peak over there is Stimson Mountain, over 10,000 feet or nearly two miles high. Here is Two Medicine Camp, thirteen miles off the railroad. Talk about the comforts of home, what more could one ask? Next let us go around old Spot Mountain to Cut Bank Camp for a visit, and our next jump is sixteen miles to St. Mary's Camp on St. Mary's Lake. From here Many Glacier camp is twenty-four miles by wagon road, and Granite Park Camp is nine miles further. Did you ever see such scenery before? But wait, wait until we get to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, whence the views are conceded to be the finest in the park. We are two hundred feet above the lake, and the mountain there in the front yard is a mile high. Come on, you are not tired—how could anyone get tired in a country like this? Nine miles, that's all, up the trail to Gun Sight Lake Camp, and it's through a beautiful forest most of the way. From here we will go to make the intimate acquaintance of a glacier at Sperry Glacier Camp. What do you think of that? How would you like to be the ice man here? Be careful, watch that you don't slip, and we'll take a look down Avalanche Basin, a chasm four thousand feet deep. Over we go to Lake McDonald, the biggest lake in the park, and than back again to civilization and the line of the Great Northern Railroad. Six thousand people came here last year; twelve thousand will list it on their vacation route this coming year, and not one will be disappointed. It's great, isn't it? Nothing like it anywhere else, and it's so economical—that's a good point, too.

And now for a taste of the old days, those early pioneer days when traveling across the continent meant riding in the stout, swaying old stage coaches. This is

an old Wells Fargo coach, down at Santa Cruz, California, fitted out in its original trappings, and we are off for the journey, just as it would have been fifty years before. The express business went hand-in-hand with the pioneer, even antedating the railroads. The real history of American western frontier life is the history of the Wells-Fargo & Company Express. Through its efficient system it watched over men and passengers when the government itself in those outlying sections had not taken steps to do it, and the old-time coach which bears witness to the wear and tear of actual service brings a thrill of



"The great exposition glittered with bright lights and beautiful scenes"

veneration for the institution and company that has meant so much in the up-building of the great West. What's this? A little touch of sentiment to convey an intimate description of the care with which all shipments by the Wells Fargo are made; a picture story of "How Peter got his Pillow," in which every phase of the journey of the pillow, via the Wells Fargo from Penelope's hand to the cozy chair of her sweetheart, is traced. Let us do likewise and turn our faces homeward.

* * *

Hark; listen! Hear that roar! What is it? Can't you guess? It's the eternal and thunderous diapason of Niagara Falls. Yes, back so soon. It doesn't take the Travel Girl long to get anywhere.

How do you like it? Stupendous, marvelous, grand—keep on, do, but I'm sure you'll have to abandon the attempt in your effort to express in words your real opinion of Niagara Falls. This view from the porch of the Clifton House is without question the most magnificent, for the full sweep of both the American and the Canadian Falls is in view, as well as the mighty gorge. Are you ready? We'll board one of the gorge cars and make the trip. Don't be frightened, the cars run pretty close to the edge, and it is awful in the real sense of the word to look down into the swirl of the rapids; but there is no danger. There now, you see we are descending right down into the gorge, whence we will cross the river and come back along the side of the swift, tumbling, churning waters. Up here above us is where they stretched the tight rope for Blondin to walk across. I suppose that Niagara Falls has called forth more daredevil tricks than any other one spot in the country, but it is one of the seven wonders of the world, without doubt. The whole world knows about Niagara Falls and thousands of tourists from Europe visit it each year. Take one last look, then, for we must go.

And now back home again, to dear old New York. Which way? Don't ask foolish questions. When you are at Niagara Falls or Buffalo, there is just one "best way" to go to New York. The famous Empire State Express will give us a daylight run, along the water-level route. Through the rich farming and manufacturing center of New York State we fly down the Mohawk Valley to Albany, viewing the finest scenery of the Catskills and Adirondacks along the route. And now we turn down at Albany, the state capital, and follow the shores of the Hudson River into New York. The scenery reels by like a moving picture machine—a comfortable, easy, safe journey, for the roadbed is pronounced one of the best examples of railroad building in America. Not a minute is lost, not a stop is made for the entire distance, from Albany to New York, and—well, here we are right in the new Grand Central Station, where we must part. And now those of you who have wanted to take an ocean trip, we are at

the docks in New York City. Here is the Red Cross Line ready to carry you to Newfoundland or the Quebec Steamship Company's steamer for the little Island of Bermuda. "Short ocean trips of great delight for those who like the water." "Pay your money, take your choice." May the spirit of travel always remain with you!

* * *

The apparition of the Travel Girl of 1913 faded as suddenly as she had come, but the great exposition glittered with bright lights and beautiful scenes. Tons of the best booklet literature that money could buy was freely distributed, and many "bookings" were jotted down by the busy men in the booths.

The Good Roads exhibit shown by the United States government was an interesting study in road-building, with models to illustrate the different methods of road construction beginning with that of the Appian Way, dating back more than two thousand years, the old French road of 1775, and the first Macadam, which was built in 1816. Photographs of Macadam and Telford, two Scotchmen, who will go down as the two greatest rival road makers in history, smiled good-naturedly at each other. Interesting photographs showing the terrible condition of country roads in various parts of the United States before and after the Government took a hand in its educational work for better roads, showed the remarkable progress that has been made since the government started this special work twenty years ago.

Like a benediction to the excellent work of the Morgan Brothers in their artistic triumph in the scenic reproductions of the Travel Show, was the great scriptural painting, "Christ Entering Jerusalem," painted by their father, the late Matt Morgan, and valued at \$75,000. It is a massive canvas, twenty-eight by fourteen feet, and carries a compelling story of what the approach of Christ with His infinite love and infinite power meant to all the wretches that hovered about the gates of Jerusalem. Nor did it seem incongruous in a rushing, bustling Travel Show, for it typified as nothing else could have done the Oriental scenery and the first form of travel—the ass of biblical times—all in strange contrast to the life of today.

Silver Jubilee of the Loyal Order of Moose

by William Clayton

THE Silver Jubilee of the Loyal Order of Moose will be held at Cincinnati the week beginning July 28. It is a quarter of a century since the Moose Order was founded, and while for a time it struggled between life and death, it is no longer an experiment, but is now regarded as one of the most altruistic and successful organizations which fraternalism has given the world. Its success is noteworthy, because nearly every year some new movement is launched under the guise of charity or fraternity; some scheme, project, or phantasy is given birth which is spurred on either by the love of gain, the necessity of excitement or the mere force of imitation. It is sometimes goaded by political or religious causes, or both combined, and flourishes for a brief period and then passes into silent history; but in studying the origin and tracing the achievements of the Loyal Order of Moose we find that its founders were not actuated by mercenary motives, or desire for applause, but that the order was conceived in the brains of men who, like the Apostles of old, had a worthy cause to espouse.

Since the Order of the Moose was founded, nearly half a million men have enrolled themselves under its banner, and, in the interest of humanity, the message of the Moose has been carried to every civilized nation.

Fraternal history, in her solemn pages, informs us that the Loyal Order of Moose came near death's

door on several occasions, while tales of struggle, on the other hand, portray the heroic efforts and self-sacrificing labor of a few men who overcame all obstacles and won for the Moose the proud distinction in the fraternal world which the order now enjoys.

The history of the Loyal Order of Moose dates back to 1888, when a lodge was organized at Louisville, Kentucky. It is said that the ritual was formulated by Dr. John Henry Wilson, who held a high position in another fraternal order and who possessed exceptional ability in organization and development. The ritual has been rewritten since that time, but the original principles have been retained.

The founders of the order fully realized the great possibilities of a fraternal organization which would meet the wants of its members, and the Loyal Order of Moose was the first to offer to white men

of good character in all professions and walks of life a common equality of brotherhood and mutual interest without the necessity of buying insurance or the acceptance of some proposition which is not in accord with strict fraternal policy. At the first convention held in Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Wilson was elected Supreme Dictator. He then organized lodges in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Lafayette, Indiana, Elwood, Indiana, Columbus, Ohio, and Buffalo. At the second annual convention he was re-elected, and before



JAMES J. DAVIS, DIRECTOR-GENERAL
LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE

the end of his second term fifteen lodges had been organized.

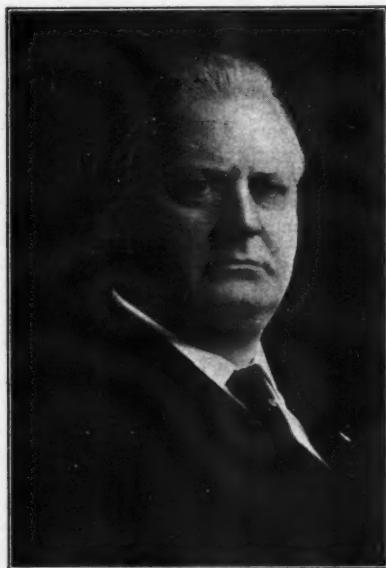
During the early nineties the order gained a membership of about five thousand and seemed to be in a prosperous condition. It developed, however, that it lacked a proper organization system, and when combined with inefficient management those causes placed the order in anything but an impregnable position to meet the great panic of 1893. In that year the order started on its downward

that the constitution of the United States, the Christian religion and the development of powerful nations were successful only as the result of unrelenting zeal and energy on the part of certain men who looked upon the undertaking with favor and approval. The Loyal Order of Moose, he told them, possessed the true fundamental principles of brotherly love and fraternalism. Its ritualistic teachings, he asserted, were conceived in the brain of a noble American, and its purpose was one of general uplift. Rally around such a worthy cause, he advised them, and success will surely crown the effort.

The impression created by Mr. Davis' talk seemed to rekindle the fires of enthusiasm among the leaders, and he was asked to formulate a plan of re-organization and future effort. There was no money in the treasury, and the credit of the order was of no assistance in its dilemma. It was then that Mr. Davis showed his confidence in the ultimate success of the organization. He was willing, he said, to act as Supreme Organizer for seven years, furnish all the money necessary to carry the Moose message into every state in the Union, and then rely upon the success of the undertaking for the return of the amount advanced. The order at that time was in debt; today its assets exceed \$5,000,000.

It was with hope rather than with confidence that the leaders gave Mr. Davis full power to perform the work of rejuvenation. They did not know the full capabilities of this energetic young man; they judged possible results from what had been produced by the feeble efforts of previous years. But "Sunny Jim," as his friends call him, does not include the word "fail" in his vocabulary, and when the decks were cleared for action he began what is now regarded as the most aggressive and successful campaign in the history of fraternalism.

Mr. Davis' first work was to equip the order with a full outfit of the necessary printed supplies. Then a new and improved ritual was issued and a uniform kit of working paraphernalia was agreed upon. The early plans of Mr. Davis and the Board of Organization were of a gigantic nature. The purpose was to organize



HON. JOHN J. LENTZ, COLUMBUS, OHIO
Honorary Vice-President of Ohio Delegation to National Democratic Convention at Denver, and seconded the nomination of both Bryan and Kern

path. There was a general lack of interest among the members, and no man had come forward to stem the tide of retrogression by the injection of enthusiasm and effort. The death knell of the Loyal Order of Moose was on the eve of being sounded in 1906 when a few leaders, as a last hope, called into consultation James J. Davis, who had gained a wide reputation as an enthusiastic and successful worker in the cause of fraternalism. Mr. Davis pointed out to those officials that no cause, however worthy, could succeed unless backed by popular enthusiasm and support;

a chain of lodges extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so located that they could be used as a strength in basic ways and as district headquarters from which could be sent out installing officers. The first practical result was the organization of a lodge at Pueblo early in 1907.

About the same time work in Pennsylvania was begun. A number of active lodges were securing charters and the state deputyship was given to John H. Risbeck, who has ever since been one of the most enthusiastic workers in the order. Of the first fifteen lodges instituted after the reorganization, twelve were started in Pennsylvania under Mr. Risbeck's supervision.

The first Canadian lodge was organized in 1907 at Toronto, Canada. It started out with a charter membership of 111; today it has a membership of 1,500, and the total number of lodges in Canada is thirty, with a membership of 25,000.

In the same year the monthly publication known as the *Loyal Moose* made its appearance. That journal was later superseded by *The Call of the Moose*, which today is one of the most progressive fraternal publications in this country.

In 1908 a certificate of incorporation for the Supreme Lodge of the World, Loyal Order of Moose, was secured from the state of Indiana. In the same year an amendment to the constitution was adopted which created a Supreme Council to succeed the Board of Organization, to consist of the Supreme Dictator, Supreme Vice Dictator and five other members to be elected for various periods, ranging from one to five years. Later the Junior Past Supreme Dictator was added to the council. At the first meeting Mr. Davis surrendered his original contract and entered into the new agreement with the new Supreme Council. At that time he donated to the Supreme Lodge uncollected accounts due him, amounting to approximately \$12,500. When making this donation Mr. Davis said, "I find the Supreme Lodge and the subordinate lodges are more in need of this money than I am, and I believe that by making the donation I am promoting the best interests of the Moose and the cause of fraternalism." On account of extra duties

required in connection with the building of club houses and the establishment of new lodges, Mr. Davis was subsequently given the title of Director General.

During the first two years in which Supreme Organizer Davis had charge of the work, the order attained a greater magnitude than it had reached during its entire history. It had forty-four active lodges and a membership of 12,569. When he took hold of the organization in 1906, there were but three lodges in good standing, with a total membership of 241.



RALPH W. E. DONGES, SUPREME DICTATOR
One of the last official acts of President Wilson while Governor of New Jersey was to appoint William Donges head of the State Public Utility Commission

Today the number of lodges is 1,300, with the total membership of over 425,000.

The epoch in the history of the Moose was celebrated in May, 1911, at Supreme headquarters, when the organization passed the one thousand lodge mark. Lodge No. 1000 was formed in Berlin, Germany, and the total membership of the order at that time exceeded 300,000. During the next year upwards of fifty thousand new members were added, and when the twenty-fifth annual convention is held in Cincinnati in July of this year, it is expected the membership will exceed half a million.

Director General James J. Davis is a unique character. His mind is extraordinary for its strength, its compass and its fertility. Had he been so disposed he could have wielded the logician's hammer and forged and formed links in the chain of irrefutable reasoning; or he could have excelled in the graces and accomplishments of the rhetorician. He generally has something to say at Moose gatherings, and when he rises to address the members everybody knows he will hear something. His popularity is not peculiar to his age or the strength of his manhood. It is of that brand that will continue to grow even when autumn and winter have swept their desolations over his declining years. His physical strength is enormous. He can work sixteen hours a day and sleep on the trains the other eight and never grow weary. During the year 1912 Mr. Davis slept on railway trains three hundred nights out of the three hundred and sixty-five.

Mr. Davis possesses a good and available stock of pure common sense, a generous wit and a boundless sympathy. Place and profit, luxury and reputation are not the governing motives of his life. He loves the sunshine of the favor of the common people. If he writes a letter to some distant official in the order, he always leaves the impress of his genial heart and kindly interest upon it. He does not care if he breaks the rules of grammar occasionally if he can break the news of fraternalism into the mind of a troubled stranger. When he has something to say before public assemblages he digs a channel for his thoughts to flow in, but he never lets the waters into the channel until he stands before his audience. Then he lifts the gates and a flood of irresistible oratory engages the attention of his hearers. He never spends any time at his office desk pushing the pencil through rough sentences and rounding off their jagged periods. He knows what he is going to talk about, and when he addresses a Moose Lodge his remarks have a most inspiring effect. True enthusiasm is always preserving and always eloquent, and these two qualities are united in no common degree in the person of the Director General of the Loyal Order of Moose.

The Loyal Order of Moose is founded upon the trinity of gold in principles, Purity, Aid and Progress. It inculcates purity because it has for its purpose the elevation of society; it offers aid because its members extend the hand of fellowship to each other and are ever ready to give succor and assistance; and it stimulates progress because it seeks to bind mankind together with bonds of fraternal love, and to eliminate so far as possible contention and strife. Its members have banded themselves together to hold up with a high and energetic hand the great lights of fraternalism. They do not shed their quickening illumination merely within their lodge rooms, but far out upon all life. Humanity's welfare is the religion of the men who have banded themselves together as members of the Loyal Order of Moose, and they are ever ready to preach it, not only when they are brought together in ritualistic work, but in the marts of commerce, in political assemblages, the social gathering, the field of battle and by the fireside. They are not attempting to signalize themselves as the practical reformers of the age or to exasperate men by absurd experiments; they open up no new subjects for public controversy; they have no quarrel with any sect or denomination nor do they seek to locate the blame for the grievances that afflict mankind; but they have combined to engage in an earnest working philanthropy. However melancholy the signs of the times may be, the members are taught to be optimistic and cheerful, to do their utmost to purify civilization, to assist in the remedy of pauperism and to educate the ignorant.

Being addressed to men universally without regard to their conditions or their stations, they pay little regard to the difference of language or habits, or the boundaries of states. The Moose introduces the principles of general benevolence and leads men to be willing to labor and give their energies to the good of those they have never seen and never expect to see in this life. It leads men to provide for the suffering and wants of the orphans, and it elevates women by showing them a deep concern in their sacrifices and their welfare. The Moose tenets are adapted

to the intellect, to the affections, to the imagination and to the will. They are also adapted to the conscience as they meet all its wants as a quickening power by establishing a perfect standard. They act as a restraining power in that they check precisely what they should, and in the wisest way, so that as a system of excitement, of guidance and of restraint such an organization is largely what is needed to carry human nature to the highest point of perfection. Organizations of this nature take an important place among those influences by which the destiny of the world is controlled, and they contribute in no small degree to universal happiness and peace.

In a measure the Loyal Order of Moose combined a well-defined plan of substantial aid to the fraternal benefits and social features of the order. Sick or accident benefits of \$7.00 per week are paid, and in case of death \$100 are paid to the beneficiary. Committees from the lodge look after the wants of sick members, and in most all lodges free medical service is furnished to members and their families. This is not regarded entirely as an act of charity, but a privilege to which all members are entitled.

What must be the moral power of a half million men banded together in such a noble purpose? What material assistance is extended to the multitude of Christian men and women who are devoting their lives to give publicity to the golden precepts of the Sermon on the Mount! The influence such an organization exerts is most beneficial. Nothing that would shock the most sensitive imagination is ever tolerated within the precincts of the order or by its members wherever they may be; and no fraternal order possesses a more beautiful and soul-inspiring ritualistic ceremony. To take its vows and listen to the golden precepts upon which the order is founded means better citizenship, broader perspective and higher ambitions.

Since the faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement, such precepts as those which form a part of the Moose ritual are worthy of the highest consideration. The objects por-

trayed in the work delight the imagination because they present to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which many men are ordinarily acquainted, with the result that the mind is elevated above the pursuits of accustomed efforts and the views are directed to higher and nobler objects.

When a person enters the Loyal Order of Moose his rank or distinction in private life is entirely disregarded. He enters the common plane to which all the members of the order belong, and he is no better



RODNEY H. BRANDON, SUPREME SECRETARY
Who has been an earnest worker in the order since
James J. Davis took charge of the organization

nor worse than the others. Rank and title have no significance; all are equal and all are alike within the precincts of the lodge. Men of wealth mingle with men of small means, and the horny hands of toil clasp the hands that handle millions. Good character is the only passport that entitles men to admission; their religion or political principles afford no influence or assistance when their applications are being considered.

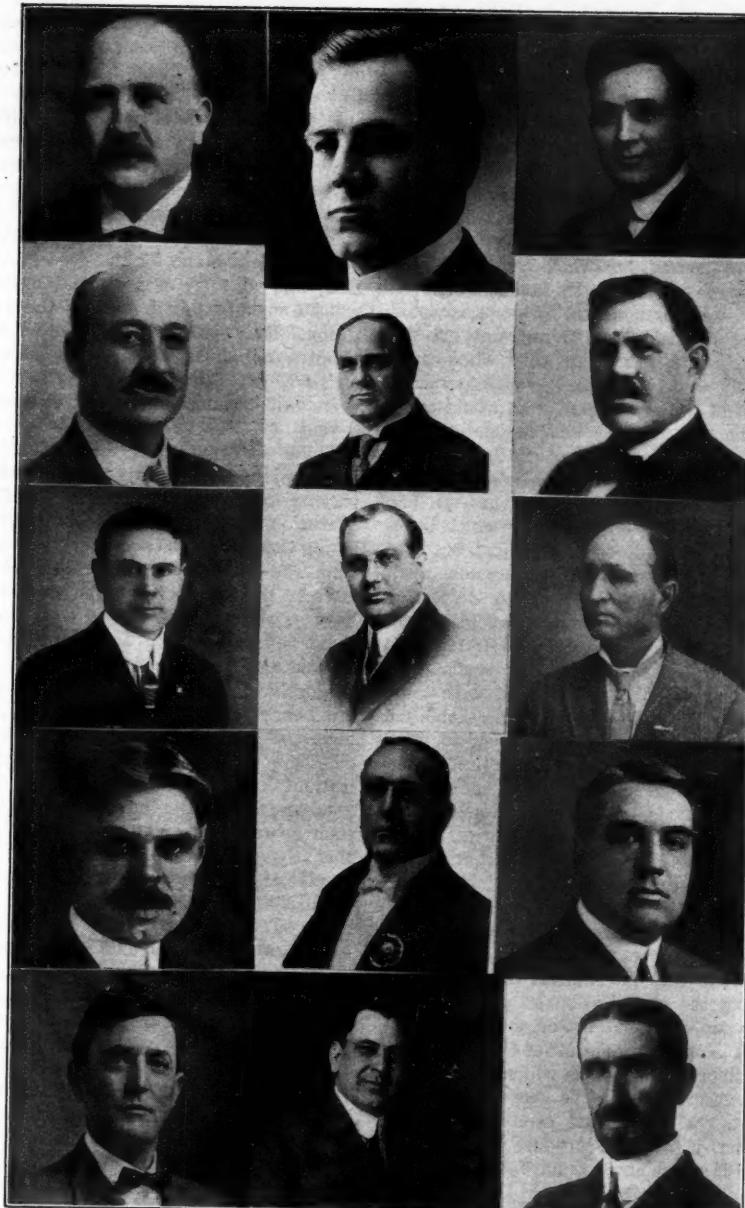
It matters but little how worthy a cause may be, the ultimate end will be fruitless unless it is supported by enthusiasm and energy. The Loyal Order of



L. M. Jones
Jas. J. Keogh
John L. Nichols
Gerald F. Gahan
H. P. Rucker

A. B. Wimsett
Jos. A. Jenkins
J. W. Cunningham
Jas. J. Gahan
W. J. Bennett

N. Waldo Kennedy
Dr. R. W. Carter
L. W. Long
W. C. Gahan
Chas. E. Boyle



John H. Risbeck
J. S. Malcolm
C. G. Reum
Chas. H. Buell
Wm. Fritchett Giles

H. L. Repleggle
Morris H. Abell
W. H. Rippel
Arthur W. Hayden
D. J. Davis

M. E. Scott
M. M. Mahoney
C. M. Brown
C. H. Likens
Dr. W. M. Maberly

Moose, like Christianity, struggled between success and failure during its early days. There were jealous rivals; there was a spirit of indifference toward the energetic work of the few, but, like Christianity, the order was an aggressive and uncompromising reality. True, its exponents were, figuratively speaking, a mere handful of men, but they were imbued with noble purposes—motives that were in opposition to no law, to no religion or ties of kindred, but which were calculated to benefit mankind. Its founders believed that the fundamental principles would never be disliked as a restraint nor despised as a form, but that when thoroughly understood they would attract a band of willing workers, who would carry its banner to every civilized nation.

The primal purpose of the Loyal Order of Moose is not that which deals only in the moral lessons of fraternalism on one hand, nor that on the other which seeks to rival or outdo other societies; but that which sends men thither—sends them with a message of hope to despairing members; sends them to the cold huts of poverty where brothers are fettered to the thorny beds of disease; sends them to the home of the fatherless, so that the sorrows of widows and helpless children may be alleviated; sends them to mankind everywhere with the beautiful lessons of purity, aid and progress.

The Loyal Order of Moose does not seek to establish museums or libraries, but to create homes, genuine homes that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks; where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves and where she rears men, scholars and patriots. It also seeks to make the organization so universal that the sun will never set on the Moose.

A working organization founded upon such broad principles will never lack enthusiasm; it will be powerful; it will keep the minds and conscience of men astir; it will not produce agitation nor will it set up any peculiar follies to trouble mankind. It will teach the lessons of brotherly love and heroism; it will portray in the most glowing and impassioned hues virtue and magnanimity and it will render great service to the cause of human uplift.

Perhaps the most important undertaking in the history of the Loyal Order of Moose is the building at a point thirty-five miles from Chicago of the National Moose University. This institution has for its object the education of sons and daughters of members without cost. One thousand acres have been chosen as a site and the new town will be known as Mooseheart. In this university academic instruction and manual training in all its branches will be given, while a home for the aged and infirm, and also for widows and orphans will be an important feature of the institution. Every member of the order contributes one dollar a year to the support of the Moose University. This, in a few years, will mean an income of \$1,000,000 a year.

Think of what such an undertaking means. Hundreds of boys and girls whose parents cannot provide them a college education assembled at Mooseheart, all fitting themselves to encounter life's problems, and without expense. Think of the interest the members of the order will have in what may be termed their wards, these boys and girls; and think of the consolations to the aged, the infirm and the orphans when they realize that they are being sheltered and cared for in a home presided over and supported by the members of this great fraternal organization!

So long as children have no one to love, their hearts are desolate; but show them that, though they are orphans, the willing hands of members of the Moose are stretched toward them in kindly sympathy and you kindle an interest and awaken affections that shoot out their tendrils in every direction. The Loyal Order of Moose assumes the attributes of a parent and trains these tendrils with a hand of benevolence and love. It does not suffer them to be trampled on, nor does it permit them to wither and decay; it shields these children and their youthful sentiments from the wild and aimless paroxysms of a hopeless sorrow. It is easy to see that such altruistic effort will make the valley of affliction far less dark for thousands of helpless little tots whose parents have been called away by death. What possible purpose on the part of an organization can

more quickly kindle the admiration of a man or woman endowed with affections?

A single and definite intelligible action gives vividness and power to the idea of benevolence and love beyond what could be conveyed by a multitude of abstract descriptions. The abstract ideas of pity and respect for the aged make but an uninteresting appearance when contrasted with the high principle of charitable action such as will be exhibited by members of the Moose when they lead their weary and infirm brothers to the Moose Institute and say to them, "This is your home; rest here in peace and contentment. We will carry your burdens until you receive the final call to depart from our midst."

Plans are in contemplation for the establishment of a correspondence school in connection with Mooseheart University. This will be a new department in fraternal societies, also a new departure in correspondence school history. The correspondence school has met with remarkable success in the United States and has filled a much-needed want. Its possibilities will

be enlarged when backed by a powerful fraternal organization and the beneficial results from such an auxiliary can hardly be measured.

The dedication at Mooseheart will take place on July 27. The ceremony will be of considerable consequence, and thousands of members of the order will be in attendance. The dedication will be made the occasion for an extraordinary campaign for membership. A Double the Order Club has been organized, and each member is asked to secure a new member for his lodge, collect his initiation fee and deliver it with the application to the secretary before the annual convention takes place at Cincinnati during the last week of July.

When we consider the passions of men, the collisions of interest, the presence of animal wants, the vices of society and the shortness of life, who can say that an organization of men enrolled under the banner of the Loyal Order of Moose, advocating the principles of purity, aid and progress, is not most commendable?

QUIVERA

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHERE flamed the gorgeous sunset in the west
I saw the towers and temples, and the strong
Triumphant rivers as they rolled along,
Singing like choiring spheres a psalm of rest.
The widespread field I saw with harvest blest—
A horn of plenty spacious and august,
High heaped with corn and wheat upon the dust,
And all earth gathered round as banquet guest.

What realm is this? I asked of my awed mind,
Clothed like a bride in beauteous array,
The autumn like a jewel on her hand,
And her gay laughter caught from wind to wind?
Not Italy, nor Ind, nor far Cathay—
Behold, it was my own, my native land!

The Doctor's Team

by Abbie Craig

NIGHTFALL—the whir of the telephone summons
Buzzes a call from the up country line,
Sudden, sharp, eager, it breaks the still darkness,
Stirring each farmhouse from sleep at the sign.
Fresh straw and warm stall,
Drowsiness o'er all;
Brought from their rest, with a courage right regal
Into the fierce night
Cleft by the carriage light,
Modesty, Eagle.

Midnight—and out through the storm that is rising,
Through snow sifting faster and north winds that moan,
Facing the blast at the will of their master,
Eagle and Modesty—holding their own.
Stars hid and moon down.
Out of the dark town
Swift little heroes, their errand well knowing,
Waking the night's dream
To murmurs. "It's Doc's team;
Where is he going?"

Noontide—the heat of the sun growing stronger;
Out to the ills of the world and its needs,
Sides chafed to foam by the tug of the traces,
Two little brave-hearted, black-coated steeds.
Soft manes that toss free—
Eagle and Modesty—
Dawn-break or dusk-time, swift-footed, daring.
Spring rain or piled snow, bravely through all they go—
Aid they are bearing.



LET'S TALK IT OVER

FOR some time past the editor's mail has included a large number of letters from young men asking advice as to choice of vocation. There is nothing so flattering to one who has reached the "sunny" side of forty as to be asked fatherly advice. The analysis made by young men concerning different professions and trades is interesting.

It seems to me that the boys of today are much keener and do less drifting than in bygone years. They want to know before they attempt anything—perhaps there is too much "I want to know." They want to see a situation from every phase and to consider a profession from various viewpoints before launching on their work in life. Their impressions are always interesting and are given with all the frankness and sincerity that constitute the charm of youth. One young man from Iowa writes very feelingly concerning the legal profession, and I cannot resist the temptation to quote it.

Now as to a vocation, I believe I have concluded it shall be either law or journalism, but I don't know much about either one. I want some vocation that calls for mental work, for speaking. My ideal job is probably that of Congressman, or, adding a few more stories to the ethereal tower, that of President. But I realize that I've got to come down to earth and start in at considerably lower altitudes. But the chief thing that concerns me now is getting aboard the right car, studying along lines that give some chance for progress.

Law is all right, but there seems to be a "lawyer" on every street corner. Of course you've got to "start in at the bottom of the ladder," and if you like the work for its own sake, you'll willingly make the sacrifice. I don't like the idea of spending a couple of thousand or more dollars (which I haven't got) and

four to six years in getting a college education for the privilege of starving ten years "getting started." I want to commence nearer the middle of that proverbial ladder.

Another thing, doesn't a fellow have to be more or less of a professional liar to be a successful lawyer? Of course he can discriminate delicately in the cases he takes, but how many cases will classify as clean-cut right or clean-cut wrong? Anyway the study of crime and evil met with in this calling is hardly a healthy occupation, or one calculated to better one's moral character. Why not study corporation law then? Would it not be intolerably dry, to necessitate an enormous amount of reading? But then the spectacular trials, etc., are attractive, and call for public speaking and debating I think I want.

Journalism, what I know of it, seems to be about what I want, if it isn't too slow, and doesn't call for an impossible amount of knowledge; and if it is a "car" traveling in my direction—one from which a person could easily step to the filling of public office.

Strange to say, all of these letters are answered among the first, especially when there is an earnest, sincere and logical motive behind the letter.

Now instead of having it "Uncle Joe" or "Uncle Ned," or some other patriarchal gentleman sitting in the chimney corner giving out advice, the editor of the NATIONAL will assume the role of a "big brother" to young men—a big brother who is in the thick of the fight every day, who has an appreciative sympathy of what it means to "get started," and who realizes how much everyone owes to making friends to help him on in the world—for no one has ever made a success alone.

When you hear a man talking about accomplishing everything, investigate and you will usually find that some time or other he had a friend with good sense

who at a crucial moment gave him the needed "push"—or perhaps it may have been a kick, for sometimes it is difficult to know which is most preferable, a swift kick or a good pull.

Send along your letters to "Big Brother Joe," but don't write unless you have a definite idea of what you want to do yourself. No one can supply you with individuality. You must create or find that yourself.

Leipzig, Heidelberg, Berlin and Zurich, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Bern. Author of various contributions to the study of Greek philosophy, Dr. Patrick's latest work is a volume on Sappho, which throws new light on the work and influence of that most famous poetess of ancient Greece. Dr. Patrick is a linguist as well as a gifted teacher of philosophy and psychology, and speaks fluently all the



MR. LEWIS McBRAYNE

The popular editor-author of Lowell, Massachusetts. His short stories and novels have a widely increasing circle of readers

WHILE the western world is waiting impatiently for the termination of hostilities in the Near East, a distinguished American woman is calmly directing the work of that unique College in Constantinople where girls of the conflicting races are studying earnestly together to prepare themselves to enter upon the great work of reconstruction that is to follow the Balkan War. Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D., the president of Constantinople College, was born in the State of New Hampshire, and received her school and college education in the State of Iowa. She has studied also under the great teachers of philosophy and psychology at the universities of

languages in common use in Constantinople—Turkish, French, Armenian, Greek and Bulgarian. The institution of which she is the head, and for which she has labored many years, owes its present importance as the great factor of enlightenment in the Near East to her untiring efforts on behalf of the liberal education of girls.

* * *

THIS seems to be the administration in which school teachers predominate. With President Woodrow Wilson prominent in public life, it is no wonder that we find Michigan with a governor who has

been a schoolmaster all his mature life and who remained a schoolmaster while governor of the state. Hon. Walbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, has proven a man of force and purpose and has shown the adaptability of schoolmasters not only in political life but in business life as well.

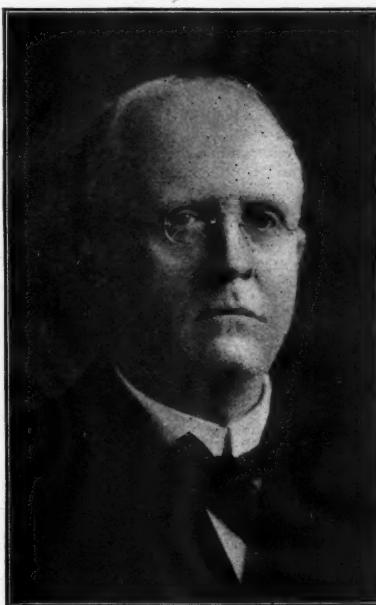
Big Rapids Institute is one of the successful private schools of the country, instituted for boys and girls who are short of funds, who are out of step with the conventionalities of education, but who are long on pluck, purpose and effort. All that it is, Mr. Ferris has made it. He is a wonderful inspiration to young people. He makes them believe in themselves, inspires hope, courage and purpose.

He has been successful financially, and has his place among the bankers of Michigan. He is a forceful, aggressive public speaker, and has been in great demand in teachers' institutes and on the Chautauqua platform. As a political speaker, he has long been the Democratic leader of the state. He made the race for the governorship once and was defeated, though he polled a very large vote, and there has been no time in recent years when he could not have had the nomination by merely signifying his willingness to accept. This year his election was assured from the first. He continues in charge of the Big Rapids Institute.

* * *

PROMINENT among the names mentioned for Chief Judge in the Court of Appeals in New York State is that of Edgar Truman Brackett of Saratoga. For many years Senator Brackett has been a leading figure in the public affairs of the Empire State. For more than fifteen years he served in the State Senate, and while known as a strong party man, he has always been ready to fight vigorously for his convictions, inside or outside party lines, and whether supported or opposed. The value of his legislative service has evoked the keen appreciation of the people, irrespective of party, even beyond the boundary of his state. Senator Brackett, as one of the foremost lawmakers in the Senate of New York, has had an experience and training that furnishes a thorough knowledge of the grist of the legislative

mill. In the committee room or on the floor as a party leader he exercised a strong and wholesome influence, and his brusque repartee and picturesque personality made him a commanding figure. He has always refused to pander to political hypocrisy, and has stood for the betterment of conditions of life and the interests of the people, without claiming to be a "reformer," or assuming to be a wiseacre. With such men



HON. EDGAR TRUMAN BRACKETT

For fifteen years a leading member of the New York Senate, and now being urged for Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals

as Senator Brackett on the bench the people would feel that confidence in the judiciary which has made it the bulwark of nations.

Everyone in New York State knows of Senator Brackett and his work, and thousands of admirers are hoping that the popular demand for his candidacy will be heeded. A man of his thorough and practical knowledge, gained at first hand from personal contact with the people themselves, seems logically suited to fill the high and honored position of Chief Judge of the New York State Court of Appeals.

BOOKS of the MONTH

(REVIEWS OF GENERAL WORKS)

AMERICANS are always glad to welcome any European tourist who brings with him an established reputation, and are generally over-anxious to know what this or that "eminent visitor" thinks of our country and people. Hence such books as "Your United States,"* lately published by Harper & Brothers, giving the "Impressions of a First Visit," by Arnold Bennett, the noted English novelist. Born in 1876 in North Staffordshire, Mr. Bennett was educated at New Castle and admitted to practice as a lawyer, but he soon gave up legal aspirations for journalism and authorship, his first book being published in 1898, "A Man From the North," followed by "Polite Farces" in 1899 and later by "The Truth About an Author," "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "The Grand Babylon Hotel," "Denry the Audacious" and other more or less cynical, witty, adventurous and erotic books, written in peculiarly terse English.

It is, therefore, with some surprise that the reader of Mr. Bennett's most noted books finds in his account of his American voyage and his study of the prominent features of American cities and their people, only kindly, humorous, intelligent comment in which much praise, and only mild and legitimate criticism blend with an interesting story of intelligent journeys and sightseeing.

In conclusion the author very modestly says: "As for these brief chapters I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view [that they put forward. There is nothing in them which may not be recanted. The one possible

* "Your United States." By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price \$2.00 net.

"I criticise, of course, for every experienced traveler has decided views concerning *trains de luxe*. The cars impressed rather than charmed me."—Arnold Bennett in "Your United States"

justification of them is that they offer to the reader the one thing that in the very nature of the case, a mature and accustomed observer could not offer—namely, an immediate account (as accurate as I could make it) of the first tremendous impact of the United States on a mind receptive and unprejudiced. The greatest social historian, the most conscientious writer could not recapture the sensations of that first impact, after further intercourse had scattered them."

Not since Kipling's "American Notes" have the observations of any foreign traveler made such an impression upon the American reading public.

* * *

LA PSE of time is rapidly separating the American people from the customs and manners of their ancestors, and the mansions of the olden time have nearly all disappeared in the cities and are rapidly yielding to decay in suburban and country localities.

Philadelphia, which has perhaps retained much more of the spirit and tradition of her ancient families than other Atlantic cities, was

rich in her possession of numerous and noble family mansions, especially in the suburban districts of Germantown, Paoli, and along the Wissahickon and Schuylkill water courses. Most of these were built in the Eighteenth Century, but several date back to the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, and all are interesting.

In their splendid work on "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood,"* Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott

* "The Colonial Houses of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood," By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott, Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$5.00 net.



ON THE PARLOR CAR

have created for themselves "a monument more enduring than brass" and a memorial of past glories, beauties, hospitalities, tragedies, and comedies that will long be accounted worthy of special care in the libraries of the Republic.

Illustrated by some seventy-two photogravures, the architects and connoisseurs of a later generation will have good cause to thank the authors for preserving the semblance of "great old houses," families and hospitalities which have passed away.

Among these are found "Solitude," the Fairmount Park Mansion of John Penn, the poet-grandson of William Penn, now the Administration building of the Zoological Society, and Captain John McPherson's manor house at Mount Pleasant, built in 1761, and through its owners and guests identified with the French and Indian wars, the Revolution, and especially with the fortunes of Benedict Arnold, who bought it in 1779 as a marriage gift for his bride, Peggy Shiffen, and it is averred still revisits it, pacing the ancient floors with heavy tread, and glowering fiercely at those who have encountered him during his ghostly visitations.

Wynnestay House, built by Dr. Thomas Wynne in 1689-1700, in the Fairmount Park section, figures in Dr. G. Weir Mitchell's word "Hugh Wynne" and was the scene of a British foray about 1779, in which the raiders were driven off by the Continentals, with a loss of three men killed, who lie buried under the lawn. Waynesborough, Paoli, was built about 1724 by Captain Isaac Wayne of Yorkshire, England, who commanded a troop of dragoons at the battle of Boyne Water, under William III. His eldest son Thomas served in the Indian wars of 1755, 1757 and 1780. His still more famous younger son, "Mad Anthony" Wayne lived there also, and his portrait, surmounted by his sword, pistols, and sash still hangs over the beautiful parlor mantelpiece, for unlike many other old mansions, Waynesborough is still owned by a Wayne descendant by the distaff side. "Vaux Hill," at Fatland Hall, rebuilt in 1845, was alternately visited by Sir William Howe and General Washington, on successive days, both of whom were hospitably entertained by the Quaker proprietor, James Vaux, and not far away at Providence is "Mill Grove," the first home of the artist-naturalist, James Audubon.

"Stenton" the great country-seat of James Logan, a cadet of the noble East Lothian, Scottish family, was from 1679 to 1751 the home of the Quaker agent of



ARNOLD BENNETT

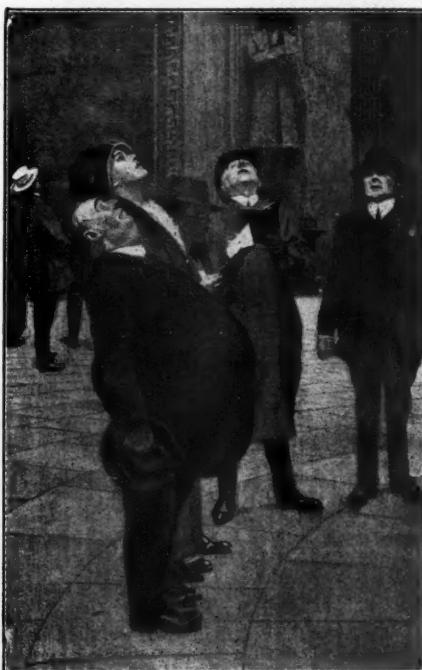
The noted English author who visited America last autumn and whose observations were published in the volume "Your United States"

William Penn's vast property interests. The Wingoehocking river, which flows through the estate, was named after the great Indian chief, who called himself Logan, in accordance with the Quaker's friendly offer to exchange names:

"Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passes through my fields, and when I am passed away, and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and be as thy name."

"Stenton" was one of the earliest and most pretentious of the country seats of the Philadelphia neighborhood, and originally comprised five hundred acres. It was the headquarters of General Howe at the battle of Germantown.

"Cliveden," better known as "Chew's House," so sternly and stubbornly defended by Colonel Musgrave's Fortieth British Infantry during the assault on Germantown, still shows the



UNDER THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL

"The capitol is a great place. I was astonished that it appeals to the historic sense just as much as any other vast legislative palace in the world."—Arnold Bennett in "Your United States"

marks of the storm of bullets and cannon-shot which vainly sought to capture it during that fatal check of what otherwise would have probably been an American victory.

Other houses have also their legends and interesting associations, too numerous to mention. The book is fittingly bound and is a handsome and useful as well as entertaining epitome of local history.

* * *

VIEWS of the Panama Canal multiply, but "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal"** substitute a small quarto of artistic lithographs for the usual series of reproduced photographs.

Nothing will add to or diminish the repu-

The city of Panama, as seen under a tropic sky, in hazy softness; its ancient mace-coated Cathedral, redolent of the ancient Spanish regime; palm-bordered Ancon Hill road and the city and ocean beyond "the most beautiful spot I saw are the Isthmus"; the picturesque foliage-embowered dwellings and structures of official Ancon, and a typical American village of the many built along the line of the colossal work, give us for the first time some little realization of the charm and beauty that blends with gigantic engineering, titanic machinery and indomitable purpose, to enchant and astonish the beholder.

Not less human and sympathetic as well as effective is his treatment of the work on the stupendous locks and valley-like Culebra Cut, giving genre pictures of the men at work, as well as the real aspect of the works, as seen while progressing; a very different thing from a photograph, made when "there is nothing doing."

* * *

THE reader and investigator of today is continually being offered a class of works which supplement the more or less conventional and statistical history with vivid and discriminating word pictures and illustrations of the men, manners and trade of the past generations. One of the finished and most interesting of these works is "Old Paris; its Social, Historical and Literary Associations"** with which Mr. Henry C. Shelley has supplemented two previous volumes of like nature—his "Inns and Taverns of Old London," and "The British Museum; Its History and its Treasures."

It is for the most part a restoration of famous inns, taverns, cafes, clubs, salons, pleasure gardens, street characters, fairs and fetes, and theaters long since departed, like the great notorious criminal, dissipated, noble and greatly fortunate or unfortunate, who in life frequented them and made them salient points of entry or exit in the history of France and Europe. Rabelais and Francois Villon, Ravaillac and Clement, d'Aubigne and Admud Coligny, Voltaire and Rousseau, Danton and Robespierre, D'Artagnan and Conde, Sterne and Gibbon, Marot and Charlotte Corday are only a few of the great names which are gracefully and interestingly associated with the rehabilitated popular resort of the Paris of the past.

Such a work is of double value, first as an entertaining and satisfying essay and commentary on the life and manners of many notable people, and also as a record to be studied and made a book of reference in connection with epochs in history which can never be thoroughly understood without some acquaintance of contemporary people, customs and ideas. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and is a really notable acquisition to any library.

* "Old Paris, Its Social, Historical and Literary Associates." By Henry C. Shelley. L. C. Page Co.: Boston, Mass. Price \$3.00 net.



MR. JOSEPH PENNELL

The noted American artist whose "Pictures of the Panama Canal" have been published in book form

tation of Mr. Pennell as an artist, but it is pleasant to know that the Canal officials, from the great engineers to the "navvies," gave him every attention and recognized that his pictures really reproduced the scenery and life, the mystery and the action, of the great Canal.

There are twenty-eight lithographs in all, each of them with its page of terse yet fitting explanation as comment, presenting the principal features of the rift in the Isthmus, from the palm-shadowed, Japanese-like bungalows of the American quarters at Colon, to where Ancon Hill guards with its graded pyramid the Pacific entrance of the Canal.

* "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.25 net.

VIRGINIA has always been the mother of great and brave men and fair women, who mingled with great sacrifices for liberty, the most aristocratic spirit and manners of all the colonists. To place the principal representatives of this old regime before the American public, in interesting word-pictures and dainty reproductions of portraits and places, has been evidently a labor of love with Edith Tunis Sale in her splendid book "Old Time Belles and Cavaliers,"* a pendant especially valuable and fitting to her "Manors of Virginia in Old Colonial Times," both of which are published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, whose recent publications along this line have established a series that must always be classics in the estimation of American scholars.

But beyond this, the poet and artist, and indeed every man, woman and youth who loves to read of stately dames, charming belles, and noble gentlemen and ladies, will find in this book a great treasury from which to feed his interest in American biography and history.

There are portraits of Pocahontas by Sully and Booten, of her Virginian grandson, John Bolling, of whose descendants Burke the Virginian historian wrote, "There is scarcely a scion from this stock which has not been in the highest degree amiable and respectable" of "King" Robert Carter of Corotoman, Nominy Hall and Sabine Hall, the richest and most aggressive Virginian magnate of the Eighteenth Century, "who left a princely fortune, consisting of ten thousand sterling, one thousand slaves and more than three hundred thousand acres of land" to be divided between his twelve children: Colonel William Byrd, his mansion of "Westover" house, and that famous Evelyn Byrd whose very name is a thing of beauty like her exquisite portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller: the noble beauty of Miss Mary Ball, and her later maturity as the wife of Augustine Washington, the mother of the first President, and her house at Fredericksburg in which she spent the last years of her life, spared by the Civil War, also enrich the sketches of these noble Virginian ladies.

There pass before us Martha Dandridge, later the widow of Daniel Custis, who married George Washington; Brian, the eighth Lord Fairfax, who succeeded to a British peerage late in life, yet returned to Virginia to end his days, as an Episcopalian clergyman; Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, a celebrated Revolutionary soldier, and Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) of Concord, New Hampshire, whose undeserved persecution by certain New Hampshire officers drove him into the English service, a step which eventually led him through nobler achievements and more beneficent labors to the highest honors, and eventually to

become the founder of the British Royal Institute. Although he fought against his country, he always loved it and hoped to end his days at Cambridge, where the Rumford Professorship still preserves his memory.

Full of pathetic suggestion is the face of Major John McPherson of Pleasant Hill, Pennsylvania, who knowingly "chosen of the Valkyrs" went to his death with General Montgomery at the storming of Quebec in 1775. The demure but mischievous face of Peggy Chew reminds us of the famous Mischianza tournament held by General Howe's officers at Philadelphia, and Miss Peggy's handsome, ingenuous, unfortunate "Esquire," Major John Andre.

Dolly Payne, later Mrs. President Madison; Martha Jefferson, thereafter Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph, and Betsy Patterson, the proud and disappointed Madame Jerome Bonaparte, peer out from the pages and deft word-painting of this charming book.

* * *

INTERCOLLEGIATE debating is a subject that necessarily appeals to a limited public and the publisher's notice of Mr. E. R. Nichols' late work reads, "Here is a new book for the man on the team." For the school or college student who has any interest in debating, whether required or spontaneous, this book will prove invaluable. Records are here of debates on fourteen subjects: "The Income Tax," "Tax on Income or Rental," "Value of Land," "Abandonment of the Protective Tariff," "Admission of Raw Material Free," "Conservation of National Resources," "The Initiative and Referendum," "The Short Ballot," "The Commission Form of Government," "The Direct Primary," "The Minimum Wage," "Open or Closed Shop," "Parliamentary or Presidential Form of Government," "Three-fourths Decision in Jury Trials," "The Central Bank."

A valuable feature of the book is its introduction, which cannot fail to be helpful to every amateur debater. It discusses methods in debating preparations and training, choosing debaters and judges, debate subjects, and many other matters of interest.

The youth who engages in intercollegiate debates puts a vast amount of time and energy upon his questions, and searches library catalogues for all extant information. The energetic, sometimes passionately youthful style, in which the various arguments are presented makes these debates only the more readable. The various pleas for and against the income tax amendment to the Constitution can hardly be found presented in more attractive form than in the Harvard vs. Yale-Princeton debate; and the western debates are full of vigorous idealism.

Aside from "the man on the team" and the girl on the debating list, these debates

* "Old Time Belles and Cavaliers." By Edith Tunis Sale. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$5.00.

* "Intercollegiate Debates," Vol. II. By E. R. Nichols. New York: Hinds, Noble and Eldridge Company. Price \$0.00

are interesting to the layman as showing what questions are engaging the attention of the young people of today who tomorrow will be in charge of the conduct of town and state and national affairs. And on these very up-to-date questions, the debates give in condensed form the gist of the best thinking as it has been expressed in recent literature.

* * *

SUBSTITUTING the camera for the shotgun and rifle, and preserving lifelike pictures of birds and beasts while in perfect liberty and enjoyment, instead of slaying them for pleasure or profit, has become of late years a kind of field sport whose humanity and interest must be commended. It is of especial value and interest to the naturalist, who thus secures exact pictures of the objects of his study, and the means of illustrating from life many incidents and facts coming under his observation.

Ingenious combinations of illuminating powder with a cord or wire to be moved



THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU IN NAVIGATION

Going at a quick walk, or swinging trot, or at times a gallop, they usually travel in single file along the well-worn leads or paths that have been used for centuries. In nearly all cases a doe leads the herd. It took Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the author of "Wild Life and the Camera," six years to get this picture

or broken at the focal point covered by the camera, have been successfully used to photograph lions, tigers, and other carnivora, in the absence of the operator, and sometimes to enable the hunter to kill the quarry at the instant of revelation.

"Wild Life and the Camera" by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, is a well-written record of observation of the wild life of the Atlantic littoral at several points between Newfoundland and Florida. It contains many fine photographs of wild birds, from nesting chickadees to the majestic wild swan, several splendid views of the Newfoundland Caribou in their seasonal migrations, and other animals and fishes, as well as winter and summer scenery and incidents of forest life.

* * *

ONE of the most popular books during the early days of the administration at Washington was the "Office Seekers' Blue

* "Wild Life and the Camera." By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$2.00 net.

Book,"* a comprehensive manual of instruction for those wishing federal office, prepared by Wilbur G. Miller, LL.B., a well-known newspaper correspondent. The book goes right into all the details, gives a list of offices, and states who has the appointive power. A consultation of this book by those seeking office would save tons of public correspondence. The author was for many years engaged in newspaper work at Washington, and is thoroughly conversant with the process and status of an office-seeker. His little book appeared at the psychological moment and has been read with great care by a veritable army of people, for not only have the salaries of various positions been given but also exactly the duties, and the manner and method of appointment, with details in reference to the examination and civil service appointments. Entirely aside from the personal interest of those seeking office the book has a reference value. Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on the thorough and splendid way in which he has compiled and edited this little manual, and the columns of editorial comment passed upon the book are invariably intoned with a belief that it will help check the heart-burnings and disappointments incident to seeking a federal position, and encourage a system of practical common-sense knowledge in seeking a place on Uncle Sam's pay roll.

* * *

LOFTY and dominant sounds the title, "The Steamship Conquest of the Sea,"† and Mr. Frederick A. Talbot has certainly made his book a record of enormous "conquests," and also of tremendous losses and defeats experienced by man in his eternal conflict with the indomitable seas. Indeed the ship news of the past winter, like every one of its predecessors, proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is no human device, skill or utilization of new and powerful agencies that can do more than ameliorate the destruction that always ensues when the tremendous dynamic forces of wind and wave and the irresistible impact of reef and iceberg meet in a duel to the death the most magnificent creations of naval architecture and engineering skill.

The author, however, has presented a hopeful picture which clearly and tersely chronicles the inception and development of steam power. Every feature is illustrated with halftone reproductions of notable vessels, wrecks, ocean palace equipments, safety devices, oil motorization, engines, propellers, and instructive variations and details of the same, forming a story so complete, interesting and instructive that it

* "Office Seekers' Blue Book." By Wilbur G. Miller.

† "Steamship Conquest of the Sea." By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.50 net.

becomes a reference book to which one can hardly apply in vain for a clear understanding of the current ship news, or maritime disaster.

* * *

THOSE who are exercised about the "White Slave" traffic and kindred movements would do well to look up some books published by Dr. William Lee Howard, on the subject of eugenics and sex hygiene. If fathers and mothers would spend a little more time imparting to their children the facts covered in these books there would surely be less occasion for the lamentable conditions which are now being fought. It is the rightful heritage of every boy and girl to know what is contained in these volumes, and too often through a sense of false modesty or pride, parents are neglectful or utterly refuse to perform this duty.

Certainly boys and girls will learn these things through other and almost always evil and ignorant sources; and the results in every nation are beyond conception horrible in the waste of life, character and happiness. In an age when most of the old safeguards are beaten down, when man and woman compete in almost every line of mental and physical employment, the old sheltered life of the maiden has been swept away. Every parent who allows a boy or girl to go out into the world undefended by necessary knowledge, and kindly but plain warnings, risks the honor of the family name, the character, the happiness and health of the dear ones.

It is not necessary to go into details in these pages. The danger and terrible results of the false modesty of parents are set forth in plain, simple, yet tactful language by Dr. Howard in his books. "Facts for the Married" is of special interest to young couples and in this and the other three compact volumes, "Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," "Confidential Chats with Girls," "Confidential Chats with Boys," Dr. Howard has prepared material which with a very few introductory remarks by a parent will sufficiently instruct and advise the child man or child woman of what a healthy, noble life should be and how to attain and conserve it.

* * *

FEW branches of modern maritime operations are more picturesque and romantic than the life-saving service. Wireless, submarine apparatus and other safety appliances do good work as preventatives, but as a last resort, when the vessel is ashore, with the seas crashing over her, their service is finished. The life-boat and the breeches-buoy usually save the day.

"The Life-Boat and its Story"† treats of

this worthy little craft's development from its crude beginning in 1785 down to its present self-righting, non-sinkable perfection. Each country has contributed a distinctive part to the evolution of the life-boat, a fact which is very ably elaborated on by the author. Treating minutely yet not heavily all the steps of development, citing thrilling episodes to show the remarkable seaworthiness and all-round ability of these plucky foes of the surf, Mr. Methley's book will find a hearty reception by all who are interested in matters maritime.

* * *

IN his "History of French Literature"‡ it may safely be said, however, that C. H. Conrad Wright, A.B., M.A., assistant professor of French literature at Harvard, has furnished to the student and general reader a concise encyclopedia of lives and characters, works, salient methods and doctrines of the greater part of the poets, historians, philosophers, polemicists, novelists and political writers who have founded and built up a splendid literature from the earliest ages of which tradition or fragmentary history bears



LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT

Reproduction from Noel T. Methley's "The Lifeboat and Its Story"

record of rude epics and ruder lyrical poems and historical tradition. That the index of names alone numbers nearly two thousand and that the references to them much more than double that number, may roughly indicate the scope and thoroughness with which the task was approached and completed.

Added to these merits, the work brings before the reader the vague but enthralling chaos of Germanic, Gallic, Celtic and Roman song, romance and history from which under Charlemagne and Alcuin in the Eighth Century emerged the French language as a written and spoken tongue. Following the course of history through all its mutations from age to age, the author speaks not uncertainly but always charitably of the lives and labors of almost every man and woman who has made a name, pregnant with good or evil in nearly thirteen centuries. It will be found, also, that this volume is not a

* "Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," "Confidential Chats with Boys," "Confidential Chats with Girls," "Facts for the Married." By Dr. William Lee Howard. New York: Edward J. Clode. Price \$1.00 each, net.

† "The Life-Boat and Its Story." By Noel T. Methley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

‡ "A History of French Literature," by C. H. Conrad Wright. New York: Oxford University Press. Price, \$1.75.

heavy, dry-as-dust bibliography, but a readable and often amusing series of pictures of human character and of the conditions under which each writer was born, lived, labored and died, depicted with a human sympathy which is always illuminating.

It may be questioned how far his assumption that "all traces of this (Gallic) literature has been swept away" is warranted by the facts, for he has evidently rather overlooked Brittany as a purely Celtic section, whose wild traditions and patois, like those of the Basques, differ widely from those of the rest of France. So, too, his consideration of Provençal poetry and tradition seems to have been subordinated to his intense and exhaustive study of that Latin-French which

teries. Others have derived it from "Voix de ville," "the voice of the city," meaning a tune or song which has become universally popular. Later in France it meant a comedy containing popular songs, and now a comedy without songs and a complicated and extravagant plot. "To curry favor," a still popular saying, he tells us was derived from a Fifteenth Century proverb, "Estriller Favel, Fauved or Fauveau." ("To curry Favel") Favel was a chestnut horse, the hero of a Fifteenth Century satirical poem, whose influence was secured by judicious and assiduous currying. Another saying, "Revenons a nos moutons" "Let us get back to our sheep," is the impatient saying of a magistrate engaged in trying a case against a shepherd who has lost some of his master's sheep, but under the advice of Pathelin, a tricky attorney, answers only by bleating like a sheep, and thus escapes judgment. It is consoling to know that Pathelin's demand for his fee elicited a contemptuous "Baa."

The song of Roland, and the archaic *Roman de Rou*, the wild but beautiful imaginings of "Huon of Bordeaux," and the classic chapters of Alcuin, Eginald, Abelard, Erasmus, and other noted clerics; the rude epic from which the beautiful "Idylls of the King" and "Tristram and Iseult" have been evolved, the inspired obscenity of Rabelais, Zola, and a host of medieval singers and sagamen; the novels of Dumas, Sue, Hugo, Balzac, de Maupassant and others; the poets of the "Pleiades," renaissance movement of the sixteenth century, and the era of the famous ladies of "the Grand Siecle," are only a few of the topics of Mr. Wright's valuable work.



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FREDERIC TABER COOPER

A well-known magazine writer and critic, and the author of "Some English Story Tellers"

from Paris has for generations enlightened, amused (and scandalized) the world.

But this is not to be wondered at, since the search for scraps and snatches of legendary lore, however interesting, is of little real value to the student of a national literature which from age to age bursts its own bonds and assumes broader and more vital and imposing characteristics.

Many interesting things are incidentally told in the course of these lectures; among other things that the "vaudeville" now so loosely applied to a very "mixed" but popular form of stage entertainment, was originally a satirical song derived from the words "Vaux de Vire," the famous drinking songs of Olivier Basselin and Jean le Houx, who "in the Valley of the Vire," as Longfellow sings, composed and sung these "Vire Lais" in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Cen-

THE reader of several books by the same author is always eager to read about a favorite poet or novelist, and to know how many other works he has perpetrated in the course of his career.

In "Some English Story Tellers,"* Frederick Taber Cooper analyzes the works of Joseph Conrad, William Frend De Morgan, Maurice Hewlett, Eden Philpotts, Rudyard Kipling, William John Locke, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Anthony Hope, May Sinclair, Alfred Olivant, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, John Trevena, Robert Hichens, and "Frank Danby" (Mrs. Julia Frankau); criticizes them with more or less "justice and mercy," gives a neat biographical sketch of each, and their principal works, and adds complete lists of their publications to date. To the reader whose library is a thing of especial moment and interest, this book embodying these facts about the chief recent English novelists would seem to be indispensable. It is illustrated with fine portraits of the several writers. The volume is bound uniformly with "Some American Story Tellers," published last year.

* "Some English Story Tellers." By Frederick Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price \$1.60 net.

Fifty Years an Advertiser

A FAMILIAR-LOOKING box lay on the dock in a foreign port. A group of American tourists were leaning against the rail of the big steamer when one of their number suddenly started to whistle "Home, Sweet Home."

"Why the tremolo, Bill?" asked one.

"I'm thinking of home and mother," he responded.

"What's the reason?"

"Yonder box—spells out—the letters—Sapolio!"

The ready admission that Sapolio "reminds one of home and mother" is a tribute to the recognized merit of Sapolio as a home necessity to discerning women, and to the power of advertising.

That little cake of Sapolio, lying half-used on the kitchen sink, has, perhaps, the most wonderful advertising history of any commodity in the world. Ranging over a period of fifty years, during which time the mysterious power of advertising, like electricity, has been discovered, studied, and put to tremendous use, this little universal servant, by original merit and patient perseverance, has led the way as a popular household necessity.

Curious indeed were some of the first Sapolio advertisements—queer, crude, but honest. Out of them grew, in logical sequence, the rhymed story of "Spotless Town." These little verses sung themselves into the hearts of the people. Their sparkle and brightness suggested Sapolio itself. Musicians put the words to music and the theme was turned into clever playlets, with complete instructions and dialogue for "home talent" or charity shows. Practically every phase of advertising, direct and indirect, has been used in the campaign to introduce Sapolio to the peoples of the world. Two hundred and fifty thousand boxes of dominoes were sent out in one year, supplementing newspaper and magazine advertising. World markets were searched for new advertising novelties that would prove useful and keep the name Sapolio before the people. Japan, at one time, furnished

twenty thousand feathered owls and fifty thousand puzzles, besides thousands of hand-painted panels. Millions of domestic puzzles were used, giving place in time to more substantial games. Sapolio chess and checker boards to the amount of five hundred thousand were distributed, and thousands of country stores as well as homes found in them a happy method of whiling away an idle hour or a rainy day. Sapolio dice, each cube bearing one of the letters of the word, have introduced the people to a new game. Eight hundred thousand of these dice have already been distributed throughout the world.

But it is in its magazine advertising that Sapolio has excelled. Poets, clever writers, artists and designers, many of whom would not condescend to touch upon trade topics in an ordinary way, have become inspired with the bright, cheery, helpful spirit of Sapolio advertising, and have contributed their best work to its success.

"The sun never sets" upon the sale of Sapolio. The simple, solid cake of scouring-soap is known from New York to San Francisco, in Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria, forming a chain that binds together modern civilization with the ancient philosophies of the East. The experiences of Sapolio salesmen, in establishing a chain of markets around the globe is a story of American enthusiasm and pluck. They have literally scoured the world with Sapolio, and Sapolio advertisements have been printed in almost every known language.

* * *

Perhaps the most sensational advertisement on record in the history of "Sapolio" was when Captain Andrews sailed the fourteen foot boat "Sapolio" across the ocean, from Atlantic City to Palos, Spain, arriving there just before the fleets of the world came to join in the celebration of Columbus' voyage of discovery. The doughty New England seaman was determined to make the trip in

his little boat, and asked if it would be worth fifty dollars as an advertisement to christen his craft "Sapolio." It was agreed to, though perhaps many doubted that Captain Andrews would go very far on his trip. For some weeks the boat had been on exhibition on the pier at Atlantic City, and when the tent was finally struck and the Sapolio launched, a curious group assembled. It seemed a foolhardy attempt, but the Captain confidently exclaimed, "I will be in Spain in sixty days." A rowboat towed his little craft beyond the surf, and he drifted out with the tide.

For ten days or more, nothing was heard from the Sapolio; then came a message from Captain Andrews, seven hundred miles from shore, that the boat was leaking badly. A week or two elapsed. Another message was picked up stating that Andrews was still bailing extra hours at night. Finally word came that the Azores had been reached. The natives received Captain Andrews with great enthusiasm, and the women showered him with flowers as he walked the streets, for the Portuguese are brave sailors and admire a fearless mariner. From the Azores to the coast of Portugal and thence to Palos, the trip was far more severe, as told in the Captain's log:

"On Thursday, September 8, several seas, and one in particular, struck the boat, and for a few seconds I could not make out whether she was right side up or not, and it rattled me round like dice in a box while shaking for three sixes. Another sea struck her, and the concussion stunned me or my senses, for I opened the hatch, thinking she was bottom up, and I could see nothing but light azure for several seconds, while the water squirted in at every crevice so spitefully that she must have been buried under a mighty pressure."

When Captain Andrews arrived in Spain, the people gathered at the piers to greet him. The newspapers sent their reporters down to the coast, for the steamers from the Azores and the semaphore at Sagres on the Portuguese coast had reported him near at hand. The gallant Captain himself can best relate the termination of his voyage and the triumph of his arrival:

"The enthusiasm was intense. I informed the health officer that I was from America. He took the Sapolio in tow, and proceeded to the landing pier, where I found the crowd actually jammed together, impossible to pass through. In a moment, they had hustled the officers from me. Two men supported me on their shoulders, others had my legs, and still others were pressing on behind and we were soon at the health officer's quarters where I signed my name to some document, and was placed on top of the crowd again, and proceeded to the residence of the Governor, Felix of Carazons, Palos. It was not the most enjoyable ride I ever had, but they were continually shouting 'Viva Sapolio!' 'Viva Captain Andrews!' I had reached the pinnacle of my miserable existence.

"At the Governor's mansion were the Alcalde and many other prominent personages, as well as newspaper officials, who received me right royally, and many times I was compelled to appear on the balcony to appease the calls of the vociferous multitude, where I appeared to be the lion of the hour.

"Newspaper men were busy all night preparing matter from my log for publication, and I was very busy entertaining my friends, who were unanimous in believing that I had introduced a new word into Spain, and that it was 'Sapolio.'

"The next morning, and for days after, the men, women and children rushed up to me and heartily shook my hands, and hugged me as though I were some long-lost friend restored to them. The ladies rushed to the roofs and balconies, and greeted my approach by waving handkerchiefs and crying 'Viva Sapolio!' 'Sapolio' was heard on all sides, and it was rarely that I was seen without some child's hand in mine as I walked along the street, and sometimes three or four would insist on holding on to me, or to my coat, until, weeks afterward, I finally tried to discourage them by pretending not to notice them."

The papers printed headings across the entire front page, the theatres decorated a box and insisted upon the hero's presence, and although "Sapolio," the name of an American household product, was on Captain Andrews' boat, on his cards, and

on the advertising matter which he distributed, so great was the credit accorded to his voyage that he was entertained at the cost of the Crown as though he were an invited guest. It is a fact that, unassisting in his safe arrival, the Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, manufacturers of Sapolio, cabled five hundred dollars to him, to cover the Bank of Madrid, but he did not draw one cent of the money, which had to be subsequently transferred to his credit in London. So far as the advertising part of his voyage was concerned, it was planned, carried out and made thus wonderfully successful on a total expense of \$98.50.

* * *

But fashion changes in advertising as in everything else. Among other novel methods of increasing the consumption of Sapolio came the employment of an "advertising orator," who made stump speeches in the principal cities, and by the posting of signs reading "Keep off the

Grass" on all the snow banks in New York after its great blizzard. While these methods have now been abandoned, the revival of the famous "Spotless Town" verses and figures in Sapolio advertising during 1913 will put "Spotless Town" again on the map of human thought, in larger type than ever, and a new generation of young people will act the plays and sing the songs of "the cleanest spot on earth."

The cheery and optimistic advertising of Sapolio simply reflects the conservative, wholesome atmosphere of the business started in Greenwich Village, New York City, fifty years ago. Successful advertising has made the steady growth of Enoch Morgan's Sons Company and the manufacture of Sapolio more than a business. It has become an institution, teaching to the world, at home and abroad, the ideal of health, cleanliness and longevity through its clever, witty, allegorical story of "Spotless Town."

THE HOME SEEKER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I HAVE a longing on me for the earth—
 O for the grassy breast that gave me birth!
 O for the hope that in the bosom sings
 And homely tasks that give the daylight wings!
 I covet in my dreams the streams and rills,
 And cattle calling on a hundred hills.
 I yearn impatient for the open air,
 And for the joy of horses ploughing there.
 I long to hear the ringing challenge clear
 At morn of the triumphant chanticleer.
 And from the elm trees' crest beside the way
 To catch the banter of the noisy jay.
 O for the tender glimpse of heaven blue,
 Of spider webs that net the start of dew!
 O for the comradeship of birds and bees,
 And the exultant sight of wind-tossed trees!
 O for a vision of the golden grain,
 And tawny fields, like lions on the plain!
 Out of the city's strife and dust and heat,
 Away from the clatter of hoofs and of feet,
 Out of my weary exile, cursed and banned,
 I want to go back to the land, the land!



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HEALTHY HAIR

BY J. L.

The everyday use of a fine comb with the fewest possible shampoos is a remedy for lank, lifeless hair. Keep the scalp loose by rubbing daily if necessary, and to stimulate growth use a good tonic—a little kerosene applied to the roots of the hair with the finger tips once or twice a week is as good as anything. Some may get as good results by using a stiff brush daily, but for hair that won't grow and has absolutely no vigor, the fine comb is best.

TO MAKE FOWL TENDER

BY W. H. S.

Rub fowl, just after it is dressed for cooking and before putting in the kettle, with baking soda, which will cleanse the skin, make the fowl tender and greatly improve the meat.

CURES FOR WARTS

BY E. M. R.

Rub frequently with a slice of raw potato or apply moistened baking soda.

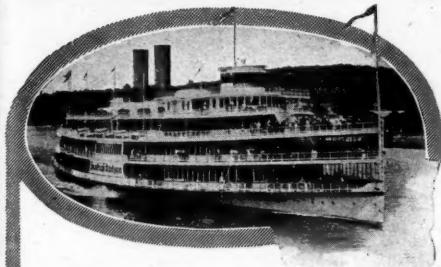
SOLUTION FOR SPRAYING ROSES AND OTHER PLANTS

BY N. F. W.

Into one pound fresh slacked lime mix two pounds powdered sulphur. Stir this into one gallon hot water and boil one hour. This makes a golden brown liquid. Let settle and bottle the clear liquid. This will keep for months. For spraying dormant trees to eradicate enemies that secrete themselves in the bark, add one part of the above solution to six parts water. It eradicates scale and aphids.

For spraying the foliage of trees and plants use one part solution to fifteen parts water, or as strong as foliage will bear. A few ounces of fresh slacked lime may be added to mark the foliage sprayed if desired.

This will destroy lice, slugs, hoppers, thrips, etc., that work upon roses and other plants. It should be applied early before they injure the plants, then if needed once in two weeks during the early summer. A good sprayer holding one quart may be purchased for thirty-five cents. I use "The Faultless."



Hudson River By Daylight

The Most Charming Inland
Water Trip on the American
Continent

THE Hudson River, the great Tourist Thoroughfare of America, is unsurpassed in historic interest, beauty and charm. The superb steamers "Washington Irving", "Hendrick Hudson", "Robert Fulton" and "Albany" of the Day Line, are the fastest in the world, and are the finest of their class afloat. They are designed exclusively for daytime passenger service, and carry no freight. Their rich furnishings, costly paintings, private parlors, and main deck dining-rooms, commanding the river scenery, have given them a world-wide renown. The great

Steamer "Washington Irving"

enters service this month as the greatest passenger carrier afloat. Her license is for 6,000 passengers. Length over all 416½ ft., horse-power 6,000.

Being the only Day Line of steamers on the Hudson between New York and Albany, it offers to tourists the best opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery for which the Hudson is unrivaled.

Tickets via "Day Line"
on sale at all offices.

All railroad tickets between New York and Albany are available for passage on Day Line steamers. Restaurant on Main Deck. Orchestra on each Steamer.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier - NEW YORK



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

The Advantages of Drinking

BAKER'S COCOA

*The Cocoa of
High Quality*



Registered
U. S. Pat. Off.

lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

As there are many inferior imitations, consumers should be sure to get the genuine with our trade-mark on package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.



THE HOME

CARE OF BROOM

BY F. H. D.

Let brooms stand for half an hour in a solution of two quarts of warm water and four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Rinse in cold water and place in sun to dry.

How to Treat Burned Food

Take the kettle from range and immerse in a vessel of cold water. The steam will escape from the outside instead of passing up through food. Place food in another vessel to finish cooking.

To Keep Cake Fresh

Put cakes and puddings in a stone jar or a tin box. Place an apple in jar and cover tightly. The apple will shrivel without decaying and the cake will keep moist.

Cut Flowers

If a little saltpetre is placed in the water, flowers will last from fourteen to twenty days.

Cleaning Windows

Wipe all dust from the windows and rub them with a cloth dipped in vinegar. This gives a high polish to the glass.

TO REMOVE WAGON GREASE

BY MRS. W. T.

Coal oil or turpentine will effectually remove wagon grease.

Salt as a Deodorizer

A little salt thrown on the stove when anything has boiled over or burned on will stop the smoking and destroy the disagreeable odor. Likewise, if juicy pies run over in the oven, sprinkle the bubbling mass quickly with salt.

YOU DO NOT WANT ANTS

BY MRS. C. O. M.

So drive them away. Put a tablespoon of paregoric in a small saucer, add a tablespoon of water, put the dish in the place infested with ants and the ants will leave.

TO DRY OKRA

BY MRS. M. E. B.

Cut the tender pods in cubes, put in sun until thoroughly dried. When making soup, a handful or so added and cooked until tender improves the soup.

NEW USE FOR TEA

BY I. V. L.

Wash the hands in cold tea to remove the odor of onions.

Use Laundry Soap

When kettles must be put next to the fire, if the bottoms are well rubbed with laundry soap, no soot will stick to them.

TO IMPROVE CORN MEAL

BY MRS. R. B. B.

The present-day method of milling corn leaves corn meal dry and gritty. To overcome this feature, soak the meal in the milk an hour or two, or even over night.

TO KEEP COAL FIRE

BY S. E. R.

After placing coal in the stove or grate for the night, cover with an inch of fine ashes. If well done a good bed of coals will usually be found in the morning.

LACE CURTAINS

BY MRS. E. W. C.

Before washing lace curtains, lay one upon another and baste them together, scallop to scallop, and they will hang even after being washed.

AN IMPROVISED FUNNEL

BY G. E. M.

If a funnel is needed and there is none in the house, make one out of glazed writing paper, pinned together into the shape of a funnel.

TO COOK HAM WITHOUT BOILING

BY M. J.

Soak the ham overnight. Next day put it in the oven and bake and it is perfectly delicious. Long boiling is entirely dispensed with.

TO KEEP LETTUCE FRESH

BY F. B. W.

To keep lettuce fresh and crisp for some time, wash, drain and put in a tin pail tightly covered. Set in a cool place.

TO CLEAN COOKING VESSELS

BY J. M. B.

Rub common soap on the bottom of vessels before placing directly over the fire and they will be much easier cleaned.

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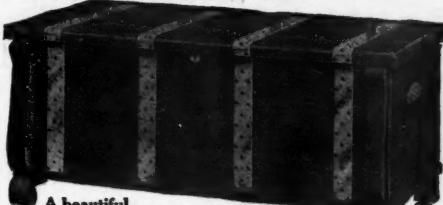
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DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. Harrell, M. D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing,—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anaemic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that intense mental concentration and nerve strain paralyzes the diaphragm, the great breathing muscle. This depressing condition can be entirely counteracted through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise," in reality means insufficient lung exercise. Since few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action, common sense dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently, through conscious breathing. Exercise that fails to excite vigorous lung action is of little real value.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few

physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on. In the end, one becomes thoroughly confused, and justly forms the opinion that most teachers of physical culture are incompetent to teach deep breathing.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled, "Deep Breathing," by Paul Von Boeckmann, R. S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, Exercise and Body Building. The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested in a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be had upon payment of 10 cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. Von Boeckmann directly at 1960 World's Tower, 110 W. 40th Street, New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.—Adv.